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My dear Nancy Accept this
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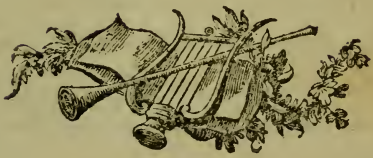
THE WORKS OF PETER PINDAR, Esq.

VOL. I.



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—1794.—

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME I.

	Page.
MEMOIRS and Anecdotes of Peter Pindar	v
A poetical, supplicating, modeſt, and affecting Epiſtle to thoſe literary Coloſſuſſes, the Reviewers	1
Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, for the year 1782	5
——— for the year 1783	24
——— for the year 1785	36
Farewell Odes, for the year 1786	66
A poetical and congratulatory Epiſtle to James Boſwell, Eſquire, on his Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, with Dr. Johnſon	91
Bozzy and Piozzi, or the Britiſh Biographers, a Pair of Town Eclogues	100
Ode upon Ode, or a Peep at St. James's, or New-Year's Day, or What you Will	119
An apologetic Poſtſcript to Ode upon Ode, or a Peep at St. James's	147
Inſtructions to a celebrated Laureat, alias, the Progreſs of Curioſity, alias, a Birth-Day Ode, alias, Mr. Whit-Bread's Brew-Houſe	158
Brother Peter to Brother Tom, an expoſtulatory Epiſtle	174
Peter's Penſion, a ſublime Epiſtle to a very ſublime Perſonage	197
The Tears of Saint Margaret, alſo, Odes of Condolence to the high and mighty Muſical Directors, on their Downfall	219
The Churchwarden, or the feaſt on a Child	236
A pair of lyric Epiſtles to Lord Macartney and his Ship	240
Odes to Kien Long, the preſent Emperor of China, with the Quakers, a Tale	249
Addreſs to the Reviewers, in behalf of a Poetical friend	279
The Louſiad, an Heroi-Comic Poem, Canto I.	280
——— Canto II.	297

MEMOIRS

AND

ANECDOTES

OF

PETER PINDAR, Esq.

THE lives of literary men are generally so little employed in the bustle of the world, that their characters are perhaps more properly deducible from the nature of their compositions, than from any observations of their conduct. The present subject, however, of our biographic notice has mixed so much with mankind, and has been distinguished for such an extensive intercourse with the various conditions of human life, that nothing of the usual barren uniformity of literary pursuits is to be deemed descriptive of his career; though indeed it must be acknowledged that all representations of it, not furnished by himself, must necessarily be considered as partial and inadequate.

THE gentleman then who has figured in the Poetical World under the appellation of PETER PINDAR, in reality bears the name of W—LC—T, and is descended from a respectable family in Devonshire. He was bred to the study of physic, and practised sometime with success in Cornwall; but notwithstanding that he applied himself very seriously to his profession, a genius like his could not be restrained within the dull limits of formal business; he was therefore found frequently addressing the ladies of Helicon. In this country he formed a connection with the late Sir William Trelawny, and followed his fortunes to Jamaica, of which island he was made Governor during the Administration of Lord Shelburne. At this place we find the Doctor at the summit of medical elevation, by being appointed Physician General to the island, enjoying and enjoyed by the lively inhabitants. If we do not mistake, the Doctor, during his residence in this island, was induced to enter into the clericle function, on a prospect of important preferment; but being disappointed, he relinquished the profession

of a divine before his departure for England, and has never ſince reſumed it. This circumſtance of his life we underſtand honeſt Peter has always been unwilling to acknowledge ; but as impartial Biographers, we think it our duty to reveal it to our readers.———On his return to England, he re-aſſumed and purſued his original profeſſion for ſeveral years ; but chooſing, as it is ſaid he often has wiſely declared, rather to live happy on *one* guinea than miſerable on *ten*, he quitted the gloomy chambers of ſickneſs for the cheerful region of Parnaſſus. It is needleſs to obſerve what opportunity of penetrating into the character, and obſerving the weakneſs of human nature, the Doctor muſt have derived from his profeſſion ; and how far this might tend to aſſiſt him in his poetical purſuits. The Doctor's attachment to poetry, however, at laſt obtained ſuch an aſcendancy over him, that though his repute as a phyſician was very high in his native country, and conſequently productive of conſiderable emolument, he found it impoſſible to extinguiſh the poetic fervor : and as the confined ſphere in which he moved in Cornwall could not afford ſufficient materials to exerciſe, or ſufficient entertainment to gratify a genius like his, he entirely relinquiſhed his medical profeſſion, and commenced his literary career in a place more adapted to his powers, the ample field of the Metropolis.——And here it muſt be obſerved, that the Doctor enjoyed an advantage ſeldom poſſeſſed by poets in general ; for having ſome family inheritance of his own, large enough to ſupply all the decent comforts of life, he was under no neceſſity of courting the favour or ſubmitting to the controul of Bookſellers ; and he was therefore enabled to give an unbridled indulgence to the bent of his genius, which ſeems vehemently to have directed him to ſatire ; in which he has certainly equalled the firſt writer this country has produced.

It now becomes us to make ſuch references to the works of this verſatile author as may juſtify the high opinion we have declared of his genius ; which indeed is of ſo Protean a kind, that it appears in almoſt every ſhape ; and while one ſally of his fancy excites our admiration, another perhaps immediately occurs of ſo very different a ſpecies, that it is hardly poſſible to ſuppoſe they were the progeny of the ſame mind. In one reſpect we confeſs, however, there is a drawback on our partiality to this author ; and that ariſes from the freedom in which he has ſuffered his Muſe to indulge herſelf on the character of a Great Perſonage. Kings are characters ſhould not be ſlightly ſported with, for they are actually neceſſary to the peace and decorum of Society ; which beſides the ſolid ſupport of

uſeful laws, derives conſiderable ſtrength from the reverence in which the firſt Magiſtrate of a country is held by the generality of the people: for however juſt the cenſure, the character ſhould be ſacred; though to the credit of our author it muſt be acknowledged, that his effuſions ſeem more characteriſed by good humour than by the acrimonius ſeverity which diſgraces the lays of Churchill, and the Letters of the elegant but virulent Junius. There is, however, one circumſtance in the life of our author which, as it tends to the ſupport of a beautiful art, deſerves to be recorded. Let it then be mentioned, that to him is PAINTING indebted for OPIE. This great Artiſt was found by our author in the mines of Cornwall, where his genius firſt diſcovered itſelf in ſuch rude efforts as might have paſt unobſerved by a leſs intelligent eye than that of the Doctor, who ſaw in its rougheſt ſhape the excellence which has ſince expanded into ſuch importance.

As far as we have been able to trace the poetical career of our author, his works have appeared in the following order. His firſt production was an *Epiſtle to the Reviewers*, a compoſition of truly ironical and laughable ſatire. The next offſpring of his Muſe was *Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians*, which, with all their merit, we muſt confeſs, in ſome of the ſtrictures, are deficient in candour, and appear to flow more from a love of ſatire, than from a conviction of the demerits of the objects of his critical ſeverity. We dare cite Mr. *Weſt* as an inſtance, who, though far from a perfect painter, was entitled to more reſpect from our author. His next work was *Lyric Odes* on the ſame ſubject, with the ſame ſeverity and humour, and, we are afraid, with the ſame want of candour.

DURING the intervals of his Odiac effuſions, our author produced *The Louſiad*, a Mock-Heroic Poem, abounding in wit, humour and ſtrength; but at the ſame time defective in that reſpect due from a ſubject to his ſovereign*. Peter ſhould

* *The foundation of the Louſiad was a diſcovery made by his Majeſty one evening at ſupper of a* ſomething *on his plate that had green peas on it. We have endeavoured to detect the object that created ſo much diſguſt. From the beſt information we find it to have been a* hair *from the human head; which* PETER, *by a* licentia poetica, *converted into a* LOUSE. *Thus much happened in conſequence of his Majeſty's diſcovery, viz. the cooks, ſcullions, &c &c. were forced to ſubmit to the dreadful operation of ſhaving, to the number of fifty, and great was their diſpleaſure thereat. This we can vouch for; but*

have recollected the old adage, that "Truth is not to be spoken at all times." Our author's next performance was his *Epistle to James Boswell, Esq.* The subject was undoubtedly fair game, and fully justified the lash of his *Juvenalian* severity. This Poem, for novelty of imagery, strength of satire, and glow of poetry, may rank with any production in our language The next labour of his pen was *Bozzy and Piozzi*, a just ridicule of vain and ignorant biographers. After this appeared *Ode upon Ode*, in which Kings, Laureats, Lords, Ladies, Knights, Fidlers, and *Amateurs*, are treated with unmerciful severity. To this succeeded *An Apologetic Postscript*, ironically justifying the wanton ridicule of the preceding publication; and which indeed may be considered as a witty repetition of his satirical offences. The next work in order, as well as we can recollect, was the *Second Canto* of the *Lousiad*, breathing the same spirit of ridicule, replete with the same novelty of imagery and strength of numbers. The ensuing production is entitled *Instructions to a celebrated Laureat*, possessing a vein of ironical wit and humour equal if not superior to any of his publications. The next performance of our author was *Brother Peter to Brother Tom*, an expostulatory Epistle, no way inferior to any of his former productions in wit and satire.

The pieces added in the new Edition, are the following—*Peter's Pension*; in which our author displays a vein of the most elegant irony, but tinctured with the same disrespect for *Majesty*, which has stained some of his other Works.——*Peter's Prophecy*, followed by *Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco*———In these two highly-wrought productions, the *mania* of a *Virtuoso* is finely caricatured, in a strain of humour, which, in the latter particularly, we fancy must have extorted a smile from the risible muscles of Sir Joseph himself, the Quixotte of the piece. The latter seems to be founded on a passage in Dr. Young's Satires.——These are followed by, *An Epistle to a Falling Minister*, *Subjects for Painters*, *Expostulatory Odes*, &c. &c. in all of which appear the same ebullitions of fancy, wit, and genuine humour, that characterize even the smallest *morceaux* which flow from the pen of this eccentric and truly original Genius.

whether it is a proper *subject for the poets ridicule or not, is a question that may admit of some controversy.*

A

POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING

EPISTLE,

TO THOSE

LITERARY COLOSSUSES,

THE

REVIEWERS.

CARMINE DI SUPERI PLACANTUR, CARMINE, MANES.

FATHERS of Wiſdom—a poor wight befriend !
O hear my ſimple prayer in ſimple lays :
In *forma pauperis* behold I bend,
And of your Worſhips aſk a little praiſe.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye ſee ;
I aſk not *all* the laurel, but a *ſprig* !
Then hear me, guardians of the ſacred tree !
And ſtick a leaf or two about my wig.

In ſonnet, ode, or legendary tale,
Soon will the preſs my tuneful works diſplay ;
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the ſale,
And your petitioner ſhall ever pray.

My labours damn'd the Muſe with grief will groan—
The cenſure dire my lantern-jaws will rue ?
Know, I have teeth and ſtomach like your own,
And that I wiſh to *eat* as well as you.

I never ſaid, like murderers in their dens,
You ſecret met in cloud-clapp'd garret high,
With hatchets, ſcalping-knives in ſhape of pens,
To bid, like Mohawks, hapleſs authors die:

Nor ſaid (in your Reviews, together ſtrung)
The limbs of butcher'd writers, cheek-by-jole,
Look'd like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry ſpider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declar'd that frightful as the blacks,
In greaſy flannel-caps you met together,
With ſcarce a rag of ſhirt about your backs,
Or coat, or breeches, to keep out the weather.

Heav'n knows I'm innocent of all tranſgreſſion
Againſt your honours, men of claſſic fame!
I ne'er abus'd your critical profeſſion,
Whoſe *dictum* ſaves, at once, or damns a name.

I never queſtion'd your profound of head,
Nor *vulgar* call'd your wit, your manners *coarſe*
Nor ſwore on butcher'd authors that you fed,
Like carrion-crows upon a poor dead horſe.

I never ſaid that, pedlar-like, you ſold
Praiſe by the ounce, or pound, like ſnuff or cheeſe;
Too well I knew you ſilver ſcorn'd, and gold—
Such droſs a ſage Reviewer ſeldom ſees!

I never hinted that, with half a crown,
Books have been ſent you, by the ſcribbling tribe;
Which fee hath purchas'd pages of renown:
No—for I knew you'd ſpurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averr'd, you critics to a man,
For pence, would ſwear an owl excell'd a lark:
Nor call'd a coward-gang, your grave divan,
That ſtabb'd, like baſe aſſaſſins, in the dark.

I never prais'd, nor blam'd, an author's book,
Until your wiſe opinions came abroad;
On theſe with holy rev'rence did I look;
With you I prais'd, or blam'd, ſo—help me G-d!

The fam'd Longinus, all the world muſt know:
The gape of wonder Ariſtarchus drew,
As well as Alexander's tutor, lo!
All, all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any aſk me, "Pray, Sir, your opinion,
"Of thoſe Reviewers, who ſo bold beſtride
"The world of learning, and with proud dominion,
"High, on the backs of crouching authors, ride?"

Quick have I anſwer'd, in a rage, " Odſblood !
" No works like theirs ſuch criticiſm convey :
" Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
" E'er pour'd more ſterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, " Whate'er their brains indite,
Be ſure is excellent, a partial crew !
With Iö Pæans uſher'd to the light,
And prais'd to folly in the next Review :"

This was my anſwer to each ſnarling elf,
(My eye-balls fill'd with fire, my mouth with foam)
" Zounds ! is not juſtice due to one's dear ſelf?
" And ſhould not charity begin at home ?"

Full often I've been queſtion'd with a ſneer—
" Think you one could not bribe 'em ?" " Not a Na-
" tion."
" A beef-ſteak, with a pot, or two, of beer,
" Might ſave a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've anſwer'd, " Lo ! my Lord Carliſle
" Hath begg'd, in vain, a ſeat in Fame's old temple ;
" Though *you* applaud, *their* wiſdoms will not ſmile,
" And what they diſapprove is curſed ſimple.

" Could gold ſucceed, enough the peer might raiſe,
" Whoſe wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er :
" 'Tis merit only can command their praiſe.
" Witneſs the volumes of Miſs Hannah Moore.*

" The *Search for Happineſs*, that beauteous ſong,
" Which all of us would give our ears to own ;
" The *Captive*, *Percy*, that, like muſtard ſtrong,
" Make our eyes weep, and underſtandings† groan."

Hail Briſtol town ! Bœotia now no more,
Since Garrick's Sappho ſings, tho' rather ſlowly ;
All hail, Miſs Hannah ! worth at leaſt a ſcore,
Ay, twenty ſcore of Chatterton, and Rowley.

Men of prodigious parts are moſtly ſhy ;
Great Newton's ſelf this failing did inherit ;

* *A lady talk'd of for her poetical productions, and emphatically called, by a certain claſs of readers, the tenth Muſe.*

† *A pair of Tragedies.*

Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
And hide, in lurking holes, a world of merit,

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,
When from your bow'r, with bats, you wing the dark;
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
On æther dining, in St. James's park.

Meek Sirs! in frays you choose not to appear,
A circumstance most nat'ral to suppose,
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
Some angry bard, abus'd, should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! you don't desire,
Nor do you, *hastily*, on books decide;
But first at ev'ry coffee-house enquire,
How, in its favour, runs the public tide.

There, Wisdom, often with a critic's wig,
The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling,
I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
Mousing for faults, or, if you'll have it *owling*.

Herculean gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
Strung with new strength beneath your massy clubs,
Alas! I shall not an Antæus rise.

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
Great Caliban, the giant Johnson stretch'd!
The British Roscius too your clubs confound,
Whose fame the furthest of the stars hath reach'd.

If such so easy sink beneath your might,
Ye Gods! I may be done for in a trice:
Hurl'd, by your rage, to everlasting night—
Crack'd, with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition,
With brother pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine;
And should it chance to pass a first edition,
In capitals shall stare your praise divine,

Quote, from my work, as much as e'er you please
For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on!
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,
To trounce a bookseller, like furious Mason,*

* *The contest between Mr. Mason and a bookseller is generally known.*

Sage Sirs! if favour in your ſight I find,
If fame you grant, I'll bleſs each gen'rous giver;
Wiſh you ſound coats, good ſtomach's, maſters kind,†
Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

LYRIC ODES,

To the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, for the YEAR M, DCC, LXXXII.

——Arma virosque carno.

Paint and the men of canvaſs fire my lays,
Who ſhow their works for profit and for praiſe;
Whoſe pockets know moſt comfortable fillings—
Gaining *two thouſand pounds* a-year by *ſhillings*.

ODE I.

Peter *giveth an account of his great* Relations—*boaſteth—praiſeth Sir* William Chambers *and* Somerſet-Houſe—*applaudeth Sir* Joſhua Reynolds, *and ſheweth deep claſſic* Learning.

MY couſin Pindar in his Odes,
Applauded horſe-jockeys and gods,
Wreſtlers and boxers in his verſe divine!
Then ſhall not, I who boaſt his fire,
And old heriditary lyre,
To Britiſh painters give a golden line?

Say, ſhall yon dome ſtupendous riſe,
Stricking with Attic front the ſkies—
The nurſing dame of many a painting ape?*

† *The bookſellers.*

* Painting ape.—*This expreſſion is by no means meant to convey the idea of inſult.—There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it. The reader will pleaſe to recollect, that painting is an imitative art.—Monkeys are prodigious imirators—witneſs my own Odes. Beſides, Pope compliments the immoral Newton by a ſimilar alluſion.*

And I immortal rhyme refuſe,
To tell the nations round the news,
And make poſterity, with wonder, gape ?

Spirit of couſin Pindar ho !
By all thy odes the world ſhall know,
That *Chambers* plann'd it—Be his name rever'd !—
Sir *William's* journeymen and tools,
(No pupils of the Chineſe ſchools)
With ſtone, and wood, and lime the fabric rear'd !

Thus, having put the knight in rhyme,
Stone men, and timber tools and lime ;
Now, let us ſee what this rare dome contains—
Where rival artiſts, for a name,
Bit by, that glorious mad-dog, Fame,
Have fix'd the labours of thier bruſh and brains.

O muſe ! Sir *Joſhua's* maſter-hand
Shall firſt our lyric laud command—
Lo ! Tarleton dragging on his boot ſo tight !
His horſes feel a godlike rage,
And long, with Yankees, to engage—
I think I hear them ſnorting for the fight !

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing !
I wiſh indeed their manes, ſo flowing,
Were more like hair—the brutes had been ſo good,
If, flaming with ſuch claſſic force,
They had reſembled leſs that horſe
Call'd Trojan—and, by Greeks, compos'd of wood.

Now to yon angel let us go—
A fine performance too, I trow,
Who rides a cloud—indeed a pooriſh hack—
Which to my mind doth certè bring
That eaſy, bum-delighting thing,
Rid by a Chancellor—yclep'd a ſack.

Yet, *Reynolds*, let me fairly ſay,
With pride I pour the lyric lay,
To moſt things by thy able hand expreſt—
Compar'd, alas ! to other men,
Thou art an eagle to a wren !
Now, Mrs. Muſe, attend on Mr. *Weſt*.

O D E II.

Peter *falleth foul on Mr.* Weſt, *for repreſenting our* Bleſſed Redeemer *like an old* Clothes-man—*and for miſrepreſenting the* Apoſtles.—Peter *deſcribeth* St. Paul, *and* Judas, *and the* Apoſtles—*cutteth up Mr.* Weſt's *Angels—attacketh another Picture of Mr.* Weſt's—*weepeth over the hard fate of* Princes Octavius *and* Auguſtus, *Children of our Moſt Glorious Sovereign.*

O WEST, what hath thy pencil done ?
Why painted God Almighty's Son
Like an old clothes-man, about London ſtreet !
Place in his hand a ruſty bag,
To hold each ſweet collected rag ;
We then ſhall ſee the character complete.

Th' Apoſtles too, I'm much affraid,
Were not the fellows thou haſt made—
For Heav'n's ſake, *Weſt*, pray rub them out again—
There's not a mortal who believes
They look'd like old * *Salvator*'s thieves,
Although they might not look like *gentlemen.*

St. Paul moſt candidly declares,
He could not give himſelf high airs
Upon his perſon, which was rather homely ;
But really as for all the reſt,
Save Judas, who was a rank beaſt,
They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *Spirits* too, can't boaſt the graces—
Two indian angels, by their faces—
But ſpeak—where are their wings to mount the wind ?
One would ſuppoſe M'Bride ‡ had met 'em—
If thou haſt ſpare-ones, quickly get 'em—
Or elſe the lads will both be left behind.

Ghoſt of Octavius ! tell the bard,
And thou, Auguſtus, us'd ſo *hard*,
Why *Weſt* hath murder'd you, my tender lambs ?

* *Salvator Roſa, happy in his characters of Banditti.*

‡ *Captain M'Bride, famous for* winging *men of war, as well as partridges.—See his letter to the Admiralty.*

You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
Who bid your royal couſins bleed,
For which the world the tyrant's mem'ry damns.

Weſt, I muſt own thou doſt inherit
Some portion of the painting ſpirit—
But truſt me—not extraordinary things—
Some merit thou muſt ſurely own,
By getting up ſo near the throne!
And gaining whiſpers from the beſt of Kings.

O D E III.

Peter *adminiſtereth ſage Advice to very young Painters.*

PEOPLE muſt mount by ſlow degrees to glory—
'Tis ſtairs muſt lead us to the Attic ſtory—
Thus tho't my great old name-ſake, *Peter Czar*;
Who bound himſelf, in Holland, to a trade;
A very pretty carpenter he made:
And then went home, * and built a man of war.

The lad who would a 'pothecary ſhine,
Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap fine,
Keep the ſhop clean, and watch it like a porter:
Learn to boil clyſters—nay, to give them too,
If blinking nuries can't the buſineſs do;
Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can riſe to maſter-tanners,
Humble thoſe boys muſt be and mind their manners;
Deſpiſing *pride*, whoſe wiſh it is to wreck 'em:
And mornings with a bucket and a ſtick,
Should never once diſdain to ſtoop and pick,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, fair lumps of *Album Græcum*.

Thus ſhould young limning lads themſelves demean;
Learn how to keep their maſters, bruſhes clean,
And learn to ſqueeze the colours from the bladders—
Furbiſh up rags—the ſhining pallet ſet—
Keep bright the knives—and eke the eaſel neat—
Such arts to fames high temple are the ladders.

Young men—ſo uſeful are the arts I mention;
(Believe me, not an atom is invention.)

* *To Ruſſia.*

The inſtant that I pen this Ode, I know
A Jew-like, ſhock-poll'd, ſcrubby, ſhort black man,
More like a cobbler than a gentleman—
Working on canvaſs, like a dog in dough.

By heavens! with ſcarce more knowledge than theſe,
He earns a guinea, every day, with eaſe;
Attempting heads of princes, dogs, cats, 'ſquires—
Now on a monkey vent'reth—now a ſaint—
Talks of *himſelf*, and much himſelf admires,
And ſtruts the verrieſt *Bantam-cock* of *paint*.

But, mind me, youths, I don't conceit advice,
Becauſe 'tis fulſome to men's ears and eyes;
Whoſe tongues might cover you with ridicule—
And pray, who loves the appellation, *fool*?

Yet, if in ſpite of all the muſe can ſay,
You will *inſiſt* on going the wrong way,
And *wiſh* to be a laughing ſtock—
Copy our little old black Bantam-cock—

Whoſe ſoul, moreover, of ſuch canker'd ſort is—
With ſo much acrimony overflows,
As makes him whereſoe'er he goes,
A walking thumb-bottle of—*aqua fortis*.

O D E IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr. Gainſbrough's Pig—*recommendeth* Landſcape *to the* Artiſt.

AND now, O Muſe, with ſong ſo big,
Turn round to *Gainſborough's* girl and pig,
Or pig and girl, I rather ſhould have ſaid:
The pig in white, I muſt allow,
Is really a well-painted ſow:
I wiſh to ſay the ſame thing of the maid.

As for poor St. Leger and prince,
Had I their places I ſhould wince,
Thus to be gibbetted, for weeks, on high:
Juſt like your fellons after death,
On Bagſhot, or on Hounſlow heath,
That force from travellers, the pitying ſigh.

Yet *Gainſborough* has great merit too,
Would he his charming *ſort* purſue—
To mind his Landſcape have the modeſt grace—
Yet there ſometimes are nature's tints deſpis'd!
I wiſh them more attended to, and pris'd,
Inſtead of trump'ry that uſurps their place.

O D E V.

Peter *quarrelleth with* Fat—*proveth its fatal Inconveniencies—accounteth for the Leanneſs and Rags of the* Muſes *—diſplayeth Military Science—telleth a wonderful Story of a* Spaniſh Marquis—*talketh ſenſibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-Horſe—pointeth out the proper Subject for Greaſe.*

PAINTERS and poets never ſhould be fat—
Sons of Apollo! liſten well to that.
Fat is foul weather—dims the fancy's ſight:
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muſter:
Thus ſtars, when pinch'd by froſt, caſt keener luſtre
On the black blanket of *old mother night.*

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,
Is perfect birdlime of the brain:
And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings—
Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the moſt brilliant thoughts,
Like the buff-ſtop, on harpſichords, or ſpinnets—
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That elſe would e'en have chirp'd away like linnets.

Not only fat is hurtful to the arts,
But *Love*, at fat—e'en *Love almighty*, ſtarts.
Love hates large, lubberly, fat, clumſy fellows—
Panting and blowing like a blackſmith's bellows.

In parliament, amidſt the various chat,
What eloquence of *North's* is loſt, by fat!
Mute in his head-piece, on his boſom hung,
How many a ſpeech hath ſlept upon his tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I need muſt own,
To keep his ſons and daughters high in bone:

The *Nine*, too, as from hiſtory we glean,
Are like Don Quixote's *Roſinante*, lean—

Who, likewiſe, fancy all incumbrance bad,
And, therefore, travel very thinly clad ;
Looking like damſels, juſt eſcap'd from jails,
With backs *al freſco*, and with tatter'd tails,

How, with large rolls of fat, would act
A ſoldier, or a ſailor ?
And 'tis a well atteſted fact,
Apollo was as nimble as a taylor.
How could he elſe have caught that handſome flirt,
Miſs *Daphne*, racing thro' the pools and dirt ?

The Marquis of *Cerona*, of great parts,
Could ſcarce ſupport himſelf, he was ſo big—
He ſtarv'd—drank vinegar by pints and quarts,
And got down to a chriſtian, from a pig.
Some author ſays, his ſkin (but ſome will doubt him)
Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader !—of lie I urge not an iöta :
His ſkin would really round his body come,
Though tight before as parchment on a drum—
Juſt like a Portugueſe capota.

Yes—yes, indeed, I ſolemnly repeat,
Painters and bards ſhould very little eat :
No matter, verily, how ſlight their fare—
Nay, though, Chamelion like, they fed on air—

Elſe they're, like ladies, much inclin'd to feeding,
Who often, when they fatten, leave off breeding ;
Or, like the hen, facetous Æſop's ſtory—
So known, I ſhall not lay the tale before ye.

You would not load with fat a running-horſe,
Or greyhound, you deſign to courſe ;
Nor would you fatten up the hawk,
You mean to nimble birds to talk.
Then pray, young bruſhmen, if you wiſh to thrive,
And keep your genius, and the art alive,
Gobble not quantities of fleſh and fiſh up :
Beings who can no harm from fat receive,
May feaſt ſecurely—then, for Heav'n's ſake leave
Greaſe to an alderman, a hog, or—biſhop,

O D E IV.

Peter *flattereth Mr.* Maſon Cumberlaine, *and that moſt* bril liant *Landſcape Painter, Mr.* Loutherborough—Peter *admireth, praiſeth and conſoleth the Engliſh* Claude, Wilſon.

THY portraits, *Chamberlaine*, may be
A likeneſs, far as I can ſee ;
But, faith ! I cannot praiſe a ſingle feature :
Yet, when it ſo ſhall pleaſe the Lord,
To make his people out of board,
Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And, *Loutherborough*, when Heav'n ſo wills,
To make braſs ſkies, and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glaſs paſtures grazing ;
Thy reputation, too, will riſe,
And people, gaping with ſurpriſe,
Cry, " Monſieur *Loutherborough* is moſt *amazing* !"

But thou muſt wait for that event—
Perhaps the change is never meant—
Till then, with me, thy pencil will not ſhine—
Till then, old red-nos'd *Wilſon's* art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honeſt *Wilſon*, never mind ;
Immortal praiſes thou ſhalt find,
And for the dinner have no cauſe to fear :
Thou ſtart'ſt at my prophetic rhymes—
Don't be impatient for thoſe times ;
Wait till thou haſt been dead an hundred years.

O D E VII.

Peter *breaketh out into Learning and talketh Latin—adviſeth young Artiſts to do no more than they can do—recommendeth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.*—Peter *talketh of Æſop's Fables and Mr.* Stubbs—Peter *ventureth on the Stage—recordeth a Story of an actor—and concludeth facetiouſly.*

"*QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam ſibi ſortem,*"
Was partly written for thoſe fools,
Who ſlight the very art that would ſupport 'em,
In ſpite of gratitude's and wiſdom's rules,

It brings to mind old Æſop's tale ſo ſweet,
Of a poor country-bumpkin of a ſtag,
Who us'd to curſe his clumſy legs and feet,
But of his horns did wonderfully brag.

Unlike our London poor John Bulls,
Who, from the wardrobe of their ſculls,
Could, with the greateſt pleaſure, piecemeal, tear
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.
But to the ſtory of the buck,
Like (many Engliſh ones) much out of luck.
When to a thicket maſter buck was chas'd,
His favrite horns contriv'd to ſpoil his trot—
By keeping the young 'ſquire in limbo faſt,
Till John the huntſman, came, and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the graphic art,
Painters, too often, their true genius *thwart ;*
Mad to accompliſh what can ne'er be done,
They form for criticiſm—a world of fun.

The man of hiſt'ry longs to deal in *little*,
Quits laſting oil, for periſhable ſpittle :
The man of miniature to hiſt'ry ſprings,
Mounts, with an ardour wild, the broom-like bruſh—
Makes, for ſublimity, a daring puſh,
And ſhows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis ſaid, that nought ſo much the temper rubs,
Of that ingenious artiſt, Mr. *Stubbs*,

As calling him a horſe-painter—How ſtrange,
That *Stubbs* the title ſhould deſire to change !

Yet doth he curſes on th' occaſion utter,
And, fooliſh, quarrels with his bread and *butter*.
Yes, after landſcape, gentlemen, and ladies,
This very Mr. *Stubbs* prodigious mad is ;

So quit his horſe—on which the man might ride
To fame's fair temple happy, and unhurt ;
And takes a hobby-horſe to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt,

The ſelf-ſame folly reigns, too, on the ſtage,
Such for impoſſibilities, the rage !
The men of farce, to tragedy aſpires,
And calf-like, bellowing, feels heroic fires—

Weſton for *Hamlet* and *Othello* ſigh'd,
And thought it dev'liſh hard to be denied,
The courtly *Abington*'s untoward ſtar,
Wanted her reputation much to mar,
And ſink the *lady* to the waſhing tub—
So wiſper'd—" Mrs. Abington, play *Scrub*,"
To folly full as great, ſome imp may lug her,
And bid her ſlink in *filch*, and *Abel Drugger*.

An actor, living at this time,
That now I pen my verſe ſublime,
Could not, to ſave his ſoul, find out his *fort*—
But lo ! it happen'd on a lucky night,
He, on the ſubject got a deal of light ;
And thus doth fame the circumſtance report.

After exhibiting to pit and boxes
To take a dram the actor ſtroll'd to * Fox's—
Where ſoon his friend came in, ſuch fine things ſaying,
Offering a thouſand pretty ſalutations,
With full-confirming oath-ejaculations,
Unto this ſon of Theſpis, for his playing

" By Hea'v'ns !" quoth he, " unrivall'd is thy merit—
" Thou play'dſt to night, my friend, with matchleſs
" ſpirit :
" Zounds ! my dear fellow, let me go to H-ll,
" If ever part was acted half ſo well !"

* *A tavern near the play-houſe.*

The actor blush'd and bow'd, and silly look'd,
To hear such compliments, so nicely cook'd—
Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte*,
And staring at the other's steady front,

He ask'd " What part, pray, mean ye? for in troth,
" I know of none, that you should so commend."
" What part!" reply'd the other, with an oath:
" The *kind part* of a *Jack-ass*, * my dear friend!"

The player, pleas'd, instead of being hurt,
Thank'd him for the discovery of his *fort*—
Pursu'd his genius—fought no higher game,
And, by his *Jack-ass*, won *uncurvied* fame.

O D E VIII.

Peter *abuseth Mr. and Mrs*, Cosway.

FIE, *Cosway!* I'm asham'd to say,
Thou own'st the title of R. A.——
I fear to damn thee 'twas the devil's sending—
Some honest calling quickly find,
And bid thy wife her kitchen mind,
Or shirts and shifts be making, or be mending.

If madam cannot make a shirt,
Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,
Better than paint—the poet for thee feels—
Or take a stitch up in thy stocking
(Which for a wife is very shocking)
I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your skulls,
To make you act so like two fools—
T' expose your daubs, tho' made with wond'rous pains out?
Could *Raphael's* angry ghost arise,
And on the figures cast his eyes,
He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

Muse, in this criticism, I fear,
Thou really hast been too severe:

* *A part in one of the Pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail wriggling*

Cofway paints miniature with truth and ſpirit,
And Mrs. *Cofway* boaſts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page ;
And ſhun of furious Juvenal the rage,
Of whom old Scaliger aſſerts, " *qui jugulat,*"—
Id eſt—the fellow would not murder, boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word—*trucidat :*
That is, the bard would daſh thro' thick and thin,
And, like a ruffian, would ſo uſe you, that
He would not leave a wholebone in your ſkin.

O D E IX.

Peter *exhibiteth Bible-Knowledge—condemneth Imitators—and maketh Compariſons.*

SIR *Joſhua*—for I've read my Bible over—
Of whoſe fine art I own myſelf a lover,
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the firſt chapter—
Abram got Iſaac—Iſaac, Jacob got—
Joſeph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,
And all his brothers,
Who, very *nat'rally* made others—
Continuing to the end of a long chapter—
A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, poſſibly, not with ſo much delight,
As Queenſbury's *Duke*, delighting in *good courſes,*
Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night)
The noble pedigrees of running-horſes,
Penn'd with a deal of ſubtilty, and labour,
By that great turf-apoſtle, Mr. *Heber.*

Sir *Joſhua's* happy pencil hath produc'd
A hoſt of copyiſts, much of the ſame feature;
By which the art hath greatly been abus'd—
I own Sir *Joſhua, great*—but Nature, *greater.*
But what, alas ! is ten-times worſe—
The progreſs of the art to curſe :
The *copyiſts* have been *copied* too ;
And that, I'm ſure, will never do.

Such painters are like pointers, hunting game—
Intent on pleaſure, and dog-fame ;
Suppoſe a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffing, and ſcamp'ring, croſſing the field o'er.

One pointer ſcents the partridge—points—
Fix'd like a ſtatue on the pleaſing gale !
How act the others ?—Stop their ſcamp'ring joints ;
And, lo ! one's *noſe* is on his neighbour's *tail*.

Perhaps this dog-compariſon of mine,
Though vaſtly natural, and vaſtly fine,
May not be fully underſtood,
By all the youngling painter-brood ;
Therefore, that into error they may'nt roam,
I think I'll be a little more *at home*.

Suppoſe a damſel of the Cyprian claſs,
A freſh imported, lovely, blooming laſs,
Gay, careleſs, ſmiling, ogling in the park—
Suppoſe thoſe charms, ſo pleaſing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and ſtart the am'rous ſigh,
Of ſome young roving military ſpark !

Lo ! as if touch'd by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he ſtops—all-over ſtaring wonder—
A thouſand fancies, his warm brain ſurround ;
And nail'd, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards thoſe faſcinating charms,
That rous'd the hoſt of paſſions up in arms.

A brother-enſign ſpies the ſtock-ſtill lad,
And ſudden halts—grave pond'ring what it means—
Another enſign, taking this for mad,
Upon his ſupple-jack, deep marv'ling leans :

Another enſign, after *him*, too, ſauntering,
Stops ſhort, and to his eye applies his glaſs—
To know what ſtay'd his brother-enſign's cantering,
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the *Laſs*.

Thus, noſing one the other's back,
Stands in a goodly row, the king's red pack ;
Except the *firſt*, whom *Nature's* charms inflame—
His noſe is properly towards the *game*.

E'en ſo, the *Preſident*, to *Nature* true,
Doth mark her form, and all her haunts purſue ;
Whilſt half the ſilly bruſhmen of the land,

Contented, take the *nymph* at *ſecond hand* ;
Imps, who juſt boaſt the merit of *tranſlators*—
Horace's *ſervum pecus*—*Imitators*.

O D E X.

Peter *ſecreth Meſſieurs* Serres *and* Zoſſani—*and praiſeth and condemneth Mr.* Barret.

SERRES and *Zoffani !* I ween,
I better works, than yours, have ſeen—
You'll ſay, no compliment can well be colder—
Why, as you ſcarce are in your prime,
And wait the ſtrength'ning hand of time,
I hope that you'll improve as you grow older.*

Believe me, *Barret*, thou haſt truth and taſte
Yet ſometimes art thou apt to be *unchaſte* :
Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius, flags—
Too oft thy landſcapes, bonfires ſeem to be ;
And in thy buſtling clouds, methinks I ſee
The reſurrection of *old rags*.

O *Catton*, our poor feelings ſpare !
Suppreſs thy traſh another year ;
Nor of thy folly make us ſay a hard thing—
And, lo ! thoſe daubs, amongſt the many,
Painted by Mr. *Edward Penny !*
They truly are not worth a half-a-farthing.

O D E IX.

Peter *cannonadeth* Faſhion—*adviſeth People to uſe their own Eyes and Noſes—and ordereth what is to be done with a* bad Noſe.

ONE year, the powers of faſhion rule
In favour of the Roman ſchool—
Then, hey, for drawing ! Raphael and Pouſſin.

* *The firſt is about 70 years of age, the laſt* 63 *or* 64.

The following year, the Flemiſh ſchool ſhall ſtrike—
Then, hey, for Col'ring—Reubens, and Vandyke;
And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not impos'd upon, by faſhion's roar—
Faſhion too often makes a monſtrous noiſe,
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools, adore,
The pooreſt traſh, the meaneſt toys.

And as a gang of thieves a buſtle make,
With greater eaſe your purſe to take;
So faſhion, frequently, her point to gain,
Sets up a howl enough to ſtun a ſtone,
And fairly picks the pocket of your brain,
That is, if any brain you chance to own.
Carry your eyes with you, where'er you go—
For not to truſt to them, is to abuſe 'em,
As nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know,
The wiſe old lady meant that you ſhould *uſe* 'em;
And yet, what thouſands, to our vaſt ſurpriſe,
Of pictures judge, by other people's eyes!

When nature made a preſent of a noſe,
To each man's face, we juſtly may ſuppoſe
She meant, that, for itſelf, the noſe ſhould *think*,
And *judge* in matters of perfume and ſtink;
Nor meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
To bear horn-ſpectacles upon its back—
"Suppoſe it cannot ſmell, what then?" you'll ſay,
Fling it away.

O D E XII.

The Lyric Bard *groweth witty on Mr.* Peters's *Angel and Child—and Madam* Angelica Kauffman.

DEAR *Peters!* who, like Luke, the ſaint,
A man of goſpel art, and paint,
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury:
If Heav'n's fair angels are like thine,
Our bucks, I think, O grave divine,
May meet, in t'other world, the nymphs of Drury.

The infant ſoul I do not much admire:
It boaſteth ſomewhat more of fleſh, than fire—
The picture, *Peters*, cannot much adorn you—

I'm glad, though, that the red fac'd little ſinner,
Poor ſoul! hath made a hearty dinner,
Before it ventur'd on ſo long a journey.

Angelica, my plaudit gains—
Her art ſo ſweetly canvaſs ſtains!
Her dames, ſo Grecian! give me ſuch delight!
But were ſhe married to ſuch gentle males,
As figure, in her painted tales—
I fear ſhe'd find a ſtupid wedding night.

O D E XIII.

Peter *laſheth the Ladies—he turneth Story-Teller.—*
Peter *grieveth.*

ALTHOUGH the ladies with ſuch beauty blaze,
They, very frequently, my paſſion raiſe—
Their charms compenſate, ſcarce, their want of *taſte*—
Paſſing amidſt the exhibition crowd,
I heard ſome damſels *faſhionably* loud,
And thus I give the dialogue that paſs'd.—

'Oh! the dear man! (cry'd one) look! here's a bonnet!
'He ſhall paint *me*—I am determin'd on it—
'Lord, couſin, ſee! how beautiful the gown!
'What charming colours! here's fine lace, here's gauze!
'What pretty ſprigs the fellow draws!
'Lord, couſin! he's the clev'reſt man in town!"

'Ay, couſin,' cry'd a ſecond, 'very true—
'And here, here's charming green, and red, and blue—
'There's a complexion, beats the *rogue* of *Warren!*
'See thoſe red lips, O la! they are ſo nice—
'What roſy checks, then, couſin to intice'—
'Compar'd to this, all other heads are carrion.—

'Couſin, this limner quickly will be ſeen,
'Painting the *Princeſs Royal*, and the *Queen:*
'Pray, don't you think as I do, *Cox?*
'But, we'll be painted *firſt*, that's *Poz.*'

Such was the very pretty converſation,
That paſs'd between the *pretty* miſſes—
Whilſt unobſerv'd, the glory of our nation,
Cloſe by them, hung Sir *Joſhua*'s matchleſs pieces—

Works! that a *Titian*'s hand could form alone—
Works! that a *Reubens* had been proud to own.

Permit me, ladies, now, to lay before ye,
What lately happen'd—therefore a true ſtory.

A STORY.

WALKING, one afternoon, along the Strand,
My wond'ring eyes did ſuddenly expand,
Upon a pretty leaſh of country laſſes.—
'Heav'ns! my dear, beauteous angels, how d'ye do!
'Upon my ſoul I'm monſtrous glad to ſee ye.'
'Swinge! *Peter*, we are glad to meet with *you*;
'We're juſt to London come—well, pray, how be ye?

'We're juſt a-going, while 'tis light,
'To ſee St. *Paul*'s before 'tis dark.—
'Lord! come—for once, be ſo polite,
'And condeſcend to be our ſpark.

'With all my heart, my angels.'—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd.
Now did I hug myſelf, to think,
How much that glorious ſtructure would ſurpriſe—
How, from its awful grandeur they would ſhrink,
With open mouths, and marv'ling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-hill we drew,
St. *Paul*'s juſt op'ning on our view;
Behold, my lovely ſtrangers, one and all,
Gave, all at once, a diabolic ſquall,
As if they had been tumbled on the ſtones,
And ſome confounded cart had cruſh'd their bones.

After well fright'ning people with their cries,
And ſticking to a ribbon-ſhop, their eyes—
They all ruſh'd in, with ſounds enough to ſtun—
And, clatt'ring all together, thus begun.—

'Swinge! here are colours, then, to pleaſe!
'Delightful things, I vow to Heav'n!
'Why! not to ſee ſuch things as theſe,
'We never ſhould have been forgiv'n.

'Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!
'And, ſiſter, here—upon my word—
'Here, here!—look!—Here are beauties to delight!

' Why how a body's heels might dance
' Along, from Launceton to Penzance,
' Before that one might meet with such a fight !'

' Come, ladies, 'twill be dark,' cry'd I—' I fear :
' Pray, let us view St. *Paul*'s, it is so near.'—
' Lord, *Peter* !' cry'd the girls, ' don't mind St, *Paul* !
' Sure you're a most *Incurious* soul---
' Why---we can see the church another day :
' Don't be afraid---St. Paul's can't *run away*.'

READER,

If e'er thy bosom felt a thought *sublime*,
Drop tears of pity, with the man of rhyme !

O D E XIV.

Peter *disclaimeth flattery—describeth the* Grand Monarque—*and promiseth critical Candour.*

'TIS very true that flattery's not my *fort*—
I cannot, to stupidity, pay court—
And swear, a face *looks sense* (the picture puffing)
That boasts no more *expression*, than a muffin.

And yet, a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss ;
Although he tells a most confounded lie—
King *Lewis* leads me into this remark,
Call'd by his people, all, *Le Grand Monarque*—
A demi-god, in ev'ry Frenchman's eye.

His portrait, by some famous hand, was done,
And, then exhibited at the *salon*—
At once a courtly critic *criticises*—
" Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
" The sense profound, that marks the royal face—
" The *soul* of *Lewis*, that so very *wise is* ?"

Yet when he bawl'd for sense, he bawl'd, I wot,
For furniture, the head had never *got*.
Reader, believe me, that this *gentleman*
Was form'd on nature's very homely plan.—

Clumſy in legs and ſhoulders, head and gullet,
His mouth abroad, in ſeeming wonder loſt,
As if its meaning had giv'n up the ghoſt:
His eye, far duller than a leaden bullet;
Nature ſo ſlighting the poor royal nob,
As if ſhe bargain'd for it, by the *job*.

Therefore, ſhould mighty G....., or great *Lord North*—
Both *gentlefolks*, of high condition—
Think it worth while to ſend their faces forth,
To ſtare amidſt the *Royal exhibition*—

If likeneſſes, I'll not condemn the pictures,
To compliment thoſe mighty people's polls—
I ſcorn to paſs unfair, and cruel ſtrictures,
By aſking for the *graces*, or their *ſouls*.

O D E XV.

Peter *praiſeth Mr.* Stubbs, *and adminiſtereth wholeſome Advice—ſurpriſeth Mr.* Hone *with a Compliment—concludeth, with ſuſpecting the Ingratitude of the* Royal Academicians.

WELL-pleas'd, thy horſes, *Stubbs*, I view
And eke thy dogs, to nature true.
Let modern artiſts match thee, if they can—
Such animals thy genius ſuit—
Then ſtick I beg thee, to the brute;
And meddle not with women, nor with man.

And now for Mr. *Nathan Hone*—
In portrait, thou'rt as much alone,
As in his landſcape ſtands the unrival'd *Claude*—
Of pictures, I have ſeen enough,
Moſt vile, moſt execrable ſtuff!
But none ſo bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus, in the cauſe of painting loyal,
Sublime, I've ſung to artiſts royal—
With labour-pains, the muſe has ſore been torn!
And yet, each academic face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace,
To ſmile upon the bantling, now 'tis born.

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXXIII.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus!

ODE I.

Peter *puffeth—Diſplayeth Learning—Praiſeth the* Reviewers—*Deſcribeth himſelf moſt pathetically—Conſoleth himſelf —Diſliketh the Road to the Temple of Fame by Means of a Piſtol, Poiſon, or a Rope—Addreſſeth Great Folks—Giveth the King a broad Hint—Aſketh a queer Queſtion—Maketh as queer an Apoſtrophe to* Genius.

SONS of the bruſh, I'm here again!
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Caſting poetic pearl (I fear) to ſwine!
For, hang me, if my laſt year's Odes,
Paid rent for * lodgings near the Gods,
Or put one ſprat into this mouth divine.

For Odes, my *couſin* had rump-ſteaks to eat!
So ſays Pauſanias—loads of dainty meat!
And this, the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:
The beſt hiſtorians, one and all, declare,
With the moſt ſolemn air,
The poet might have guttled, till he ſplit.

How diff'rent far, alas! *my* worſhip's fate!
To ſooth the horrors of an empty plate,
The grave † poſſeſſors of the critic throne,
Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat—
Of flatt'ry—mind me—not of meat;
For they, poor ſouls, like me are ſkin and bone.

* *The attic ſtory, or, according to the vulgar phraſe, garret.*

† *See the Reviews for laſt year.*

No, no ! with all my Lyric pow'rs,
I'm not like Mrs. *Cofwey's* § *hours'*
Red as cock-turkies—plump as barn door chicken:
Merit, and I, are miſerably off—
We both have got a moſt conſumptive cough;
Hunger hath long our harmleſs bones been picking.

Merit, and I, ſo innocent ſo good,
Are like the little children in the wood—
And ſoon, like them, ſhall lay us down and die!
May ſome good chriſtian bard, in pity ſtrong,
Turn Red-breaſt kind, and, with the ſweeteſt ſong,
Bewail our hapleſs fate, with wat'ry eye!

Poor Chatterton was ſtarv'd—with all his art!
Some conſolation, this, to my lean heart—
Like him, in holes too, ſpider-like, I mope;
And there, my rev'rence may remain, alas!
The world will not diſcover it—the aſs!—
Until I ſcrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then, up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
Then, each my pow'rs with adoration fees—
Nothing their kind civilities can hinder—
When, like an Otho, I am found:
Like Jacob's ſons, they'll look one t'other round,
And cry, "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a diſmal road to fame—
Piſtols and poiſon, juſt the ſame—
And, what is worſe, one can't come back again—
Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
We can't diſplay it to mankind,
Tho' won with ſuch wry mouths, and wriggling pain.

Ye lords and dukes, ſo clever, ſay,
(For you have much to give away,
And much your gentle patronage I lack)
Speak—is it not a crying ſin,
That Folly's guts are to his chin,
Whilſt mine are ſlunk, a mile, into my back?

§ *A ſublime picture this! the expreſſion is truly Homerical.—The fair artiſt hath, in the moſt ſurpriſing manner, communicated to canvaſs the old bard's idea of the* brandy-fac'd hours.—*See the Iliad.*

Oft, as his ſacred majeſty I ſee,
Ah! George, (I ſigh) thou haſt good things with thee,
Would make me ſportive as a youthful cat:
It is not that my ſoul, ſo loyal,
Would wiſh to wed the Princeſs Royal,
Or be archbiſhop—no! I'm not for that,
Nor, really, have I got the grace
To wiſh for Laureat Whitehead's place;
Whoſe Odes, Cibberian—ſweet, yet very manly,
Are ſet, with equal ſtrength, by Mr. Stanley.

Would not one ſwear, that heav'n *lov'd* fools,
There's ſuch a number of them made?
Bum-proof, to all the flogging of the ſchools,
No ray of knowledge could their ſculls pervade;
Yet, take a peep into thoſe fellow's breeches,
We ſtare, like congers, to obſerve the riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
That canſt not keep a mare nor cow.
With all thy compliment of wit ſo friſky;
Whilſt Folly, as a mill-horſe blind,
Beſide his compter, gold can find,
And Sundays ſport a *ſtrumpet* and a *whiſky*.

O D E II.

Peter *criticiſeth—Addreſſeth the Britiſh* Raphael—*Promiſeth Mr.* Weſt *great Things, and like great Folks breaketh his Word—Laugheth at the Figure of King* Charles—*Laſheth that of* Oliver Cromwell—*and ridiculeth the Picture of* Peter *and* John, *running to the Sepulchre—Underſtandeth Plain-Work—and juſtly condemneth the ſhortneſs of the Shirts of Mr.* Weſt's *Angels—Concludeth, with making that Artiſt a handſome Offer of an American Immortality.*

NOW for my criticiſm on paints,
Where bull dogs, heroes, ſinners, ſaints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confuſion meet!
Behold the works of Mr. WEST!
That artiſt firſt ſhall be addreſs'd—
His pencil, with due reverence, I greet—

Still bleeding from his laſt year's wound,
Which, from my doughty lance, he found;

Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
" Why doſt thou perſecute me, *Saul ?*"

Weſt, let me wiſper in thy ear—
Snug, as a thief, within a mill,
From me, thou haſt no cauſe to fear :
To panegyric will I turn my ſkill ;
And if thy *picture* I am forc'd to blame,
I'll ſay moſt *handſome* things about the *frame*.
Don't be caſt down—inſtead of gall,
Molaſſes from my pen ſhall fall :
And yet I fear thy gullet it is ſuch,
That, could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praiſe, thou wouldſt not frown,
Nor think the thund'ring gulph one drop too much.

Ye Gods ! the portrait of the King !
A very *Saracen !* a glorious *thing !*
It ſhows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye—
Methinks I ſee the people ſtare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
" King George hath got a fireſhip in his belly."

Thy Charles !—What muſt I ſay to that ?
Each face unmeaning, and ſo flat !
Indeed, firſt couſin to a piece of board—
But, muſe, we've promis'd, in our lays,
To give our *Yankee*-painter praiſe ;
So, madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well, then, the Charles of Mr. *Weſt*.
And *Oliver*, I do proteſt,
And eke the * witneſſes of reſurrection ;
Will ſtop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make a prop'rer window-blind,
Than great † Correggio's, us'd for horſe-protection.

They'll make good floor-cloths, taylor's meaſures,
For table coverings, be treaſures,
With butchers, form, for flies, moſt charming flappers ;
And, Monday mornings, at the tub,
When queens of ſuds their linen ſcrub,
Make, for the blue-nos'd nymphs, delightful wrappers.

* *Peter and John.*

† *Correggio's beſt pictures were actually made uſe of, in the Royal ſtables in the north, to keep the wind from the tails of the horſes.*

Weſt, I forgot, laſt year to ſay,
Thy *Angels* did my delicacy hurt ;
Their linnen ſo much coarſeneſs did diſplay :
What's worſe, each had not above half a ſhirt.
I tell thee, cambrick, fine as webs of ſpiders,
Ought to have deck'd that brace of heav'nly riders.

Could not their ſaddle-bags, pray, jump
To ſomewhat longer for each rump ?
I'd buy much better at a Wapping-ſhop,
By vulgar tongues, baptiz'd—a ſlop !
Do mind, my friend, thy hits, another time,
And thou ſhalt cut a figure in my rhime.

Sublimely tow'ring, 'midſt th' Atlantic roar,
I'll waft thy praiſes to thy * native ſhore ;
Where *Liberty's* brave ſons, their Pæans ſing,
And every ſcoundrel convict is a *king*.†

O D E III.

The poet addreſſeth Mr. Gainſborough—*Sheweth great ſcripture Erudition—Condemneth Mr.* Gainſborough's *Plagiariſm—Giveth the Artiſt wholeſome Advice—Praiſeth the Corniſh Boy—and ſayeth fine Things to* Jackſon.

NOW, *Gainſb'rough*, let me view thy ſhining labours,
Who mounted on thy painting throne,
On other bruſhmen look'ſt, contemptous, down,
Like our great adm'rals, on a gang of ſwabbers

My eyes, broad-ſtaring wonder leads,
To yon dear ‡ neſt of royal heads !
How each the ſoul of my attention pulls !
Suppoſe, my friend, thou giv,ſt the frame

* *America.*

† *Our readers will pleaſe to recollect, that the Author wrote in England : and as he did not ſpare even his lawful ſovereign*, king George, *the Americans, whom he conſidered as enemies, could not expect much lenity.*

‡ *A frame, full of heads, in moſt* humble *imitation of the royal family.*

A pretty, little, bible-name,
And call'ſt it *Golgotha, the place of ſculls?*
Say, didſt thou really paint them (to be free)?
An angel finiſh'd Luke's traſcendent line—
Perchance, that civil angel was with thee—
For, let me periſh, if I think them thine.

Thy * dogs are good!—but yet, to make thee ſtare,
The piece hath gain'd a number of deriders—
They tell thee, genius, in it, had no ſhare,
But that thou, foully, ſtol'ſt the curs from *Snyders*.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint:
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't—
The man, who ſcorns to do it, is a log,
An eye, an ear, a tail, a noſe,
Were modeſty, one might ſuppoſe;
But, z—ds! thou muſt not ſmuggle the *whole dog*.

O *Gainſb'rough*, nature plaineth ſore,
That thou haſt kick'd her out of door;
Who, in her bounteous gifts, hath been ſo free,
To cull ſuch genius out for thee—
Lo! all thy efforts, without her, are vain!
Go, find her, kiſs her, and be friends again.

Speak, muſe, who form'd that matchleſs head,
The Corniſh boy,† in tin-mines bred?
Whoſe native genius, like his diamonds, ſhone
In ſecret, till chance gave him to the *ſun*.—
'Tis *Jackſon's* portrait—put the laurel on it,
While, to that tuneful ſwain, I pour a ſonnet.

SONNET.

To Jackson of Exeter.

ENCHANTING harmoniſt! the art is thine,
Unmatch'd, to pour the ſoul-diſſolving air,
That ſeems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded boſom of deſpair!

O ſay, what minſtrel of the ſky hath giv'n,
To ſwell the dirge, ſo muſically lorn?

* *A picture of boys, ſetting dogs to fight.*
† OPIE.

Declare, hath dove-eye'd pity left her heav'n,
And lent thy happy hand her lyre, to mourn ?

So fad, thy ſongs of hopeleſs hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian iſle, prepares to fly ;
He haſtes, to liſten to thy tender ſtrain,
And learn, from thee, to breathe a ſweeter ſigh.

O D E V.

The Great Peter, *by a bold Pindaric Jump, leapeth from Sonnet to Gull-catching.*

READER, doſt know the mode of catching gulls ?
If not, I will inform thee—Take a board,
And place a fiſh upon it, for the fools—
A ſprat, or any fiſh, by gulls ador'd.

Thoſe birds, who love a lofty flight,
And ſometimes bid the ſun good night ;
Spying the glitt'ring bait that floats below ;—
Sans cérémonie, down they ruſh—
(For gulls have got no manners)—on they puſh :
And what's the pretty conſequence, I trow ?
They ſtrike their gentle jobbernowls, of lead,
Plump, on the board—then lie, like boobies, dead.

Reader, thou need'ſt not beat thy brains about,
To make ſo plain an application out—
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his ſilly head againſt a *board*—
That might have help'd the ſtate—made a good jailer,
A nightman, or, a tolerable taylor.

O D E VI.

Peter *diſcovereth more ſcriptural Erudition—Groweth ſarcaſtic on the Exhibition—Giveth a wonderful Account of* St. Dennis—*Bluſheth for the Honour of his Country—Talketh ſenſibly of the* Duc de Chartres, *and the* French King.

"FIND me, in Sodom, out," (exclaim'd the Lord)
" Ten *gentlemen*, the place ſha'n't be un*town'd*—
" That is, I will not burn it, ev'ry board ;"

The dev'l a gentleman was to be found!
But this was rather hard, ſince heav'n well knew,
That ev'ry fellow, in it was a *Jew*.

This houſe is nearly in the ſame condition—
Scarce are *good things*, amid thoſe wide abodes—
Find me ten pictures, in this exhibition,
That ought not to be d—n'd—I'll burn my odes!
And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
Juſt as it was for poor Lord *Mansfield's* papers.†

St. Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
Hugg'd it, and kiſs'd it—and carried it a mile—
This was a pleaſant miracle enough,
That maketh many an unbeliever ſmile.

" 'Sblood, 'tis a lie!" you roar—Pray do not ſwear,
You may believe the wond'rous tale, indeed!
Speak—ha'n't you ſaid, that many a picture, here,
Was really done by folks without a *head*?
And ha'n't you ſworn, this inſtant, with ſurpriſe,
That he, who *did* that *thing*, had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it, that ſuch miſerable ſtuff,
The walls of this ſtupendous building ſtains?
The council's ears, with pleaſure, I could cuff,
Mind me—I don't ſay, batter out their *brains*.
What will duke *Chartres* ſay, when he goes home,
And tells king *Lewis*, all about the room?

Why, viewing ſuch a ſet of red-hot heads,
Our exhibition, he will liken *hell* to;
Then to the *Monarch*, who both *writes* and *reads*,
Give hand bills of the *wond'rous Katterfelto*; *
Swearing, th' Academy were all ſo flat,
He'd rather ſee the *wizard* and his *cat*.

† *To the irreparable loſs of the public, and that great law-expounder, burnt!—burnt in lord George Gordon's religious conflagration.—The newſpapers howled, for months over their aſhes.*—Ohe! jam ſatis eſt.

* *It may not be unneceſſary, on this ſide the Atlantic, to inform ſome of our readers, that the famous Dr. Katterfelto, for a conſiderable time, attracted the attention—and the money—of the good people of Britain, by the exhibition of a wonderful black cat, that performed ſurpriſing feats; inſomuch, that the common people imagined, it muſt have been the devil himſelf in a cat's ſkin.*

O D E VII.

The Britiſh Peter *elegantly and happily depicteth his Great Couſin of* Thebes—*Talketh of Fame—Horſewhippeth the Painters for turning their own Trumpeters.*

A DESULTORY way of writing,
A hop, and ſtep, and jump mode of inditing,
My great and wiſe relation, Pindar, boaſted:
Or, (for I love the bard to flatter)
By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,
Whatever, firſt, came in his ſconce,
Bounce, out it flew, like bottle-ale, at once—
A cock, a bull, a whale, a ſoldier, roaſted.

What ſharks we mortals are for fame!
How, poacher-like, we hunt for game!
No matter, for it, how we play the fool—
And yet, 'tis pleaſing our own laud to hear,
And, really, very nat'ral to preſer,
One grain of praiſe, to pounds of ridicule.

I've loſt all patience with the trade—
I mean the Painters—who can't ſtay,
To ſee their works by criticiſm diſplay'd,
And hear, what *others* have to ſay,
But, calling Fame a vile, old lazy ſtrumpet,
Sound their own praiſe, from their own * *penny* trumpet.
Amidſt the hurly-burly of my brain,
Where the mad Lyric Muſe, with pain,
Hamm'ring hard verſe, her ſkill employs,
And beats a tinman's ſhop in noiſe;
Catching wild tropes and ſimilies,
That hop about, like ſwarms of fleas—
We've *loſt Sir Joſhua*—Ah! that charming elf,
I'm griev'd to ſay, hath, this year, loſt *himſelf*.

Oh! *Richard*, thy † *St. George*, ſo brave,
Wiſdom and prudence could not ſave,
From being foully murder'd, my good friend.

* *At the beginning of the exhibition, the public papers ſwarmed with thoſe ſelf-adulators.*

† *See Mr. Coſway's picture of Prudence, Wiſdom, and Valour, arming St. George.*

Some weep, to see the woful figure ;
Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
As if their mirth would never have an end.

Prithee, accept th' advice I give with sorrow—
Of poor St. George, the useless armour borrow,
To guard thy own poor corpse—don't be a mule—
Take it—ev'n now thou'rt like a hedge hog, *quill'd*,
(*Richard*, I hope in God, thou art not *kill'd*)
By the dire shafts of merc'less ridicule.

Pity it is ! 'tis true, 'tis pity !
(As Shakespeare lamentably says)
That thou, in this observing city,
Thus runn'st a wh-r-ng aftey PRAISE.
With *strong desires*, I really think thee fraught ;
But, *Dick*, the nymph, so coy, will not be caught.
Yet for thy consolation, mind !
In this, thy wounded pride may refuge find—
Think of the *sage*, who wanted a fine *piece :*
Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles, at least,
On Lais, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast—
The Mrs. *Robinson*, of Greece,

Prithee, give up, and save the paints and oil ;
And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil :
Thou'lt say, "Lord ! many hundreds do like *me*."
Lord ! so have fellows *robb'd*—nay, further,
Hundreds of villains have committed *murther ;*
But, *Richard*, are these precedents for *thee ?*

O D E VIII.

Peter *groweth facetious.*

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I've said it often—and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade—
Artists, ne,er mind her work !—I hope you'll *beat it.*

Look now, for heav'n's sake, at her skies !
What are they ?—Smoke, for certainty, I know :
From chimney-tops, behold they rise,
Made by some sweating cook, below.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes:
From hogs, and ducks, and geese and horses bums—
Then tell me, *Decency*—I must request—
Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty *beast*?

Paint by the yard—your canvas spread,
Broad as the mainsail of a man of war—
Your whale shall eat up every other head,
Ev'n as the sun licks up each sneaking star!

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick---
By bulky things, both men and maids are taken---
Mind, too, to lay the paints, like mortar, thick,
And make your picture look as red as bacon.
All folks love *size*---(believe my rhyme)---
Burke says, 'tis *part* of the *sublime*.

A Dutchman---I forget his name---*Van Grout*,
Van Slabberchaps, *Van Stink*, *Van Swab*—
No matter, tho' I cannot make it out---
At calling names, I never was a dab.

This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese, that weigh'd an hundred pound,
Thus like a burgomaster, spoke, with judgment *vast*,
"No poet, like my broder, step de ground:

"He be de best poet, look!
"Dat all de vorld must please;
"Vor he heb vrit von book,
"So *big* as all dis *cheese*!"

If, at a *distance*, you would paint a pig,
Make out each single bristle on his back:
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack;
Else all the lady-critics will so stare,
And, angry, vow, "'Tis not a bit like hair!"

Be smooth as glass---like *Denner*, finish high:
Then ev'ry tongue commends---
For people judge not only by the eye,
But *feel* your merit, by their finger ends:
Nay, closely *nosing*, o'er the picture, dwell;
As if to try the *goodness*, by the *smell*.

Claude's distances are too confus'd---
One floating scene---nothing made out---
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cry'd about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing style,
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile ;
And to my view, eyes, legs and claws, will bring,
With ev'ry feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike---for nature's *wild*---
Fond of variety, a wayward child---
To blame your taste, some blockheads may presume ;
But, mind, that ev'ry one be like a broom.

Of steel, and purest silver, form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.
Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling ;
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow,
Precisely like a guinea, or a jo.*
In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
Convert, like Midas, *ev'ry thing* to *gold*.

I see, to excellence you'll come at *last*—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff ;
The blues, on China mugs, are now surpass'd—
Your sun-sets yield not to brick-walls, nor buff.
In stumps of trees, your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives !
Go on, my lads—leave nature's dismal hue,
And she, ere long, will come, and copy *you*.

O D E IX.

The sublime Peter *concludeth in a sweat*,

THUS have I finish'd, for this time,
My Odes, a little wild and rambling—
May people bite, like gudgeons, at my rhyme !
I long to see them scrambling—
Then, very soon, I'll give 'em more (God willing)
But this is full sufficient for a *shilling*.
For such a trifle, *such a heap !*
Indeed, I sell my goods too *cheap*.

Finish'd ! a disappointed artist cries,
With open mouth, and straining eyes ;

* *A portugal coin*, vulgarly *called a Johannes*,

Gaping for praiſe, like a young crow for meat—
" Lord ! why you have not mention'd *me* !"
Mention'd *thee* ?
Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *ſweat*—
What rage for fame attends both great and ſmall !
Better be *d--n'd*, than mention'd *not at all* !

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXXV.

——*Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat ? HOR.

O D E I.

The divine Peter *giveth an Account of a Conference, he held, laſt Year, with* Satire, *who adviſed him to attack ſome of the* R. A.*'s ; to tear Mr.* Weſt*'s Works to Pieces ; abuſe Mr* Gainſborough ; *fall foul of Mrs.* Coſway's *Sampſon ; and give a gentle Stroke on the Back of Mr.* Rigaud.—*The Poet's gentle Anſwer to Satire.—The Ode of Remonſtrance, that* Peter *received on Account of his* LYRICS.—Satire*'s Reply*—Peter*'s Reſolution.*

NOT—not this year the Lyric poet ſings—
" The great R. A.'s have wiſh'd my ſong to ceaſe ;
" I will not pluck a feather from your wings—
" So, ſons of canvaſs take your naps in peace.

Such was my laſt year's gracious ſpeech,
Sweet as the king's, to commons and to peers—
Always with ſenſe and tropes, as plumb-cake, rich :
A luſcious banquet, for his people's ears !

" Not write !" cry'd Satire, red as fire with rage,
" This inſtant, glorious war with Dulneſs wage :
" Take, take my ſupple jack ;
" Play St. Bartholomew, with many a back !
" Flay half the academic imps alive !
" Smoke, ſmoke the drones of that ſtupendous hive.

" Begin with George's idol, Weſt;
" And then proceed, in order, with the reſt:
" This moment, knock me down his maſter, Moſes,*
" On Sinai's mountain, where his noſe is
" Cock'd up ſo pertly, plump, againſt the Lord,
" Upon my word,
" With all that eaſe to Him, who rules above,
" As if that heav'n, and he, were *hand and glove.*

" Indeed," quoth I, " the piece hath points of merit,
" Though not poſſeſs'd, throughout, of equal ſpirit."
" What!" anſwer'd Satire, " not knock Moſes down?
" O ſtupid Peter, what the devil mean ye?
" He looks a poor pert barber of the town,
" With paper ſign-board out---' Shave for a penny.'

" Obſerve the piteous Iſraelite once more---
" Wears he the countenance that ſhould *adore?*
" No! 'tis a ſon of lather---a rank prig;
" Who, 'ſtead of fetching the moſt ſacred law,
" With *ſober looks*, and *reverential awe*,
" Seems pertly tripping up, to fetch a *wig.*

" With all her thunder, bid the muſe,
" Fall furious on the groupe of Jews,
" Whoſe ſhoulders are adorn'd with *Chriſtian faces*;
" For, by each phis, (I ſpeak without a gibe)
" There's not an Iſraelite, in all the tribe---
" Not that they are encumber'd by the *Graces.*

" Strike off the head of Jeremiah,†
" And break the bones of old Iſaiah;‡
" Down with the duck-wing'd angels,§ that, abreaſt,
" Stretch from a thing, call'd *cloud*, and by their looks,
" Wear more the viſage of young rooks,
" Cawing for victuals, from their neſt.

" Deal Gainſborough a laſh, for pride ſo ſtiff,
" Who robs us of ſuch pleaſure, for a miff;
" Whoſe pencil, when he chooſes, can be chaſte,
" Give nature's form, and pleaſe the eye of *taſte.*

* *Moſes, receiving the law on mount Sinai.*

† *A picture of Mr. Weſt.* ‡ *Another picture, by Weſt.*
§ *In the Apotheoſis, a picture, by Weſt.*

" Of cuts on Sampſon, * don't be ſparing,
" Between two garden-rollers ſtaring,
" Shewn, by the lovely Daliiah, foul play !
" To atoms tear that † Frenchman's traſh ;
" Then bountifully deal the laſh,
" On *ſuch* as *dar'd* to dub him an R. A."

Thus Satire to the gentle poet cry'd—
And, *thus*, with lamb-like ſweetneſs, I reply'd :

" Dear Satire ! pray conſult my life and eaſe ;
" Were I to write whatever you deſire,
" The ſat would all be fairly in the fire—
" R. A.'s ſurround me, like a ſwarm of bees,
" Or like a flock of ſmall birds, round a fowl
" Of *ſolemn ſpeculation*, call'd an OWL."

Quoth I, " O Satire, I'm a ſimple youth—
" Muſt make my fortune—therefore, not ſpeak truth,
" Altho' as ſterling as the holy bible—
" *Truth* makes it (Mansfield ſays) the more a libel :
" I ſhall not ſleep in peace, within my hutch ;
" Like Dr. *Johnſon*,‡ I have wrote *too much*."

When mount Veſuvius § pour'd his flames,
And frighten'd all the Naples' dames,
What did the ladies of the city do?
Why, order'd a fat Cardinal to go
With good St. Januarius' head,
And ſhake it at the *mountain*, 'midſt his riot,
To try to keep the *bully* quiet :
The parſon went, and ſhook the jowl, and ſped ;
Snug, was the word—the flames at once kept houſe—
The bellowing mountain was as mute's a mouſe.

Thus, ſhould lord Mansfield, from his bench, agree
To ſhake his lion mane like wig at *me*,
And bid his grim-look'd myrmidons aſſail ;—
With heads, Meduſan, and with hearts of bone ;

* *A picture, by Mrs. Coſway.* † *Rigaud.*

‡ *The ſtory goes, that Sam, before his* political converſion, *replied to his preſent Majeſty, in the library at buckingham-houſe, on being aſked, by the monarch, ' Why he did not write ' more ?'—Pleaſe your Majeſty, I have written* too much.' *So candid a declaration, of which the ſturdy moraliſt did not believe one ſyllable, procured him a penſion, and a muzzel.*

§ *See ſir William Hamilton's account.*

Who, if they did not *turn* me into *ſtone*.
Might *turn* my limbs, *ſo gentle*, into *jail*.

Read—read this Ode, juſt come to hand,
Giving the muſe to underſtand,
That cruelty and ſcandal, ſwell her ſong:
And that 'twere better, far, ſhe held her tongue.—

To PETER PINDAR, *Eſquire*.

A THOUSAND frogs, upon a ſummer's day,
Were ſporting, 'midſt the ſunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting ev'ry face;
They ſhow'd their gold-lac'd clothes, with pride;
In harmleſs ſallies, frequent vied,
And gambol'd, thro' the water, with a *grace*.

It happen'd, that a band of boys,
Obſervant of their harmleſs joys,
Thoughtleſs, reſolv'd to ſpoil their happy ſport:
One frenzy ſeiz'd both *great* and *ſmall*;
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall—
Meaning to *ſplaſh* them—not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly ſings, "the ſtones 'gan pour,
Indeed, an Otaheite ſhower!
The conſequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye—
One's eye was beat out of his head;
This limp'd away, that lay for dead—
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongſt the *ſmitten*, it was found,
Their beautious queen receiv'd a wound;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a ſigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye.
At length, king *Croak* got up, and thus begun:—
"My lads, you think this very pretty *fun*!

"Your pebbles, round us, fly as thick as hops—
"Have, *warmly*, complimented all our chops;—
"To *you*, I gueſs, that theſe are *pleaſant ſtones*!
"And ſo they might be to *us, frogs*,
"You damn'd, young, good-for-nothing dogs,
"But that they are ſo *hard*—they break our bones."

Peter! thou mark'ſt the meaning of this fable—
So, put thy Pegaſus into the ſtable;

Nor wanton, thus, with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmleſs people ride.

To drop the metaphor—the fair,*
Whoſe works thy muſe forbore to ſpare,
Is bleſt with talents, *envy* muſt approve;
And didſt thou know her heart, thoud'ſt ſay—
"*Perdition* catch the *idle lay!*"
Then, ſtrike thy lyre to *innocence* and *love*.

"Poh, poh!" cry'd Satire with a ſmile,
"Where is the glorious freedom of our iſle,
"If not permitted to call names?"
Methought the argument had weight—
"Satire," quoth I, "you're very right"—
So, once more, forth, volcanic Peter flames!

O D E II.

The Poet correcteth the Muſe's Warmth, who beginneth with little leſs than calling Names—Hinteth at ſome Academic Giants—And concludeth with a Pair of apt and elegant Similies.

"TAG-rags and bob-tails, of the ſacred bruſh!"—
For heav'n's ſake, muſe, be prudent:—huſh, huſh, huſh!
The Ode with too much violence begins!
The great R. A's, ſo jealous of their fame,
Will all declare of *them*, we make a game:
And then—the Lord have mercy on our ſkins!

Think, what a formidable phalanx, muſe,
Strengthen'd by Meſſiurs Garvay, and Rigaud, and Co.
How *dang'rous* ſuch a body to abuſe!

Then, there's among the academic crew,
A *man*,‡ that made the preſident look blue:
Brandiſh'd his weapon with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore, by the roots, his flouriſhing diſcourſes;
And ſwore, his own ſweet Iriſh howl could pour
A half a dozen ſuch, in half an hour.

Be prudent, muſe!—once more, I pray—
In vain I preach! th'advice is thrown away:

* *Mrs. Coſway.* ‡ *Mr. Barry.*

Ev'n now, you turn your nose up, with a sneer,
And cry, Lord! Reynolds hath no cause to fear,
When Barry dares the president to fly on:
'Tis like a mouse, that, work'd into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæn lion.

Or like a louse, of mettle full,
Nurs'd in some giant's skull—
Because Goliah scratch him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the *giant's head!*

O D E III.

The Poet addresseth Sir William Chambers, *a Gentleman of Consequence in the Election of* R. A.'*s—He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous Distribution of the Academic Honours—Threateneth him with Rhime—Adviseth a Reformation.*

ONE minute, gentle Irony, retire—
Behold! I'm graver than a *mustard pot;*
The muse, with bile, as hot as fire,
Could call *fool, puppy, blockhead,* and what not?
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur;*
Nor, in her angry progress, will I check her,

I'm told, that Satan has been long at work,
To bring th' Academy into disgrace;
Oh! may that member's b-ck--de feel his fork,
Who dares to violate the sacred place!

Who dares the devil join,
In so nefarious a design?
Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!—
I leave their *works* to tell their name.
Th' Academy is like a miscroscope——
For, by the magnifying pow'r, are seen
Objects, that, for *attention,* ne'er could hope;
No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been.*

So rare a building, and so grac'd,
With monuments, of ancient taste,
Statues and busts, relievos and intaglios;
For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,
Is laughable, beyond all measure——
'Tis just like eunuchs, put to guard seraglios.

Think not, sir William, I'm in jest—
By heav'n! I will not let thee rest:
Yet thou may'st bluster, like bull-beef, so big;
And of thy own importance, full,
Exclaim—"Great *cry*, and little *wool*!"
As Satan holla'd, when he shav'd the pig.

Yes—thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,
And find, that *scalping* is a serious matter:
Shock'd at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins!
Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he sees,
Crept to th' Academy, by ways and means,
Like mites and skippers, in a Cheshire cheese?

What beings will the next year's choice disclose,
The academic list to grace?
Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,
That ought to blush to shew their face.

Sir William? tremble at the muse's tongue;
Parnassus boasts a formidable throng!
All people recollect poor Marsyas' fate,
Save such as are dead drunk, or fast asleep:
Apollo ty'd the culprit to a gate,
And flay'd him, as a butcher flays a sheep:

And why?—Lord! not as history rehearses,
Because he scorn'd his *piping*—but his *verses*:
In vain, like a poor pill'ried punk, he bawl'd,
And kick'd, and writh'd, and said his pray'rs, and sprawl'd;
'Twas all in vain—the God pursu'd his sport,
And pull'd his *hide* off—as you'd pull your *shirt*!
Then, bid not rage the muse's soul inflame,
Whose thund'ring voice *damnation* makes, or *fame*.

You'll ask me, p'rhaps, "Good master Peter, pray
"What right have you to speak?"—then pertly smile:
I'll tell you, sir—My pocket help'd to pay
For building that expensive pile;—
A pile, that credit to the nation gains,
And does some honour to your worship's brains.

It made a tax on candles and ſhoe-leather,
Of monſtrous uſe, in dirty weather:
It made a tax on butcher's ſhops,
So ſpread its influence o'er *poetic chops*.
A moſt alarming tax to ev'ry poet,
Whoſe poor, lank, greyhound-ribs, with ſorrow, ſhow it.

Therefore, ſir knight, pray mend your manners:
And don't chooſe coblers, blackſmiths, tinkers,
tanners,
Some people love the converſe of low folks,
To gain broad grins, for good-for-nothing jokes——
Tho' *thou* 'midſt dullneſs, may'ſt be pleas'd to ſhine,
Reynolds ſhall ne'er ſit cheek-by-jowl with *ſwine*.

O D E IV

The Poet again payeth his reſpects to Sir William Chambers *—Complaineth of his Illiberality, in his Choice of R. A.'s—Adviſeth him to keep Company with* Prudence, *whom he deſcribeth moſt* naturally—*He threateneth the Knight—And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.*

THE muſe is in the fidgets—can't ſit ſtill—
She muſt have t'other talk with you, ſir Will.
Since her laſt Ode, with ſorrow hath ſhe heard,
You want not men, with heav'nly *genius* bleſt,
But wiſh' the title of R. A. conferr'd,
On ſuch as catch the bugs, and ſweep the ſpiders beſt;
Waſh of the larger ſtatues, beſt, the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the *graces*:
Scour, beſt, the ſkins of the young marble brats—
Trap mice, and clear th' academy from rats.

You look for men, whoſe heads are rather *tubbiſh*,
Or, drum-like, better form'd for *ſound*, than *ſenſe*;
Pleas'd with the fine Arabian to diſpenſe,
You want the *big-bon'd dray-horſe*, for your *rubbiſh*.

Raiſe not the muſe's anger, I deſire;
High-born, ſhe's hotter than the lightning's fire—
And proud! (believe the poet's word)
Proud as the lady of a new made lord;

Proud, as, in all her gorgeous trappings dreſt,
Fat lady mayoreſs, at a city-feaſt;
Whoſe ſpouſe makes wigs, or ſome ſuch glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches, for the king!

Prudence, ſir William, is a jewel—
Is clothes, and meat, and drink, and fuel!
Prudence! for man, the very beſt of *wives*,
Whom *Bards* have *ſeldom* met with, in their lives;
Which, *certes*, doth account for, in ſome meaſure,
Their grievous want of worldly treaſure,
On which the *greateſt blockheads* make their *brags*;
And ſhoweth, why we ſee, inſtead of lace,
About the poet's back, with little grace,
Thoſe flutt'ring, *French-like* followers—call'd *rags*.

Prudence! a ſweet, obliging, curtſying laſs,
Fit through this hypocritic world to *paſs!*
Who kept, at firſt, a little peddling ſhop,
Swept her own room, twirl'd her own mop,
Waſh'd her own ſmocks, caught her own fleas,
And roſe to fame and fortune, by degrees;
Who, when ſhe enter'd other people's houſes,
Till ſpoke to, was as ſilent as a mouſe is:
And of opinions, though poſſeſs'd a ſtore,
She left them, with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *hound!*— and hunting *fame*;—
Undoubtedly the woman is fair game:
But, *Nimrod*, mind—my muſe is *whipper-in!*
So that, if ever you diſgrace,
By turning *cur*, your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your *curſhip*'s ſkin!

O D E V.

The Poet openeth his Account of the exhibitors at the Academy—Praiſeth Reynolds—*Half damneth Mr.* Weſt—*Completely damneth Mr.* Wright, *of Derby—Mentioneth Mr.* Fuſeli—*Complimenteth Mr.* Opie.

MUSE, ſing the wonders of the preſent year—
Declare what works of ſterling-worth appear.

Reynolds his heads divine, as usual, gives,
Where Guido's, Reuben's, Titian's genius lives!
Works! I'm afraid, like beauty of *rare quality*,
Born soon to fade!—too subject to mortality!

West, most judiciously, my counsel takes,
Paints by the acre—witness parson *Peter*:*
For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
Deserving praises, in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not *good*—
Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood;
Nor of the figures, dare I praise th' *expression*,
With *some folks*, thought a *trifle of transgression*.

West, your *last supper* is a *hungry* piece;—
Your Tyburn saints, will not your fame increase:
With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper!
Were they for sale, as heav'n's my judge,
To give five farthings for them, I should grudge,
Nay, ev'n my old tobacco-stopper.

Candour must own, that, frequently, thy paints,
Have play'd the *devil* with the *saints*:
For *me*! I fancy them like *doves* and *throstles*!
But *thou*, if we believe thy *art*,
Enough to make *us* pious christians, *start*,
Hast very scurvy notions of *apostles*.

What of thy § landscape, shall I say,
Holding the old white sow and sucking litter?
Curs'd be the moment, curs'd the day,
Thou gav'st the muse such reason to be bitter!
But, muse, be soft, and *gently*, *gently* sigh—
"More Damned stuff was never seen by eye."

Yet mind! thy *landscape* equals Derby *Wright's*, ‡
Whose canvass gives us very *dismal* nights
O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *silver* moons,
Now mount like *sixpences*, and now *balloons*;
Where curling, wild, in different directions,
Nice *Vermicelli* represents *reflections*!
In short, where every thing we see appear,
Seems to exclaim—"what business have we here?"

* *Peter preaching—a piece of Mr. West's.*

§ *A most pitiable performance indeed.—It may be fairly called the* dotage *of the art.*

‡ *A painter of moon-lights.*

Fuſeli reſumes the bruſh, to pleaſe the *few :*
He deems the *million*—ſenſeleſs, arrant crew—
For *ridicule*, juſt *fit* to make a *feaſt*—
A Caliban—a great unjudging beaſt,
Whoſe crab-like ſoul, to no great heights can climb;
And, therefore, cannot feel the *true ſublime.*

Opie, this year, (ſo ſay his forms and faces)
Hath deign'd to pick acquaintance with the *graces.*
But where are all his old heads flown ?
Pray, maſter *Opie*, leave your tricks,
And let your eyes, ſometimes, on pictures fix,
That *Rembrandt* had been *proud* to *own.*

O D E VI.

The Poet addreſſeth Majeſty—Pleadeth the Cauſe of poor, ſtarving Poetry—He acknowledgeth, in a former Ode, the Kindneſſes of Fame, yet throweth out a Hint to his Majeſty, that his Finances may be improved—*He relateth a marvellous ſtory of a Jeſuit—Recommendeth ſomething ſimilar to his Sovereign.*

AN'T pleaſe your Majeſty, I'm overjoy'd,
To find your family ſo fond of painting ;
I wiſh her ſiſter, POETRY, employ'd——
Poor, dear, neglected girl ! with hunger fainting.
Your royal grandſire, (truſt me, I'm no ſibber)
Was vaſtly fond of *Colley Cibber.*

For ſubjects, how his Majeſty would hunt !
And if a battle grac'd the Rhine, or Weſer,
He'd cry, " Mine poet ſal make ode upon't !"
Then, forth, there came a flaming ode to *Cæſar.*

Dread ſire, pray recollect, a bit,
Some glorious action of your life ;
And then your humble poet,s wit,
Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,
Shall mount you on her glorious balloon odes,
Like Rome's great Cæſar, to th' immortal GODS.*

* *Diviſum imperium, cum Jove, Cæſar habet.* VIRG.

A Naples' Jeſuit, HISTORY declares
On ſlips of paper, ſcribbled prayers,
Which ſhows, of wiſdom great profundity ;
Then ſold them to the country folks,
To give their turkies, hens, and ducks,
To bring increaſe of fowl-fecundity.

It anſwer'd—On their turkies, ducks, and hens,
The country people, all, were full of brags—
Whoſe little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
Squat down, and laid, like conjuration bags.

I wiſh this *ſage* experiment were try'd
Upon the muſe, my gentle bride ;
And ſlips of paper giv'n her, with this *prayer*—
" Pay, to the bearer, fifty pounds, at ſight."
Her ſweet prolific pow'rs 'twould ſo *delight*,
She'd breed, like a *tame rabbit*, or a *hare* !

O D E VII.

Peter's *Account of wonderful Reliques in France, with the Devotion paid them—The ſenſible Application to Painters and Painting, by way of Simile.*

IN France, ſome years ago—ſome twenty three,
At a fam'd church, where hundreds daily joſtle,
I, wiſely, paid a prieſt ſix ſous, to ſee,
The *Thumb* of Thomas, the apoſtle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with *me* in wonder,
The rabble rais'd its eyes—like ducks in thunder ;
Becauſe, in virtues, it was vaſtly rich,
Had cur'd poſſeſs'd of devils, and the itch ;
Work'd various wonders, on a ſcabby pate—
Made little ſucking children ſtraight,
Though crooked, like rams horns, by the rickets ;
Made people ſee, though blind as moles—
And made your ſad, hyſteric ſouls,
As gay as graſhoppers and crickets ;
Brought noſes back again to faces,
Long ſtol'n by *Venus*, and her *graces* ;
And eyes, to fill their parent ſockets,
Of which ſad love had pick'd their pockets.

And had the prieſt *permitted*, with their kiſſes,
The mob had ſnack'd the holy thumb to pieces.
Though, reader, 'twas not the apoſtle's thumb—
But mum !—
It play'd as well, of *miracles*, the trick,
Although a *painted* piece of *ſtick!*

For ſix ſous more, behold ! to view, was bolted,
A *feather* of the angel Gabriel's wing !
Whether 'twas pluck'd by force, or calmly molted,
No holy legends tell, nor poets ſing,
But *was* it Gabriel's feather, heav'nly muſes ?
It was *not* Gabriel's feather—but, a *gooſe*'s !
But ſtay—from truth we would not wiſh to wander,
For, poſſibly, the owner was a *gander*,

Painters ! you take me right—The muſe ſuppoſes,
You make your *coup-de-maitre* daſhes,
Chriſten them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noſes,
Beards, chins, and whiſkers and eye-laſhes ;
As like, p'rhaps, as a *horſe* is like a *plumb*,
Or foreſaid ſtick, St. *Tom*, th' apoſtle's thumb.

With purer eyes, the Britiſh vulgar ſees ;
We are no *crawthumpers*,—no *devotees ;*
So that, whene'er your figures are *mere wood*,
Our eyes will never, think 'em *fleſh* and *blood.*

O D E VII.

The generous Peter *reſcueth the immortal* Raphael *from the Obliquy of* Michael Angelo—*The poet moralizeth—Telleth a Story not to the Credit of* Michael Angelo, *and nobly defendeth* Raphael's *Name, againſt his invidious Attack—Concludeth with a moſt ſage Obſervation.*

HOW difficult, in artiſts, to allow,
To brother bruſhmen, ev'n a grain of merit !
Wiſhing to tear the laurels from their brow,
They ſhow a ſniv'ling, diabolic ſpirit.

So 'tis, however moraliſts, may chatter—
What's worſe ſtill, nature will be alway's nature.

We can't brew Burgundy from four ſmall beer,
Nor make a ſilken purſe of a ſow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *praiſe !*—from eve to morn,
From bluſhing morn, to darkling eve again,
My muſe the brows of merit could adorn,
And, lark-like, ſwell the panegyric ſtrain.
Praiſe, like the balm, which ev'ning's dewy ſtar
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flow'r ;
Lifts modeſt, pining merit from deſpair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

P-x take me, if I ever read the ſtory
Of *Michael Angelo*, without much ſwearing :
'Tis ſuch a ſlice cut off from *Michael*'s glory,
He ſurely had been brandying it, or beering :
That is, in plainer Engliſh, he was drunk,
And candour, from the man, with horror ſhrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman ſchool,
Yet Angelo vouchſaf'd to call him *fool ;*
When working in the Vatican, would ſtare,
Throw down his bruſh, and ſtamp, and ſwear,
If e'er a porter let him in—he'd *ſtone* him,
And if he Raphael caught—moſt ſurely *bone* him.
He ſwore, the world was a rank aſs,
To pay a compliment to Raphael's ſtuff ;
For that he knew the fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not *paſs*.

Such was the language of this falſe Italian :
One time he chriſten'd Raphael, a pygmalion ;
Swore, that his madams were compos'd of ſtone ;
Swore, his expreſſions were like owls, ſo tame,
His drawings, like the lameſt cripple, lame,
That as for compoſition, he had none.

Young artiſts ! theſe aſſertions I deny—
'Twas vile ill manners—not to ſay, a *lie :*
Raphael did *real* excellence inherit,
And if you ever chance to paint as well,
I, *bona fide*, do foretel,
You'll, *certainly*, be men of *merit*.

O D E IX.

The gossiping Peter *telleth a* strange *Story, and* true, *though* strange—*Seemeth to entertain no very elevated Opinion of the Wisdom of Kings—Hinteth at the narrow Escape of Sir* Joshua Reynolds—*Mr.* Ramsay*'s Riches—A Recommendation of Flattery, as a Specific in Fortune-making.*

I'M told—and I believe the story—
That a fam'd queen, of northern brutes,
A *gentlewoman* of *prodigious* glory,
Whom *ev'ry sort* of epithet *well suits* ;
Whose husband, *dear*, just happ'ning to *provoke* her,
Was shov'd to heav'n upon a *red-hot poker !*
Sent to a *certain king*—not king of *France*—
Desiring, by *sir Joshua*'s hand, his *phiz*—
What did the royal quiz ?
Why, *damn genteelly*, sat to Mr. Dance !*

Then, sent it to the northern queen—
As sweet a bit of wood as e'er was seen !
And, therefore, most *unlike* the *princely head*—
He might as well have sent, a *pig of lead.*

Down ev'ry throat, the piece was cramm'd,
As done by *Reynolds*, and deserv'dly damn'd ;
For, as to master Dance's art,
It ne'er was worth a single ---- !
Reader, I *blush* ! *am delicate this time !*
So, let *thy impudence* supply the *rhyme.*

Thank God ! that kings cannot our taste control,
And make each subject's poor, submissive soul
Admire the *taste*, that *judgment* oft cries "*fie*" on :
Had *things been so*, poor *Reynolds* we had seen,
Painting a *barber's pole*—an *ale-house queen*—
The *cat and gridir'n*—or the old *red-lion !*

* *The true reason that induced his majesty to sit to Mr.* Dance, *was* laudable royal *economy. Mr. Dance charged fifty pounds for the picture—Sir* Joshua Reynolds*'s price was somewhat more than a hundred—a very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvass ; and, let me say,* that *justified the preference given to the man who worked* cheapest.

At * Plympton, perhaps, for ſome grave Doctor Slop,
Painting the pots and bottles of the ſhop:
Or in the *drama*, to get meat to munch,
His bruſh, divine, had pict'ur'd ſcenes for *Punch!*
Whilſt *Weſt* was welping 'midſt his paints,
Moſes and Aaron, and *all ſorts* of ſaints!
Adams and Eves, and ſnakes and apples,
And dev'ls, for beautifying *certain chaples*:
But, Reynolds is no *fav'rite*—that's the *matter*—
He hath not learnt the noble art to *flatter*.†

Thrice happy times, when *monarchs* find them *hard things*,
To teach us *what* to view with *admiration*;
And, like their heads, on *halfpence*, and *braſs farthings*,
Make their *opinions current*, through the nation!

I've heard, that *Ramſay*,§ when he died,
Left juſt nine rooms, well ſtuff'd with queens and kings;
From *whence*, all nations might have been ſupplied,
That *long'd* for *valuable things*
Viceroys, ambaſſadors, and plenipos,
Bought them, to join their raree-ſhows
In foreign parts,
And ſhow the *progreſs* of the *Britiſh arts*.

Whether they purchas'd by the *pound*, or *yard*,
I cannot *tell*—becauſe I never *heard*;
But, *this* I *knew*, his *ſhop* was like a *fair*,
And dealt moſt *largely* in the *royal ware*.
See what it is, to gain a monarch's ſmile!
And haſt thou miſs'd it, Reynolds, all this while?
How ſtupid!—prithee, ſeek the *courtier's ſchool*,
And learn to manufacture *oil* of *fool*.

Flatt'ry's the turnpike-road to *Fortune*'s door—
Truth is a *narrow-lane*, all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuſe, and rags,
And workhouſes—ſad refuge for the poor!—
Flatt'ry's a *mountebank*, ſo *ſpruce*—gets riches;
Truth, a plain *Simon Pure*, a *Quaker preacher*,
A *moral-mender*, a diſguſting *teacher*,
That never got a ſix-pence, by her *ſpeeches!*

* *Sir Joſhua's native ſpot, in Devonſhire.*

† *This Ode was compoſed, before ſir Joſhua was dubbed kings' painter. Poſſibly the great artiſt* dreamt *of my* BEAUTIFUL LYRIC, *and purſued its advice.*

§ *Late painter to his majeſty.*

ODE X.

The lofty Peter *beginneth with an* original *Simile—Displayeth a* deep *Knowledge of Homer, and modern Dutcheſſes—Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.*

PAINTERS, who figure in the exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the ſame condition,
With cocks, on Shrove-tide, which the ſeaſon gathers;
Flung at, by ev'ry lubber, ev'ry brat,
That hath the ſenſe to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies,
Between the *painter*, and the *fowl*, I find—
The artiſt, for the poſt of danger, tries—
The fowl is faſten'd, much againſt his *mind;*
Who, as to his dread ſentence, would annul it—
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and inſtead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handſome love to a ſmart pullet.

And yet, the painter, like a booby, groans,
Who courts the very bats, that break his bones.
But *who* from ſcandal is exempt?
Who doth not meet, at times contempt?

Great Jove, the God of Gods, in *figures* rich,
Oft call'd his boſom queen, a *ſaucy bitch;*
Achilles * call'd great Agamemnon, *hog*,
An impudent, decietful, dirty *dog*.

Behold, our lofty dutcheſſes pull caps,
And give each other's reputation raps,
As *freely* as the drabs of Drury's ſchool;
And who, pray, knows, that *George*, our gracious king,
(Said, by his courtiers, to know *ev'ry* thing)
May not, by *future times*, be call'd, a *fool?*

* *Vid.* Homer.

ODE IX.

The Bard sensibly reproveth the young Artists for their Propensity to Abuse—Most wittily compareth them to Horse-Leeches, Game-Cocks, and Curs.

THE mean, the ranc'rous jealousies, that swell,
In some sad artists' souls, I do despise,
Instead of nobly *striving* to *excel*,
You *strive* to pick out one the other's eyes.
To be a *painter*, was Correggio's glory—
His speech should flame in gold—"*Sono Pittore.*"

But what, if truth were spoke, would be *your* speeches?
This—"We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leeches,
" Without a *blush*, the *poorest* scandal speaking—
" Like cocks, for ever at each other, beaking;
" As if the globe we dwell on, were *so small*,
" There, really, was not *room enough* for all.

Young men!
I do presume, that *one* of you, in *ten*,
Hath kept a dog or too; and hath remark'd,
That, when you have been comfortably feeding,
The curs, without one atom of court-breeding,
With wat'ry jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;
Show'd anxiousness about the mutton-bone,
And, 'stead of *your mouth*, wish'd it in their *own*;
And, if you gave this bone to one, or t'other,
Heav'ns! what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother!
This oft, perhaps, had touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners*, by a *kick*;
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *sweet*, emphatic swearing;
An eloquence, of wond'rous use in wars,
Amongst sea captains, and the brave jack-tars.

Now, tell me, honestly—pray, don't you find
Somewhat, in christians, just of the same kind,
That you experienc'd in the curs—
Causing your anger, and demurs?
As, for example, when your mistress, *fame*,
Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,

Takes up her trump, to give the juſt applauſe,
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wiſh'd and whin'd;
And growl'd, and curs'd, and ſwore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The dogs deſerv'd *their* kicking to be ſure;
But *you!* O fie, boys! go, and ſin no more.

O D E XII.

The compaſſionate Peter *lamenteth the Death of Mr.* Hone, *an* R. A.—*Recommendeth him to* Oblivion, *the great Patron of a Number of* Geniuſes.

THERE's one R. A. more, dead!—ſtiff is poor *Hone!*
His works be with him—under the ſame ſtone:
I think, the ſacred art will not bemoan 'em;
But, muſe—*De mortuis nil niſi bonum*—
As to his hoſt, a *trav'ller*, with a ſneer,
Said of his *dead ſmall beer.*

Go, then, poor *Hone!* and join a num'rous train,
Sunk in *oblivion*'s wide, pacific ocean;
And may its *whale-like* ſtomach feel no motion,
To caſt thee, like a *Jonah*, up again.

O D E XIII.

The Poet exhibiteth the Inconſtancy of the World, by the moſt elegant *Compariſon of a Flock of Starlings.*

YOUNG artiſts, it may ſo fall out,
That folks ſhall make a grievous rout:
Follow you—praiſe your painting to the ſkies;
When, p'rhaps a ribband, (fie upon it!)
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its *glare*, their *wonder-ſpying* eyes.

Therefore, don't *thence* ſuppoſe, that you inherit,
Mountains of unexampled merit;
That, *always, you ſhall* be purſu'd,
And, like a wond'rous beauty, woo'd.

Great is the world's inconſtancy, God knows!—
Fame, like the ocean, *ebbs*, as well as *flows;*
Next year, the million pitches on a ruff—
A balloon-cap—a ſhawl—a muff—
For *you*, no longer cares a ſingle ruſh,
Following *ſome other brother* of the bruſh.

To raiſe to nobler flights the muſe's wing,
A *ſimile's* a very pretty thing:
To whoſe ſweet aid I'm oft a humble debtor,
T' illuſtrate, with more force, the thing I mean;
And, if the *ſimile* be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*ſo much the better.*

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one, juſt imported, from the mint.—
You've ſeen a flock of ſtarlings, to be ſure,
A hundred thouſand in a *meſs*, or more;
Who, fortunately, having found,
A lump of horſe-litter upon the ground,
Down drops the chatt'ring cloud upon the dung,
Then, Lord, what *doings!* heav'ns, what *admiration!*
What *joy*, what *tranſport*, 'midſt the ſpeckled nation!
How buſy ev'ry *beak*, and ev'ry *tongue!*
All talking, gabbling, but none liſt'ning,
Juſt like a groupe of goſſips, at a chriſt'ning;
Let but a *cow dab* ſhow its graſs green face,
They're *up*, without ſo much as ſaying grace;
And lo! the buſy flock around it pitches!
Juſt as upon the lump before,
They gabble, wonder, and adore!
And equal *brother Martyn's* * ſpeeches.
Theſe ſtarlings ſhow the world, with great propriety,
Mad, as March hares, or curlews, for *variety.*

O E E XIV.

The great Peter *deſpiſeth* Frenchmen.

I BEG it, as a favour, my young folks,
You will not copy, money-like, the French,

* *A* much admired *ſpeaker in the houſe of commons, who*, nem. con. *was baptiſed the* Starling *Martyn.*

Whose pictures, justly, are all standing jokes,
Whether they represent a man, or wench.

If Monsieur paints a man of fashion,
Making an obeisance well bred,
The gentleman's a *ram-cat*, in a passion—
His back all crumpled o'er his head :
Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel—
And bone-breaking's no *trifling thing*, G-d knows !
Amidst his pains, the fellow's so *genteel !*
He *feels*, with such *decorum*, all the blows.

Or, if a culprit's going to the *devil*—
Which some folks also deem a serious *evil*—
So degagé, you see the man advance,
His arms, hands, shoulders, turn'd-out toes,
Madonna-lifted eyes, and cock'd-up nose,
Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.
I've seen a sleeping *Venus*, I declare,
With hand and legs stretch'd out, with *such* an air !
Her neck and head, *so* twisted, on one shoulder,
With *such* a *heav'nly* smile, that each beholder
Would swear, (disdaining *dancing's vulgar* track)
The dame was walking minuets on her *back ;*
Ev'n an old woman, yielding up her breath,
By means of cholic, stone, or gravel ;
How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death !
With what a *grace* her soul prepares to *travel !*

A Frenchman's angel is, an *op'ra punk*—
His Virgin Marys---milliners, half drunk ;
Our blest Redeemer, a rank *petit maître*,
In ev'ry attitude and feature :
The humble Joseph, so *genteely* made,
And only fit to *compliment* his wife—
So *delicate !* as if he scarcely knew
Oak from a deal-board—a gimblet from a screw ;
And never made a *mouse-trap* in his life.

Think not, I wantonly attack those people—
In prejudice, that I'm as stiff's a steeple ;
No !---yet, I own I hate the shrugging dogs---
I've liv'd amongst them--- ate their frogs ;
And vomited them up, thank God, again ;
So that I'm able, now, to say,
I carried nought, of *theirs*, away,
Which, otherwise, had made the puppies *vain*.

ODE XV.

The conceited Peter *turneth an arrant Egotiſt---Mentioneth a Number of fine Folks---This Minute condemneth* Will. Whitehead's *Verſes, and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the* right Saddle *on the* right Horſe.

No giant more rejoiceth, in his courſe---
Not count O'Kelly, in a winning horſe;---
Not Mrs. Hobart, * to preſerve a box—
Not George the Third, to triumph o'er Charles Fox:

Not Spain's wiſe monarch, to bombard Algiers—
Not pill'ries, order'd by the law's ſtern voice,
Can more rejoice,
To hold Kit Atkinſon's two ears:
No more rejoiceth patiotic Pitt,
By patriotic grocers to be fed—
Not mother Windſor,† in a fair young tit—
Nor gaping deans, to hear a biſhop's dead;—
Not more reform'd John Wilkes, to *court* the crown—
Nor Skinner, in his Aldermanic gown—
Nor common-councilmen, on turtle feeding:
Not more rejoice old envious maids, ſo ſtale,
To hear of weeping beauty, *a ſad tale*,
And tell the world, a reigning toaſt is *breeding*:—
Than I, the poet, in a lucky Ode,
That catches at a hop, the Cynic face;
Kills, by a laugh, its grave Bubonic face;
And tears, in ſpite of him, his jaws abroad.

And, are there ſuch grave dons, that read my rhymes?
All gracious heav'n forgive their crimes!
Oh! be their lot to have *wiſe-talking* wives;
And if, in *reading*, they delight,

* *The conteſt between Mrs. Hobart and Lady Saliſbury, with their* ſeconds, *about a box at the Opera, is a* ſubject *for the moſt* ſublime *epic!*

† *A prieſteſs of the Cyprian goddeſs.*

To read, ye gods! from morn to night,
Will Whitehead's ‡ birth-day ſonnets, all their lives.

P'rhaps reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,
And mendeſt kettles, in a pretty manner;
Or tanneſt hides of bulls, and cows, and calves;
But if the ſauce-pan, or the kettle,
Originally, be bad mettle,
Thou'lt ſay, "it only can be done by *halves*;"
Or if, by nature, bad the bullocks' ſkins,
"They'll make vile ſhoes and boots, for people's *ſhins*."

Then, wherefore do I thus abuſe
Will Whitehead's *hard-driv'n* Muſe?
Who merits, rather, *pity*'s tend'reſt ſigh:
For, what the devil can he do,
When forc'd to praiſe—*the Lord knows who!*
Verſe *muſt* be dull, on ſubjects ſo damn'd *dry*.

O D E XVI.

The claſſic Peter *adviſeth Painters to cultivate Taſte—Laſheth ſome of the Ignorant—Accuſeth Painters of an Affection for Vulgarity, whom he horſe-whippeth—Recommendeth a charming ſubject.—Telleth the Secret of his Love, and giveth a* die away *Sonnet of former Days—Perſecuteth* Tenier's *Devils, but applaudeth the Execution.*

PAINTERS, improve your education,
That ſurely Stands in need of reformation.
I've heard, that ſome can neither write nor read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head,

Many, I know, would rather paint a *bear*,
Or *monkey*, playing his quaint tricks,
Than ſome ſweet damſel, whom all hearts revere,
Whoſe charms the eye of admiration fix—
Would rather ſee a *ſtump* with ſtrength expreſt,
Than all the ſnowy fulneſs of her breaſt,

‡ *This Ode was written before a late laureat reſigned his* earthly *crown for a* heavenly *one. May Mr. Tom Warton be more ſucceſsful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the latin adage*—ex nihil fit

Or *lip*, that innocence ſo ſweetly moves,
Or *ſmile*, the fond Elyſium of the loves.

This brings thoſe days to mem'ry, when my tongue
To Cynthia's beauty pour'd my ſoul in ſong;
When, on the margin of the murm'ring ſtream,
My fancy frequent form'd the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace—of Cynthia's ſmiles divine,
And made thoſe ſmiles, and peerleſs beauty, *mine*.
It brings to mem'ry, too, thoſe diſmal times,
When nought my ſighs avail'd, and nought my rhymes?

When at the ſilent, ſolemn cloſe of day,
My penſive ſteps would court the darkling grove,
To hear, in Philomelo's lonely lay,
The fainting echoes of my luckleſs love;
Till night's increaſing ſhades, around me ſtole,
And mingled with the gloom, that wrapp'd my ſoul.

Reader—do'ſt chuſe a ſonnet of thoſe days?
Take it—and ſay not, I'm a foe to *praiſe*,

To Cynthia.

O THOU! whoſe love-inſpiring air
Delights, yet gives a thouſand woes;
My day declines, in dark deſpair,
And night hath loſt her ſweet repoſe:

Yet, who, alas! like me was bleſt,
To *others* ere thy charms were known;
When fancy told my raptur'd breaſt,
That Cynthia ſmil'd on *me* alone?

Nymph of my ſoul! forgive my ſighs—
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies,
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
With fortune's gifts unknown to *me*!
I only boaſt a ſimple heart,
In love with *innocence*, and *thee*.

BUILD not, alas! your popularity
On that beaſt's back, yclep'd *vulgarity*;

A beaſt, that many a booby takes a pride in——
A beaſt, beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How ſhould the man, who loves to be *unchaſte*,
To feed on carrion, dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an ortolan's delicious taſte,
Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch ?
Or want, with bitter purl, to wet his clay,
How ſhould he judge of claret, or toaky ?

Tenier's devils, witches, monkeys, toads,
That make me ſhudder, whilſt I pen theſe Odes,
Moſt *truly painted*, to be ſure you'll find :
How greater, far, the excellence, to paint
With heav'n directed eye, the beauteous *ſaint*,
And mark th' emotions of her angel mind ?
Envy not *ſuch* as have, in *dirt*, ſurpaſt ye ;—
'Tis *very*, *very eaſy* to be *naſty* !

O D E XVII

The moralizing Bard expoſeth the unfairneſs of Mankind in the Article of Laughing—*Deſcanteth upon* Wit—*Diſclaimeth Pretenſion to it*—*Maketh Love to Candour, and* modeſtly *concludeth*

HOW dearly mortals love to laugh and grin !
Juſt as they love to ſtuff themſelves to *chin*,
With other people's meat—good ſaving ſenſe!
Becauſe at other folks' expenſe :
But turn the laugh on *them*—how chang'd their notes ?
" O dam 'em ! this is *ſerious*—cut their throats !"
Wit, ſays an author, that I do not know,
Is like TIMES's ſcythe—cuts down both friend and foe;
Ready each object, tyger-like, to *leap on* !
" Lord ! what a butcher this ſame *wit* ! thank God !
" (A critic cries) in maſter Pindar's Ode,
" We ſpy th' effect of no ſuch *dang'rous weapon* !"

No, ſir,—'tis dove ey'd CANDOUR's charms,
I woo to theſe deſiring arms ;
She is my *goddeſs*—to her ſhrine I bend :
NYMPH of the voice, that beats the morning, lark,

Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park *
Be thou my ſoft companion, and my friend:

Thy lovely hand my Pegaſus ſhall guide,
And teach thy *modeſt* pupil how to ride:
Thus ſhall I hurt, not any *groupe-compoſers*,
From Sarah Benwell's *bruſh*, to Mary Mozer's,†

O D E XVIII.

The judicious Peter *giveth moſt wholeſome Advice to Landſcape Painters.*

WHATE'ER your wiſh, in landſcape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the *oracles* I tell,
There's very little landſcape in a *garret*.
Whate'er the flocks of *fleas* you keep,
'Tis badly copying *them*, for *goats* and *ſheep*;
And if you'll take the poet's honeſt word,
A *bug* muſt make a miſerable *bird*.
A *ruſh-light* winking, in a bottle's neck,
Ill repreſents the glorious *orb* of *morn*;
Nay, though it were a candle with a *wick*,
'Twould be a *repreſentative forlorn*.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For *trees*, to copy legs of a *joint-ſtool*;
Or e'n, by *them*, to repreſent, a *ſtump*:
As, alſo, *broomſticks*—which, though well he rig
Each with an old *fox-colour'd wig*,
Muſt make a very poor *autumnal clump*.

You'll ſay—yet *ſuch ones*, oft a perſon ſees
In many an artiſt's trees;
And in ſome paintings, we have all beheld!
Green bays hath ſurely ſat for a green field

* *Two brothers, of the moſt diſtinguiſhed merit on the Oboe.*

† *The laſt of thoſe ladies, an R. A. by means of a* ſublime *picture of a plate of* gooſeberries—*the other in* hopes *of academic honours, through an* equal *degree of merit.*

Bolſters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows ;
Cats for ram-goats—and curs for bulls and cows.

All this, my lads, I freely grant ;
But better things from *you*, I want,
As Shakeſpeare ſays, (a bard I much *approve*)
" *Liſt, liſt, Oh ! liſt,*"—if thou doſt *painting* love.

Claude painted in the open air !—
Therefore, to Wales, at once repair ;
Where ſcenes of *true* magnificence you'll find :
Beſides this great advantage—if in debt,
You'll have, with creditors, no tête a tête :
So leave the bull dog bailiffs all *behind* ;
Who, *hunt* you, with what noiſe they may,
Muſt hunt for *needles* in a *ſtack of hay*.

O D E XIX.

The Poet Hinteth to Artiſts the Value of Time.

THE man, condemn'd on Tyburn tree, to *ſwing*,
Deems ſuch a ſhew a very *dulliſh* thing ;
He'd rather a *ſpectator* be I ween,
Than the ſad *actor* in the ſcene.

He blames the *law's* too rigid reſolution :
If, with a beef-ſteak ſtomach—in his prime,
Lord, with what *reverence* he looks on time !
And, moſt of all—*the hour of execution !*
And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
How *wond'rous willing* to poſtpone the *dance !*

Believe me, time's of monſtrous uſe ;
But, ah ! how ſubject to abuſe !
It ſeems that, with him, folks were often *cloy'd* ;
I do pronounce it, time's a *public good*,
Juſt like a youthful beauty—to be *woo'd*,
Made much of, and be properly enjoy'd.

Time's ſand is wonderfully ſmall ;
It ſlips between the fingers in a hurry ;
Therefore, on each young artiſt, let me call,
To prize it, as an Indian does his *curry* ;*

* *An univerſal food in the Eaſt-Indies*

Whether his next rare *exhibition* be
Amidſt the great R. A.'s—or on a *Tree.*

O D E XX.

The unfortunate Peter *lamenteth the Loſs of an important Ode, by* Rats—*He prayeth devoutly for the* Rats.

HIATUS maxime deflendus!
I've loſt an *Ode,* of charming praiſe:
From like misfortune, heav'n defend us!
The ſweeteſt of my Lyric lays!
Where many a youthful artiſt ſhone with fame,
Like his own pictures, in a fine gilt frame.
Perdition catch the roguiſh rats!
Their trembling limbs ſhould fill the maws of cats.
Were I to be their ſole adviſer!
Vermin! like trunk makers and paſtry cooks,
Deal in legions of delightful books,
Yet with the *learning,* not a whit the *wiſer.*
Thank G—d! the Ode unto *myſelf* they *ſpar'd,*
And, lo! the labour of the lucky bard.

O D E XXI.

To Myself.

The exalted Peter *wiſheth to make the gaping World acquainted with the Place of his Nativity;—but before he can get an Anſwer from* himſelf, *he moſt* ſublimely *burſteth forth into an Addreſs to Mennygizzy and Mouſehole, two Fiſhing Towns in Cornwall—the firſt, celebrated for Pilchards, the laſt, for giving Birth to Dolly Pentreath—The Poet praiſeth the Honourable Daines Barrington, and Pilchards—Forgetteth the Place of his Nativity—and, like his great Anceſtor of* Thebes, *leaveth his Readers in the* Dark.

O THOU! whoſe daring works ſublime,
Defy the rudeſt rage of time,

Say !—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
Did Mouſehole give thee birth, or Mennygizzy ?

HAIL Mennygizzy ! what a town of note !
Where boats, and men, and ſtinks, and trade are ſtirring;
Were pilchards come, in myriads to be caught ;
Pilchard ! a thouſand times as good's a herring,

Pilchard ! the idol of the Popiſh nation !
Hail, little inſtrument of vaſt ſalvation !
Pilchard, I ween, a moſt ſoul ſaving fiſh,
On which the Catholics, in Lent, are *cramm'd* ;
Who, had they not, poor ſouls, this lucky diſh,
Would fleſh eat, and be conſequently, *damn'd*.

Pilchards ! whoſe bodies yield the fragrant oil,
And make the London lamps, at midnight, ſmile ;
Which lamps, wide-ſpreading ſalutary light,
Beam on the wand'ring BEAUTIES of the night,
And ſhow each gentle youth their cheek's deep roſes,
And tell him, whether they have eyes and noſes.

Hail Mouſehole ! birth place of old Doll Pentreath,*
The *laſt* who jabber'd Corniſh—ſo ſays Daines,
Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,
With Will o' Wiſp, to brighten up his brains.

* *A very old woman of Mouſehole, ſuppoſed* (falſely *however*) *to have been the* laſt *who ſpoke the Corniſh language.—The honourable antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Eſq. journied, ſome years ſince, from London to the Land's-end, to converſe with this wrinkled, yet delicious* morceau. *He entered Mouſehole in a kind of triumph, and peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptur'd lover, in the language of the famous Greek philoſopher—*" heurêka !" *The couple kiſſed—Doll ſoon after* gabbled—*Daines liſtened with admiration—committed her ſpeeches to paper, not venturing to truſt his memory with* ſo much treaſure. *The tranſaction was announced to the ſociety—the journals were* enriched *with their dialogues—the old lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the moſt eminent artiſt, and the honourable member to be publicly thanked for the* diſcovery !

Daines ! who a thouſand miles, unwearied, trots
For bones, braſs farthings, aſhes, and old pots,
To prove, that folks of old, like *us* were made,
With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

O D E XXII.

Peter *concludeth his Odes—Seemeth Hungry—Expoſtulateth with the Reader—And getteth the Start of the World, by firſt praiſing his own Works.*

TOM Southern to John Dryden went, one day,
To buy a head and tail-piece for his play :
" Thomas," quoth John, " I've ſold my goods *too cheap*,
" So, if you pleaſe, my price ſhall take a *leap*."
O, reader, look me gravely in the face ;
Speak, is not that, with *me* and *thee*, the caſe ?
For this year's Odes, I charge thee half a-crown ;
So, without grumbling, put thy money down :
For things are deſperately ris'n, good Lord !
Fiſh, fleſh, coals, candles, window-lights, and board !
Why ſhould not charming *poetry* then riſe ?
That comes ſo dev'liſh far, too—from the *ſkies !*
And lo ! the verſes that adorn *this* page,
Beam, comet-like, alas ! but *once* an age.

FAREWELL ODES,

FOR THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXXVI.

———*Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat ?——— HOR.

O D E I.

Peter *talketh of reſigning the Laureatſhip—He propheſieth the Triumph of the* Artiſts *on his Reſignation—The* Artiſts, *alſo, propheſy to* Peter's *Diſadvantage—*Peter's *laſt Comforts, ſhould their Propheſy be fulfilled.*

PETER, like fam'd Chriſtina, queen of Sweden,
Who thought, a *wicked* court was not an *Eden.*
This year, reſigns the laurel crown, for ever !
What all the fam'd *academicians* wiſh—
No more on painted fowl, and fleſh and fiſh,
He ſhows the world his carving ſkill ſo clever :
Braſs, iron, wood-work, ſtone, in peace ſhall reſt—
" Thank, God !" exclaim the works of Mr. *Weſt.*

" Thank, God !" the *works* of Loutherbourgh exclaim—
For guns of critics, no ignoble game——
" No longer now afraid of rhiming praters,
" Shall we be chriſten'd *tea-board varniſh'd waiters :*
" No verſe ſhall ſwear, that ours are *paſte-board* rocks ;
" Our trees, *braſs-wigs ;* and *mops*, our fleecy flocks."

" Thank heav'n !" exclaims *Rigaud*, with ſparkling eyes,
" Then ſhall my pictures in importance riſe,
" And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder."
Monſieur Rigaud,
It may be ſo,
To think thy ſtars have made ſo ſtrange a blunder,
That bred to *paint*, the genius of a glazier :
That ſpoil'd, to make a *dauber*, a good brazier,
None, but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
Can dare ſtand forth the herald of thy praiſe :

Could *fame* applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,
Justice should break her trump about her ears.

" Thank heav'n !" cries Mr. *Garvey ;* and " Thank God !"
Cries Mr. *Copley*, " that this man of Ode,
" No more, barbarian-like, shall o'er us ride :
" No more, like beads, in nasty order strung,
" And round the waist of this vile *mohawk* hung,
" Shall *academic scalps* indulge his pride.

" No more, hung up in this dread fellow's rhime,
" Which he, most impudently, calls *sublime*,
" Shall we, poor, inoffensive souls,
" Appear just like so many moles,
" Trapp'd in an orchard, garden, or a field ;
" Which mole-catchers suspend on trees,
" To shew their titles to their fees—
" Like doctors, paid too often, for the *kill'd*."

Pleas'd, that no more my verses shall annoy—
Glad that my blister Odes shall cease their stinging,
Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy—
Hark ! how they all break forth in singing !

In boastful sounds, the grinning *artists* cry,
" Lo ! *Peter's* hour of insolence is o'er ;
" His muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—
" His Odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a score.
" Art thou, then, weak like us, thou snarling sniv'ler ?
" Art thou, like one of us, thou lyric driv'ler ?

" Our kings and queens, in glory now shall lie,
" Each, unmolested, sleeping in his frame ;
" Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,
" No longer, scouted, shall be put to shame :
" No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,
" And swear, our clouds are flying apple-dumpling :
" Fame shall proclaim, how well our plumb trees bud,
" And sound the merits of our marle and mud."

" Our oaks, our brushwood, and our lofty elms,
" No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,
" Now this Vile FELLER is laid low.
" In peace, shall our stone hedges sleep,
" Our huts, our barns, our pigs, and sheep,
" And wild-foul, from the eagle to the crow."

They, who shall see this *Peter* in the street,
With fearless eye his front shall meet,

And cry, " Is this the man of keen remark ?
" Is this the wight ? (ſhall be their taunting ſpeech)
" A dog ! who dar'd to ſnap each artiſt's breech,
" And bite academicians, like a ſhark ?

" He, whoſe broad cleaver chop'd the ſons of paint :
" Cruſh'd like a marrow bone, each lovely ſaint ;
" Spar'd not the very clothes about their backs :
" The little duck-wing'd cherubims abus'd,
" That could not more inhumanly be us'd,
" Poor lambkins ! had they fall'n among the *blacks*.
" *He* once ſo furious, ſoon ſhall want relief,
" Stak'd through the body, like a paltry thief

" How art thou fall'n, O Cherokee !" they cry ;
" How art thou fall'n !" the joyful roofs reſound ;
" Hell ſhall thy body, for a rogue, ſurround ;
" And there, for ever roaſting, may,ſt thou lie :
" Like Dives, may'ſt thou ſtretch in fires along,
" Refus'd one drop of drink, to cool thy tongue

Ye goodly gentlemen, repreſs your yell,
Your hearty wiſhes, for my health reſtrain ;
For if our works can put us into hell,
Kind ſirs ! we certainly ſhall meet again :
Nay, what is worſe, I really don't know whether
We muſt not lodge in the *fame* room together.

O D E II.

Peter *flogs Academicians and Dinner—Pities the* Prince *of* Wales, *Duke of* Orleans, *Duke* Fitzjames, *Count* Lauzun, *Lords* Caermarthen *and* Beſsborough, *&c. and praiſes Mr.* Weltjie—*Exculpates the* Preſident—*Condemns Sir* W. Chambers, *and the* Committee, *for their bad Management —Talks of viſiting the French* King, *and the Duke of* Orleans.

WHENE'ER *academicians* run aſtray,
Such ſhould the moral Peter's ſong reclaim—
Of paint, this Ode ſhall nothing ſing, or ſay ;
My eagle-ſatire darts at diff'rent game.—
Againſt *decorum*—I abhor a *ſinner ;*
And, therefore, laſh the academic dinner.

Th' *Academy*, though marvelously poor,
Can once a year, afford to eat :
By means of kind donations, at the door,
The members make a comfortable treat,
Like *Gipsies*, in a barn, around their king,
That annual meet, to eat, and dance, and sing.—
A feast was made, of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,
To suit the various qualities of bellies.
Mine, grumbled, to be ask'd, and be delighted—
But *wicked* Peter's paunch was not invited.

Yet though no message waited on the *bard*,
With compliments, from academic names—
The prince of Wales receiv'd a civil card,
His grace of Orleans, too, and duke Fitzjames ;
Count de Lauzun, and count Conflan—
A near relation to the man,
In whose poor sides old *Hawke*, once, fix'd his claws—
Were welcom'd by the academic lords,
Either by writing, or by words,
To come, and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately, for the modest dukes,
The nimble artists, all, with greyhound-looks,
Fell on the meat, with teeth prodigious able ;
Seiz'd of the *synagogue*, the *highest* places,
And left the poor forlorn, their *Gallic graces*,
To nibble, at the *bottom of the table !*

There sat, too, my good lord Caermathen,
As one of the *canaille*, not worth a farthing !
But what can titles, virtues, at a feast,
Where *glory* waits upon the *greatest beast ?*

To see a stone-cutter, and mason,
High mounted, o'er those men of quality,
By no means can our annals blazon,
For feats of *courtly hospitality*.
I've heard, however, one or two were tanners—
Granted—it doth not much *improve* their *manners*.

They, probably, in answer, may declare,
They thought the feast just like a hunt ;
In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,
Each *Nimrod* tries to be the first upon't :
As he's the *greatest*, 'midst the *howling fuss*,
Who *first* can triumph o'er poor dying *puss*.

Peters,* moſt juſtly rais'd his eyes of wonder,
And wanted, decently, to give them *grace* ;
But, bent an *ven'ſon*, and on *turbot plunder*,
A clatt'ring peal, of knives and forks, took place :
Spoons, plates, and diſhes, rattling round the table,
Produc'd a *new* edition of *old Bable*.

They had no *ſtomach*, o'er a *grace* to nod,
Nor *time enough*, to offer thanks to God :
That might be done, (they wiſely knew)
When they had *nothing elſe to do*.

His *highneſs*, ent'ring rather ſomewhat late,
Could ſcarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate :
But not one ſingle *maiden* diſh—
Poor gentleman !—of fleſh, or fiſh.
Moſt wofully the paſtry had been paw'd,
And trembling jellies, barbarouſly claw'd.
In ſhort —my gentle readers to amaze—
His *highneſs* pick'd the bones of the R. A.'s.

O Weltjie,† had thy lofty form been there,
And ſeen thy prince ſo ſerv'd, with ſcrap and ſlop,
Thou, ſurely, would'ſt have brought him better fare—
A warm beef-ſteak, perchance, or mutton-chop.
Thou would'ſt have ſaid, " *De prence of Wales, by Got,*
" *Do too much honour, to be at der feaſt* ;
" *Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,*
" *But treated vid de bones, juſt like a beaſt.*

" *De prence, he vas too great to ſit and eat*
" *De bones, and leafings of de meat* ;
" *And munſh vat dirty, low-lif'd rogues refuſe.*
" *By Got ! not fit to wipe de prence's ſhoes.*

Great Beſsb'rough's earl, too, came off *ſecond beſt* ;
His murm'ring ſtomach had not *half* a feaſt ?
And, therefore, it was natural to mutter.
To rectify the fault, with joyleſs looks,
His lordſhip bore his belly off to *Brookes*,
Who fill'd the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs ! thoſe manœuvres were extremely coarſe—
This, really, was the eſſence of ill breeding :
Not, for your ſouls, could you have treated worſe,
Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

* *A reſpectable clergyman, and one of the academicians.*
† *The prince's German cook.*

Grant, you eclips'd a pack of hounds, with glee
Purſuing, in full cry, the fainting game—
Surpaſs'd them, too, in gobbling down the prey—
Still, *great R. A.'s*, I tell you, 'twas a *ſhame*.
Grant, each of you the wond'rous man excell'd,
Who beat a butcher's dog, in eating tripe;
And that each paunch, with guttling, was ſo ſwell'd,
Not one bit more could paſs your ſwallow-pipe.—

Grant, that you dar'd ſuch *ſtuffing-feats* diſplay,
That not a ſoul of you could walk away—
Still, 'midſt the *triumphs* of your *gobbling* fame,
I tell you, *great R. A.'s*, it was a *ſhame*.

Grant, you were greas'd, up to the noſe and eyes—
Your cheeks all ſhining, like a lantern's horn—
With tearing hams, and fowls, and giblet-pies,
And ducks, and geeſe, and pigeon's, *newly-born*:
Though great, *in your opinion*, be your fame,
I tell you, *great R. A.'s*, it was a *ſhame*.

This, let me own—the candour-loving muſe,
Moſt willingly, *ſir Joſhua* can excuſe,
Who tries the nation's glory to encreaſe;
Whoſe genius, rare, is very ſeldom nodding,
But deep, on painting-ſubjects, plodding,
To *rival Italy and Greece*.

But pray, *ſir William*,* what have you to ſay?
No *ſuch* impediment is in *your* way:
Genius can't hurt *your etiquette-attention*.
And, *Meſſieurs Tyler*, *Wilton*. and *Rigaud*,
Have *you a genius*, to impede you?—No!
Nor many-a-one beſides, that I could mention.

This year, (God willing) I ſhall viſit France,
And taſte of *Louis*, *(grand monarque!)* the *frog*.
His *grace of Orleans*, ſo kind, perchance,
May aſk me to his houſe, *to pick a frog*,
And yet, what right *have I*, *to viſit there*,
To ſee a man, ſo *vilely treated here?*

Ye *royal artiſts*, at your future feaſts,
I fear, you'll make their *graces* downright *Daniels*:
And, as the prophet *din'd among wild beaſts*,
The *dukes will join your pointers*, *and your ſpaniels*.

* *Sir W. Chambers.*

ODE III.

Peter *giveth ſage Advice to mercenary Artiſts; and telleth a moſt delectable Story of a country Bumpkin, and peripatetic Razor-ſeller.*

FORBEAR, my friends, to ſacrifice your fame
To ſordid gain, unleſs that you are ſtarving!
I own, that hungar will indulgence claim,
For hard ſtone heads, and landſcape-carving,
in order to make haſte, to ſell and eat—
For there is, certainly, a charm in meat:
And, in rebellious tones, will ſtomachs ſpeak,
That have not taſted victuals for a week.

But yet, there are a mercenary crew,
Who value fame, no more, than an old ſhoe;
Provided, for their *daubs*, they get a *ſale*:
Juſt like the man——but, ſtay—I'll tell the tale,—

A fellow, in a market-town,
Moſt muſical, cry'd razors, up and down;
And offer'd twelve, for eighteen pence:
Which, certainly, ſeem'd wond'rous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with caſh and ſenſe.

A country bumpkin, the *great offer* heard.—
Poor *Hodge*, who ſuffer'd, by a broad black beard,
That ſeem'd a ſhoe-bruſh, ſtuck beneath his noſe;
With cheerfulneſs, the eighteen pence he paid;
And, proudly, to himſelf, in whiſpers, ſaid—
"This raſcal ſtole the razors, I ſuppoſe.

"No matter, if the fellow *be a knave*—
"*Provided*, that the *razors ſhave*—
"It, certainly, will be a *monſtrous prize*."
So, home the clown, *with his good fortune*, went—
Smiling—in heart and ſoul, content—
And quickly *ſoap'd* himſelf, to ears and eyes.

Being well-lather'd, from a diſh or tub,
Hodge now began, *with grinning pain*, to grub,
Juſt like a hedger, cutting furze.
'Twas a vile razor!—Then the reſt he try'd—

All were impoſtures.—" Ah !" Hodge ſigh'd—
" I wiſh my eighteen pence were in my purſe !"

In vain, to chaſe his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſwore;
Bro't blood, and danc'd, blaſphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body, o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of oppoſition ſtuff,
Firm as a *Foxite*, would not loſe its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the ſteel and ſuds.
Hodge, in a paſſion, ſtretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direſt vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat, that ſold the goods—
" Razors !—(a damn'd, confounded dog !)—
" Not fit, to ſcrape a hog !"

Hodge ſought the fellow—found him—and begun—
" P'rhaps, maſter *Razor-rogue*, to you, 'tis fun,
" That people flay themſelves out of their lives !—
" You raſcal !—for an hour have I been grubbing,
" Giving my ſcoundrel wiſkers, here a ſcrubbing,
" With razors, juſt like oyſter knives,
" Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,
" To cry up *razors, that can't ſhave !*"

" Friend—(quoth the razor-man)—*I'm not* a knave—
" As for the razors, you have bought,
" Upon my ſoul ! I never thought
" That they would *ſhave.*"

" Not think they'd ſhave !—(quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice, not much unlike an Indian yell)—
" *What were they made for*, then ? you dog he cries—
" *Made !*—(quoth the fellow, with a ſmile)—*to ſell !*"

O D E IV.

Peter *obſerveth the* Lex Talionis.

WEST tells the world, that Peter cannot rhyme—
Peter declares, point blank, that Weſt can't paint.

Weſt ſwears, I've not an atom of ſublime—
" *I ſwear he hath* no notion of a ſaint ;
And that his croſs-wing'd cherubims are fowls,
Baptiz'd, by naturaliſts—*owls* ;—
Half of the meek apoſtles, gangs of robbers ;
His angels, ſets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The holy ſcripture ſays, " *all fleſh is graſs.*"
With Mr. Weſt, *all fleſh is—brick or braſs* ;
Except his horſe-fleſh—*that*, I freely own,
Is often of the choiceſt—*Portland-ſtone.*

I've ſaid, too, that this artiſt's faces
Ne'er paid a viſit to the graces :
That, of *expreſſion*, he can never brag :
Yet, for this article, hath he been ſtudying ;
But, in it, never could ſurpaſs a pudding—
No, gentle reader, nor a—pudding-bag.

I dare not ſay, that Mr. Weſt
Cannot ſound criticiſm impart ;
I'm told, the man with *technicals* is bleſt ;
That he can talk a deal upon the art :
Yes, he can talk—I do not doubt it—
" *About it, goddeſs, and about it.*"

Thus, then, is Mr. Weſt deſerving praiſe—
And let my juſtice the fair *laud* afford ;
For, lo ! this far-fam'd artiſt cuts both ways,
Exactly like the angel Gabriel's ſword.

The beauties of the art his converſe ſhows ;
His canvaſs, almoſt, ev'ry thing that's bad.
Thus, at th' Academy, we muſt ſuppoſe,
A man, more uſeful, never could be had ;
Who, *in himſelf, a hoſt*, ſo much can do—
Who is both *precept, and example*, too.

ODE V.

Great Advice is given to Gentlemen *Authors—to Mr.* Webb *and Mr.* H. Walpole, *particularly.*—Peter *taketh the Part of Lady* Lucan—*Showeth wonderful Knowledge, in the Art of Painting*——*Adminiſtereth* Oil of Fool, *vulgarly called Praiſe, to the Squire of Strawberry-Hill.*

ASTRONOMERS ſhould treat of ſtars and comets;
Phyſicians, of the bark and vomits;
Of apoplexies, thoſe light troops of death,
That uſe no ceremony with our breath;
Ague and dropſy, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-look'd tyrant's heavy-horſe of war.

Farriers ſhould write on farcies, and the glanders;
Bug-doctors, only, upon bed-diſorders;
Farmers, on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geeſe, & ganders;
Night-men, alone, on aromatic *odours;*

The artiſt, ſhould on painting ſolely write—
Like David, then, they may "good things indite."
But when the mob, of *gentlemen*,
Break on their province, and take up the pen,
The Lord have mercy on the art!
I'm ſure their gooſe-quills can no light impart.
This verſe be thine, ſquire Webb,*—it is thy due—
Pray, Mr. Horace Walpole,† what think *you?*

Horace thou art a man of taſte and ſenſe;
Then don't, of *folly*, be at ſuch expenſe;
Do not, to lady *Lucan*,§ pay ſuch court—
Her wiſdom, ſurely, will not thank thee for't—
Ah! don't endeavour, thus, to dupe her,
By ſwearing, that ſhe equals *Cooper*.‖

* *Author of a Treatiſe on Painting, who ſeems to diſplay more eruditon than ſcience.*

† *A gentleman, well known in the literary world—an* amateur *in the graphic line.*

§ *A lady, of great ingenuity, in the miniature department.*

‖ *A famous miniature-painter, in the time of Cromwell.*

So grofs the flattery, it ſeems to ſhow,
That, verily, thou doſt not know
The pow'rs requir'd for copying a *picture*,
And thoſe, for copying *dame Nature*—
Alas! a much more ardous matter!
So don't expoſe thyſelf, but mind my ſtricture.

Thou'lt ſay, it was mere compliment;
That nothing elſe was thy intent;
Altho' it might diſgrace a boy at ſchool.—
I grant the fact; and think, that no man
Says, or writes, fillier things to woman:
But ſtill, 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, *Horace*, think not, that I write
Through ſpite—
Think not, I read thy works with jealous pain—
Lord, no! thou art a favourite with *me*:
I think thee one of *us*—*un bel eſprit*—
By heav'ns! I like the wind-mill of thy brain.
It is a pretty, and ingenious, mill—
Long may it grind on Strawb'ry hill!

O D E VI.

Peter *ſtill continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit deep Reflexion—He telleth a miraculous Story.*

THERE is a *knack*, in doing many a thing,
Which *labour* cannot to perfection bring:
Therefore, however great in your own eyes
Pray, do not hints, from other folks, deſpiſe.

A *fool*, on ſomething great, at times, may ſtumble,
And conſequently, be a good adviſer;
On which, for ever, your *wiſe men* may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiſer.

Yes! I adviſe you, (for there's wiſdom in't)
Never to be ſuperior to a hint—
The genius of each man, with keenneſs, view—
A *ſpark*, from this, or t'other, caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious *bonfire* up, in you.

A queſtion, of you, let me beg,
Of ſam'd Columbus, and his egg---
Pray, have you heard? 'Yes.'---Oh, then if you *pleaſe*,
I'll give you, the two Pilgrims, and the Peas.---

The PILGRIMS and the PEAS.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of ſinners, for no *good*,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's ſhrine,
Who, at Loretto, dwelt in wax, ſtone, wood;
And, in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had thoſe ſad rogues to travel,
With ſomething in their ſhoes, much worſe than *gravel*;
In ſhort, their toes, ſo gentle, to *amuſe*,
The prieſt had order'd peas into their ſhoes.

A *noſtrum* famous, in old Popiſh times,
For purifying ſouls, that ſtunk with crimes;
A ſort of apoſtolic ſalt,
That Popiſh parſons, for its pow'rs, exalt,
For keeping ſouls of ſinners *ſweet*;
Juſt as our kitchen-ſalt keeps *meat*.

The knaves ſet off on the ſame day---
Peas in their ſhoes---to go and pray;
But very diff'rent was their ſpeed, I wot---
One of the ſinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd, as if he had been ſhot.

One ſaw the *Virgin* ſoon---"*peccavi*," cried---
Had his ſoul white-waſh'd, all, ſo clever;
Then, home, again, he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with ſaints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me ſay,
He met his brother-rogue, about half way—
Hobbling, with outſtretch'd bum, and bending knees,
Damning the ſouls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in ſweat,
Deep ſympathiſing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-to'd, white-waſh'd pilgrim broke—
"You lazy lubber"
"Odds curſe it!" cry'd the other, "'tis no joke—

" My feet, once hard as any rock,
" Are now as ſoft as *blubber*.

" Excuſe me Virgin Mary, that I ſwear—
" As for Loretto, I ſhall not get there:
" No! to the dev'l, my ſinful ſoul muſt go,
" For, damme, if I han't loſt ev'ry toe!

" But, brother-ſinner, do explain,
" How 'tis, that you are not in pain;
" What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *your* toes:
" Whilſt *I*, juſt like a ſnail, am crawling,
" Now ſwearing, now on ſaints, devoutly bawling,
" Whilſt not a raſcal comes, to eaſe my woes!

" How is't, that *you* can, like a greyhound, go,
" Merry, as if that nought had happen'd? burn ye!
" Why," cry'd the other, grinning, " You muſt *know*,
" That, juſt before I ventur'd on my journey,
" To walk a little more at eaſe,
" I took the liberty to boil *my* peas,"

O D E VII.

Peter *grinneth.*

YOUNG men be cautious of each critic word,
That, blaſphemous, may much offence afford—
I mean, that wounds an ancient maſter's fame:
At Titian, Guido, Giulio, Veroneſe,
Your length'ning phiz let admiration ſeize;
And throw up both your eyes, at Raphael's name.

E'n by a print-ſhop, ſhould you chance to paſs,
Revere their effigy inſide the glaſs;
Juſt as, with Papiſts, the religious care is,
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones,
To bees-wax ſaints, *bon-dieux* of ſtones,
And beach, or deal, or wainſcot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain,
For time, like fuller's earth, takes out each ſtain;
Nay, more—on faults, that *modern works* would tarniſh,
Time ſpreads a *ſacred coat of varniſh*.

Spare not, on brother-artiſts' backs, the laſh ;
Put a good wire in't—let it *flaſh ;*
Since ev'ry ſtroke, with int'reſt, is repaid :
For though you cannot kill the *man*, outright ;
Yet, by this effort of your rival ſpite,
Fifty to one, if you don't ſpoil his *trade*.
His ruins may be feathers for your neſt—
The maxim's not amiſs—*probatem eſt*.

O D E VIII.

The Poet inquires into the State of the Exhibition—*Laſhes Father* Time, *for* making *great Geniuſes, and* deſtroying *them—Praiſeth* Reynolds—*Fancies a very curious Dialogue, between King* Alexander *and the Deer, the Subject of Mr.* Weſt's *Picture—Turns to Mr.* Weſt's *Reſurrection.*

WELL, muſe ! what is there in the exhibition ?
How thrive the beauties of the graphic art ?
Whoſe racing genius ſeems in beſt condition,
For *glory's plate* to *ſtart ?*
Say, what ſly rogues old fame *cajole ?*
Speak, who hath brib'd her trumpet, or who *ſtole ?*
For much is *praiſ'd*, that ought, in fires, to *mourn*
Nay, what would ev'n *diſgrace* a fire, to *burn.*

What artiſt boaſts a work ſublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging Time ?
Old fool ! who, after he hath form'd, with pains,
A genius rare
To make folks *ſtare*,
Knocks out his brains—
Like children, *dolls* creating, with high brags—
Then, tearing all their handy-works to rags.

Lo ! Reynolds ſhines with *undiminiſh'd* ray !
Keeps, like the bird of Jove, his diſtant way—
Yet, ſimple *portrait* ſtrikes, too oft, our eyes,
While *hiſt'ry*, anxious for his pencil, ſighs,

We don't deſire to ſee, on canvaſs, live,
The *copy* of a *jowl of lead ;*

When, for th' *original*, we would not give
A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr. West
Is quite a *Patagonian-maker*—
He knows, that *bulk* is not a *jest*,
So gives us painting—*by the acre.*
But, ah! this artist's brush can never brag,
Upon king Alexander, and the stag;
For, as they play'd, at loggerheads, the rubber,
We surely, ought to see a handsome battle,
Between the *monarch*, and the *piece* of *cattle*;
Whereas, each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His *majesty*, upon his breech, laid low,
Seems *preaching* to his horned foe:
Observing, what a very wicked thing,
To hurt the sacred person of a *king*:

And seems, about his business, to intreat him,
To *march*, for fear the hounds should *eat him.*
The *stag* appears to say in plaintive note,
"I own, *king Alexander*, my offence:—
"True—I've not shown my loyalty, nor sense;—
"So, bid your huntsmen come, and cut my throat."

The cavalry adorn'd with fair *stone bodies*,
Seem, on the dialogue, with wonder staring;
And on their flinty backs, a set of *noddies*,
Not one brass farthing, for their *master*, *caring.*

Behold! *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear,
To save the owner of the Scottish crown:
Which, harmless, hanging o'er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another, on a *Pegasus*, comes flying—
His phiz, *his errand much belying*:
For if he means to *baste* the beast so cruel,
God, knows, 'tis with a face of *water gruel.*

So then, sweet muse, the picture boasts no merit—
As flat as dish water, or dead small beer—
Or—(what the mark is tolerably near)—
As heads of aldermen, devoid of spirit.

Well then! turn round—view t'other side the room,
And see his *Saviour* mounting from the tomb:

Is *this* piece, too—with painting-sins so cramm'd—
Born to increase the number of the *damn'd* ?

My sentiment, by no means, I refuse—
Was our Redeemer like the *wretched thing*,
I do not wonder, that the cunning Jews,
Scorn'd to acknowledge him for King.

O D E IX.

Peter *moralizeth, and giveth good Advice.*

ENVY and *Jealousy*, that pair of devils,
Stuff'd, like *Pandora's Box*, with wond'rous evils,
I hate, abhor, abominate, detest ;
Like *Circe*, turning *man* into a *beast*.

Beneath their cank'ring breath, no bud can blow ;
Their black'ning power resembles smut in corn,
Which kills the rising ears, that should adorn,
And bid the vales, with golden plenty, glow.

Yet, fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns ;
Their poison swells too many an artist's veins ;
Draws from each lab'ring heart the fearful sigh,
And casts a sullen gloom on ev'ry eye.

Brushmen ! accept the counsel, *Peter* sends,
Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends :
Should any, with *uncommon talents* tow'r ;
To any, is *superior science* given—
Oh, let the *weaker* feel their *happy pow'r*,
Like plants, that triumph in the dews of heav'n.

Be pleas'd, like *Reynolds*, to direct the blind,
Who aids the feeble, fault'ring feet of youth ;
Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
With *genius* stor'd, and *nature's simple truth*.

Who though a *sun*, resembles not his *brother*,
Whose beams, so full of jealousy, conspire,
Whene'er admitted to the *room*—to *smother*
The humble *kitchen*, or the parlour *fire*.

ODE X.

Peter *speaketh* figuratively—*Accommodateth himself to* vulgar *Readers*—*Lasheth* Pretenders, *to Fame*—*Concludeth merrily.*

A *MODEST love of praise*, I do not blame—
But I abhor a *rape* on *mistress Fame*—
Although the lady is exceeding *chaste*,
Young, forward bullies, seize her round the waist;
Swear, *nolens volens*, that she shall be *kiss'd*;
And though she vows, she does not *like 'em*,
Nay, threatens, for their impudence, to *strike 'em*,
The saucy rascals still *persist*.

Reader!—of image, here's no confusion—
Thou, therefore, understand'st the bard's allusion—
But, possibly thou hast a *thickish head*;
And, therefore, no *vast quantity of brain*—
Why, then, my precious *pig of lead*,
'Tis necessary to explain.

Some *artists*, if I *so* may *call* 'em,
So ignorant—(the foul fiend maul 'em!)
Mere driv'lers, in the charming art—
Are vastly fond of being prais'd
Wish, to the stars, like *Blanchard*,* to be rais'd:
And *rais'd* they should be, reader from a *cart*.

If disappointed in some *Stentor*'s tongue,
Upon *themselves*, they pour forth prose or song;
Or *buy* it, in some venal paper,
And, then, *heroically* vapour.

What *prigs* to *immortality* aspire,
Who stick their trash around the room!—
Trash, meriting a very *diff'rent* doom—
I mean, the warmer regions of the *fire*.

Heav'n knows, that I am anger'd to the soul,
To find some blockheads of their works, *so vain*
So proud, to see them hanging, *cheek-by-jowl*,
With *his*,† whose pow'rs the art's high fame sustain.

* *The famous* Aëronaut. † *The President.*

To wond'rous merit, their pretention,
On such *vicinity—ſuſpenſion—*
Brings to my mind, a, *not unpleaſant*, ſtory,
Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye.—

A *ſhabby fellow* chanc'd one day, to meet
The Britiſh *Roſcius* in the ſtreet—
Garrick—of whom our nation juſtly brags—
The fellow hugg'd him, with a kind embrace—
" Good ſir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick—" No ?" reply'd the man of rags.

" The boards of Drury *you and I have trod*,
" Full many a time, together, I am ſure"—
" When ?" with an oath, cry'd Garrick, " for, by G—
" I never ſaw that face of yours before !

" What characters, I pray,
" Did *you and I, together*, play ?"

" Lord !" quoth the fellow, " think not that I *mock*,
" When *you play'd Hamlet*, ſir, *I play'd the Cock*."*

O D E XI.

Peter *talketh* ſenſibly *and* knowingly—*Recommendeth it to* Artiſts *to prefer Pictures for their* Merit—*Diſcovereth* muſical *Knowledge, and ſhoweth, that he not only hath kept Company with* Fiddlers, *but Fiddle*-makers—*He ſatiriſeth the* Pſeudo-cognoſcenti---*Praiſeth his ingenious Neighbour*, Sir Joſhua.

BE not impos'd on, by a *name ;*
But bid your eye the picture's *merit* trace ;
Pouſſin, at times, in outline, may be lame,
And Guido's angels deſtitute of grace.

Yet, lo ! a picture, of ſome famous ſchool---
A warranted old *daub*, of *reputation*,
(Where charming *painting's almoſt ev'ry rule*,
Hath ſuffer'd *almoſt ev'ry violation*)
Oft hath been gaz'd at, by devouring eyes,
Where *nature*, *baniſh'd* from the picture, ſighs.

* *In the ghoſt ſcene.*

So, some old dutchess, as a badger, grey
(Her snags, by time, *sure* dentist, *snatch'd away*)
With long, lank, flannel cheeks---
Where age, in ev'ry wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor, weak, shaking creature,
Of death, unwelcome tidings, speaks---
Draws, from the gaping mob, the *envying* look,
Because her *owner* chanc'd to be a duke.

How many *paste-board rocks*, and *iron* seas---
How many torrents, *wild*, of *still*, *stone* water---
How many *brooms*, and *broom-sticks*, meant for *trees*,
(Because the *fancied* labours of Salvator,*
Whose pencil, too, most grossly, may have blunder'd)
Have brought the blest possessor, many a hundred!---

Thus prove a *crowd*,† a Stainer,‡ or Amati §
No matter for the fiddle's *sound*;
The fortunate possessor shall not bate ye
A doit, of fifty, nay, a hundred pound:
And tho', what's vulgarly baptiz'd a *rep*,
Shall, in a hundred pounds, be deem'd dog cheap.

It tickles one, excessively, to hear
Wise, prating pedants, the *old masters* praise;
Damn'ng, by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,
The *wretched* works of *modern* days;
Making, at *living* wights, such fatal pushes,
As if not good enough to *wipe their brushes*,

And yet, on each wise cognoscenté ass,
Who shall, for hours, on paint and sculpture, din ye,
A person, with facility, may pass,
Rigaud, for Raphael---Bacon, for Bernini;
Or---little as an oven to Vesuvius---
Will Tyler, for Palladio, or Vitruvius!

One would imagine, by the mad'ning fools,
Who talk of nothing, but the *ancient* schools,
And vilify the works of *modern* brains,
They think poor mother *nature's art is fled*;
That, now, she cannot make a head,
Who took, with old Italian nobs, such pains:

* *Salvator Rosa.* † *A fiddle.*
‡ *A German fiddle-maker.*
§ *A maker of fiddles, called Cremonas.*

Nay, to a driv'ler turn'd, her pow'r ſo ſunk is,
Tame ſoul! that nothing now ſhe makes, but monkies.

' Look at your fav'rite, Reynolds," is their ſtrain—
" Allow'd by all, the firſt in Europe's eye;
" One atom of repute, can Reynolds gain,
" When Titian, Rubens, and Vandike, are nigh?
' Can Reynolds live, near Raphael's matchleſs line?"
Yes, blinkards! and, with equal luſtre, ſhine!

O D E XII.

Peter *increaſeth in Wiſdom, and adviſeth* wiſely—*Seemeth angry at the Illiberality of Nature, in the Affair of his good Acquaintance, the* Lord High Chancellor of England, *and Mr.* Pepper Arden—Peter *treateth his Readers with Love-Verſes of* paſt *Times.*

COPY not nature's form *too cloſely*,
Whene'er ſhe treats your ſitter *groſsly*:
For when ſhe gives deformity for *grace*,
Pray, ſhow a little mercy on the face,
Indeed, 'twould be but *charity* to *flatter*,
Some dreadful works of, ſeeming, drunken nature.
As, for example—let us, now, ſuppoſe,
Thurlow's black ſcowl, and Pepper Arden's noſe:
But, when your pencil's pow'rs are bid to trace,
The ſmiles of Devonſhire—Duncannon's grace—
To bid the bluſh of beauteous Campbell riſe,
And wake the radiance of Auguſta's * eyes—
(Gad, muſe! thou art beginning to grow loyal)
And paint the graces of the princeſs royal:
Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
You ſhow a *flimſy meteor* for a *ſun*.
Or, ſhould your ſkill attempt *her* face and air,
Who fir'd my heart, and fix'd my roving eye—
The *loves*, who *robb'd a world, to make her fair*,
Would quickly triumph, and *your art defy*.

* *Second daughter of the king of England.*

Sweet nymph !—but reader, take the ſong,
Which Cynthia's charms alone, inſpir'd :
That left, of yore, the poet's tongue,
When love his raptur'd fancy fir'd.—

S O N G.

FROM *her*, alas ! whoſe ſmile was love,
I wander to ſome lonely cell :
My ſighs, too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatt'rer, hope, farewell.

Be all her ſyren arts forgot,
That fill'd my boſom with alarms :
Ah ! let her crime—a little *ſpot*
Be loſt, amidſt her blaze of *charms*.

As on I wander, flow, my ſighs,
At ev'ry ſtep, for Cynthia mourn !
My anxious heart within me dies,
And ſinking, whiſpers, " Oh ! return."

Deluded heart ! thy folly know—
Nor fondly nurſe the fatal flame---
By abſence, thou ſhalt loſe thy woe ;
And only flutter at her name.

Readers ! I own, the ſong of love is ſweet :
Moſt pleaſing to the ſoul of gentle Peter :
Your eyes, then, with another, let me treat,
Oh, gentle ſirs ! and in the ſame ſweet metre.—

S O N G.—T O D E L I A.

SAY, lonely maid, with down-caſt eye—
O Delia ! ſay, with cheeks ſo *pale*,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd ſigh,
That tells the world a mournful tale ?
Thy tears, that thus each other chaſe,
Beſpeak a boſom ſwell'd with woe ;
Thy ſighs, a ſtorm, that wrecks thy peace,
Which ſouls, like thine, ſhould never know.

Oh ! tell me—doth ſome favour'd youth,
With virtue tir'd, thy beauty ſlight ?

And leave thoſe thrones of love and truth—
That lip, and boſom of delight?

Perhaps, to nymphs of other ſhades,
He feigns the ſoft, impaſſion'd tear:
With ſongs, their eaſy faith invades,
That treacherous won *thy* witleſs ear.

Let not thoſe maids thy envy move,
For whom his heart may ſeem to pine—
That heart can ne'er be bleſt by love,
Whoſe *guilt* could force a pang from *thine*.

O D E XIII.

Pious Peter *acknowledgeth great Obligations to the Reverend Mr.* Martin Luther—*Yet lamenteth the Effects of this Parſon's Reformation, on Painting.*

WE Proteſtants owe much to Martin Luther,
Who, found to heav'n, a *ſhorter* way, and *ſmoother*,
And ſhall not ſoon repay the obligation:
Martin, againſt the Papiſts, got the laugh;
Who, as the butchers bleed and bang a calf
To whiteneſs—bled and bang'd unto ſalvation:
As if ſuch daubings could expel their ſins;
As if that Pow'r, whoſe works, with awe we view,
Grac'd all our backs with ſets of *comely* ſkins,
Then order'd us to beat them *black* and *blue*.

Well, then! we muſt confeſs, for certain,
That much we owe to Mr. Martin,
Who alter'd for the better, our religion—
Yet, by it, glorious painting *much did loſe*—
Was pluck'd, poor goddeſs! *like a gooſe*:
Or, for the rhyme-ſake, like a *pigeon*.

Mad at the whore of Babylon, and bull,
Down from the churches, men began to pull
Pictures, that long had held a lofty ſtation—
Pictures of ſaints, of pious reputation,
For curing, by a *miracle*, the ills,
That *now* ſo ſtuborn, *yield not to devotion*,

But unto *bliſters*, *bolſters*, and *potions*,
That make ſuch handſome 'pothecaries' bills,
Down tumbled Anthony, who preach'd to Sprats:
And he * who held *diſcourſes with a hog*,
That, grunting, after him ſo us'd to jog;
Came down, by favour of long ſticks and bats.

The ſaints who grinn'd on ſpits, like ven'ſon roaſting,
Broiling on gridir'ns—*baking* in an oven;
Or on a fork, like cheeſe of Cheſhire, toaſting;
Or *kick'd* to death by Satan's hoof ſo cloven;
All, humbled to the ground, were forc'd to fall—
Spits, forks, and gridir'ns ovens, devil and all.

Ev'n ſaints, of poor Old-Englands' breeding,
In wonders, many foreign ones exceeding,
Our hot reformers did as *roughly handle:*
In troth, poor harmleſs ſouls, ! they met no quarter:
But down were tumbled, *miracle* and *martyr:*
Put up in *lots*, *and ſold*, by inch of candle.

Had we been Papiſts—Lord ! we ſtill had ſeen
Devils, and devils' mates, young pimping lyars,
Tempting the bluſhing nuns of frail fifteen,
With gangs of *ogling*, *roſy*, *wanton* friars:
Which nuns, ſo pure, no love-ſpeech could cajole—
Who *ſtarv'd* the body, to *preſerve* the ſoul.

Then, had we ſeen St. Dennis, with *his head*
Freſh *in his hand*, and, with affection, *kiſſing;*
As if the nob, that from his ſhoulders fled,
By knife, or broad-ſword, never had been miſſing;
Then, had we ſeen, upon their friendly coating,
Saints *on the waves*, like gulls and wigeons, floating.

I've ſeen a ſaint *on board a ſhip*,
To whom, for a fair wind, the Papiſts pray,
Well *flogg'd from ſtem to ſtern*, by birch and whip—
Poor wooden fellow !—twenty times a day:
Pull'd by the noſe and kick'd—call'd lubber, owl,
To make him turn a wind, to fair from foul!
And, often *this* has brought a proſp'rous gale.
When *pray'rs and curſes*, have been found to *fail*,
This, had we Papiſts been, had grac'd our churches—
Saints, ſeamen, noſe-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

* *Commonly known by the name of* Pig Anthony.

O D E XIV.

Peter *attacketh the* exotic R. A.'s

YE royal ſirs, before I bid adieu,
Let me inform you *ſome* deſerve my praiſe:
But truſt me, gentle ſquires, ye are but few,
Whoſe names would not *diſgrace* my lays.

You'll ſay, with grinning, ſharp, ſarcaſtic face,
We muſt be *bad indeed*, if that's the caſe—
Why, if the truth I muſt declare,
So, gentle ſquires, you really are!

I'm greatly pleas'd, I muſt allow,
To ſee the foreigners beat hollow;
Who ſtole into that dome—the Lord knows how—
(I hope to God, no more will follow)—
Who, curs'd with a poor ſniv'ling ſpirit,
Were never known to vote for *merit*,—

Poor, narrow-minded imps,
Hanging together, juſt like ſhrimps.
I own, (ſo little they have merited)
That from yon noble dome,
Made, almoſt, an Italian, and French home,
I long to ſee the vermin ferreted.

Yet, where's the houſe, however watch'd by cats,
That can get rid of all its rats?
Or—if a prettier ſimile may pleaſe—
Where is the bed, that hath not fleas?
Or—if a prettier ſtill—what London-rugs,
Have not, at times, been viſited by bugs?

O D E XV.

Peter taketh Leave—Displayeth wonderful Learning—Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers—Administereth Crumbs of Comfort.

MY dearest readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
That now, for ever, I must bid farewell!—
Glad, if an Ode of mine, with grins, can treat ye;
Valette!
And if you like the Lyric Peter's oddity;
Plaudite!
Rich, as a Jew, am I, in *Latin lore*—
So, classic readers, take a sentence *more*:
Pulchrum est, digito monstrari, et dicier "hic est!"
Says Juvenal, who lov'd a bit of fame—
In English—Ah! 'tis sweet, amongst the thickest,
To be found out, and pointed at by *name*.

To hear the *shrinking* great exclaim—"*That*'s *Peter*,
"Who makes much immortality by metre;
"Who, nobly, dares indulge the tuneful whim,
"And cares no more for kings, than kings for him,"

Yet, one word more, before we part—
Should any take it, grievously, to heart;
Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
Like a poor pullet, that hath eat' a pin;
Put on a poor, desponding face, and pine,
Because, that Peter, the divine,
Resolves to give up painting odes;
By all the rhyming goddesses and gods,
I, here, upon a poet's word protest,
That, if it is the world's request,
That I, again, in Lyric, should appear—
Lo! rather than be guilty of the sin,
Of losing George the Third *one* subject's *skin*—
My Lyric bagpipe shall be tun'd next year.

A

POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

ON HIS

JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES,

WITH THE CELEBRATED

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

Troessin ebouleto kudos orexai. HOMER.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce,* whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame:
Thou jackall, leading lion Johnson forth,
To eat M'Pherson † 'midst his native north;
To frighten grave professors, with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides, from shore to shore—
All hail!—at length, ambitious Thane, thy rage,
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page,
Is amply gratified— a thousand eyes,
Survey thy book, with rapture and surprise!
Loud, of thy tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wonder'd—that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou, thro' Time's vast gulph, shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;

* *Vide Note, page* 16. † *The translator, (but, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, the author) of the Poems attributed to* Ossian.

Cloſe to the claſſic Rambler, ſhalt thon cling—
Cloſe, as a ſupple courtier to a king !
Fate ſhall not ſhake thee off, with all its pow'r,
Stuck, like a bat, to ſome old ivy'd tow'r.
Nay, though thy Johnſon ne'er had bleſs'd thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had rais'd thee to the ſkies !
Yes ! his broad wing had rais'd thee, (no bad hack)
A tom-tit, twitt'ring, on an eagle's back.

Thou curious ſcrap monger, ſhalt live in ſong,
When death hath ſtill'd the rattle of thy tongue ;
Ev'n future babes, to liſp thy name, ſhall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood, and tommy Hearn,
Who drove the ſpiders from much proſe and rhyme,
And ſnatch'd old ſtories from the jaws of Time.

Sweet is thy page,* I ween, that doth recite,
How, thou and Johnſon, arm and arm, one night,
March'd thro' fair Edinburgh's pactolian ſhow'rs,
While Cloacina bountifully pours ;
Thoſe gracious ſhow'rs, that, fraught with fragrance, flow,
And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.
How ſweetly grumbled, too, was Sam's remark—
" I ſmell you, maſter Bozzy, in the dark."
Alas ! hiſtorians are confounded dull,
A dim Bœotia reigns in ev'ry ſkull ;
Mere beaſts of burden, broken-winded, flow,
Heavy, as dromedaries, on they go ;
Whilſt thou a Will-o'-wiſp, art here, art there,
Wild, darting coruſcations ev'ry where.

What taſteleſs mouth can gape, what eye can cloſe,
What head can nod, o'er thy enliv'ning proſe ?
To other's works, the works of *thy* enditing,
Are downright di'monds, to the eyes of Whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend—
For well I know, that flatt'ry would offend ;
Yet, honeſt praiſe, I'm ſure, thou wouldſt not ſhun,
Born with a ſtomach to digeſt a tun !
Who can refuſe a ſmile, that reads thy page,
Where ſurly Sam, enflam'd with tory rage,
Naſſau be-ſcoundrels, and, with anger big,
Swears, whigs are *rogues*, and ev'ry rogue a *whig* ?
Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bleſs,
That gives poſterity the rambler's † dreſs ?

* *Vid.* p. 13. † p. 9.

Methinks I view his full, plain ſuit of brown,
The large, grey, buſhy wig, that grac'd his crown;
Black worſted ſtockings, little ſilver buckles,
And ſhirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat, of cloth, he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wond'rous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his dictionaries hold.
I ſee the Rambler,* on a large bay mare,
Juſt like a centaur, ev'ry danger dare;
On a full gallop, daſh the yielding wind;
The colt and Bozzy ſcamp'ring cloſe behind.

Of lady Lochbuy,† with what glee we read,
Who offer'd Sam, for breakfaſt, cold ſheep's head;
Who preſs'd and worried by this dame, ſo civil,
Wiſh'd the ſheep's head, and woman's, at the devil.

I ſee you ſailing both in Buchan's ‡ pot—
Now ſtorming an old woman,§ and her cot,
Who terrify'd at each tremendous ſhape,
Deem'd you two demons, ready for a rape.
I ſee all marv'ling, at M'Leod's, together,
On Sam's remarks ‖ on whey, and tanning leather,
At Corrichatachin's¶ the Lord knows how,
I ſee thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's ſow;
And begging, with rais'd eyes, and lengthen'd chin,
Heav-n not to damn thee, for the deadly ſin.
I ſee, too, the ſtern moraliſt regale,
And pen a Latin ode, to Mrs. Thrale.**
I ſee without a night-cap on his head,
Rare ſight! bald Sam, in the pretender's †† bed.
I hear, (what's wonderful!) unſought by ſtudying,
His claſſic diſſertation upon pudding.‡‡
Of provoſt Jopp,§§ I mark the marv'ling face,
Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a *grace*.
I ſee, too, trav'ling from the iſle of Egg,‖‖
The humble ſervant ¶¶ of a horſe's leg;
And Snip, the tailor, from the iſle of Muck,†*
Who ſtitch'd, in Sky, with tolerable luck.

* *Vid.* p. 376. † p. 429. ‡ p. 104. § p. 143.
‖ p. 299. ¶ p. 317. ** p. 117. †† p. 216.
‡‡ p. 440. §§ p. 36. ‖‖ p. 275. ¶¶ *A blackſmith.*
†* p. 275.

I see the horn that drunkards must adore ;
The horn, the mighty horn, of Rorie More ;*
And bloody shields, that guarded hearts in quarrels,
Now guard, from rats, the milk and butter barrels.
Methinks, the Caledonian dame I see,
Familiar, sitting on the Rambler's knee,
Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage ;
Melting, with sweetest smiles, the frost of age ;
Like Sol, who darts, at times, a cheerful ray,
O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.
" Do it again, my dear," (I hear Sam cry)
" See, who first tires, (my charmer) *you*, or I."
I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,
An old, dry'd whiting in thy Johnson's mouth ;
And, lo ! I see, with all his might and main,
Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.
Rare anecdotes ! 'Tis anecdotes like these,
That bring thee glory, and the million please !
On these, shall future times, delighted, stare,
Thou charming haberdasher of small ware !
Stewart and Robertson, from *thee*, shall learn,
The simple charms of hist'ry to discern :
To *thee*, fair hist'ry's palm, shall Livy yield !
And Tacitus, to Bozzy, leave the field !
Joe Miller's self, whose page such fun provokes,
Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes !
How are we all with rapture touch'd, to see,
Where, *when*, and at *what hour*, you swallow'd *tea* !
How, once, to grace this Asiatic treat,
Came haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat !

Pleas'd, on thy book, thy sov'reign's eye-balls roll,
Who loves a gossip's story, from his soul !
Blest with the mem'ry of the Persian king,†
He, *ev'ry body* knows, and *ev'ry thing* ;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguil'd,
Hath *lost* a paramour, and *found* a child ;
Which gard'ner hath most cabbages and peas,
And which old woman hath most hives of bees ;
Which farmer boasts the most prolific sows,
Cocks, hens, geese, turkies, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows ;
Which barber, best, the ladies locks can curl ;
Which, house in Windsor, sells the finest purl ;

* *Vid.* p. 254, † *Xerxes.*

Which chimney-ſweep, beſt beats in gold array,
His, bruſh, and ſhovel, on the firſt of May ;
Whoſe dancing dogs in rigadoons, excel ;
And whoſe the puppet ſhow, that bears the bell ;
Which clever ſmith, the prettieſt man-trap * makes,
To ſave, from thieves, the royal ducks, and drakes ;
The Guinea-hens, and peacocks, with their eggs;
And catch his loving ſubjects by their legs.
Oh ? ſince the *Prince of Goſſips* reads thy book,
To what high honours may not *Bozzy* look ?
The ſun-ſhine of his ſmile, may ſoon be thine—
Perchance in converſe thou may,ſt hear him ſhine,
Perchance, to ſtamp thy merit through the nation,
He begs, of Johnſon's life, thy dedication :
Aſks queſtions † of thee—O thou lucky elf,
And, *kindly*, anſwers ev'ry one *himſelf*.
Bleſt with the claſſic learning ‡ of a college,
Our K—g is not a *miſer*, in his knowledge !
Nought, in the ſtore-houſe of his brain, turns muſty ;
No razor wit, for want of uſe, grows ruſty.
Whate'er his head ſuggeſts, whate'er he knows,
Free as election beer from tubs it flows !
Yet, ah ? ſuperior far ! it boaſts the merit,
Of never *fuddling* people, with the *ſpirit !*
Say, Bozzy, *when*—to bleſs our anxious ſight—
When ſhall thy volume † burſt the gates of light !

* *His M——y hath planted a number of theſe truſty guardians around his park, at Windſor, for the benefit of the public.*

† *Juſt after Dr. Johnſon had been honoured with an interview with a certain great perſonage, in the Queen's library, at Buckingham-houſe, he was interrogated, by a friend, concerning his reception, and his opinion of the r-y-l intellect.—His M——y ſeems to be poſſeſſed of much good nature, and much curioſity, (replied the Doctor) as for his nous it is far from contemptible.—His M——y, indeed, was* multifarious *in his* queſtions ; *but thank God, he anſwered them all* himſelf.

‡ *This is a very extrordinary circumſtance—as the late P——ſs D——r* retained *three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children*, The effect *of this abſurd conduct was ſo conſpicuous in her daughter* M—a, *that the letters, received from her, daring her reſidence in Denmark, were abſolutely unintelligible*

* *The life of Dr. Johnſon*

Oh ! cloth'd in calf, ambitious brat, be born !
Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn !
My fancy's keen, anticipating eye,
A thouſand charming anecdotes can ſpy :
I read, I read of G—ge the learn'd † diſplay,
On *Louth's* and *Warburton's* immortal fray—
Of G—ge, whoſe brain, if right the mark I hit,
Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit :
That holds the wiſdom of a thouſand ages,
And frightens all his—workmen, and, his pages
O Bozzy ! ſtill thy tell-tale plan purſue :
The world is wond'rous fond of ſomething *new !*
And, let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,
It lives, a welcome gueſt, from age to age.
Not only ſay, who breathes an arrant knave,
But, who hath ſneak'd, a raſcal, to his grave :
Make, o'er his turf, (in Virtue's cauſe) a rout,
And, like a *damn'd good Chriſtian*, pull him out.
Without a fear, on families harangue ;
Say, who ſhall loſe their ears, and who ſhall hang ;
Publiſh the demi-reps, and punks—nay, more,
Declare, what virtuous wife *will be* a wh-re.
Thy brilliant brain, conjecture can ſupply,
To charm, through ev'ry leaf, the eager eye.
The *blue-ſtocking* ‡ ſociety deſcribe,
And give thy comment on each joke, and gibe :
Tell, what the *women* are, their wit their quality,
And dip them in thy ſtreams of *immortality !*

Let Lord M'Donald threat, thy breech to kick, §
And, o'er thy ſhrinking ſhoulders, ſhake his ſtick;—
Treat, with contempt, the menace of this lord—
'Tis hiſt'ry's province Bozzy, to record.
Though Wilkes abuſe thy brain, that airy mill.

† *His M——y's* commentary *on that quarrel, in which the* Biſhop *and the* Doctor *pelted one the other with dirt, ſo* gracefully, *will be a* treaſure *to the lovers of literature ! Mr. B. hath as good as promiſed it to the* public, *and we hope, means to keep his word.*

‡ *A club, moſtly compoſed of learned ladies, to which Mr. B. was admitted.*

§ *A letter of* ſevere *remonſtrance was ſent to Mr. B. who, in conſequence, omitted, in the ſecond edition of his Journal, what is ſo generally pleaſing to the public, viz, the* ſcandalous paſſages *relative to this nobleman.*

And swear, poor Johnson *murder'd* by thy quill ;—
What's that to thee ?—Why let the victim bleed—
Thy end is answer'd, if the nation read.
The fiddling knight, * and *tuneful* Mrs. Thrale,
Who, frequent, *hobb'd* or *nobb'd* with Sam in ale,
Snatch'd up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires)
To write his *jokes* and *stories*, by their fires :
Then, why not *thou* each joke and tale enroll,
Who, like a whatchful cat before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflam'd with letter'd pride)
Did'ſt mouſing ſit, before *Sam's* mouth ſo wide,
To catch as many ſcraps, as thou wert able—
A very Laz'rus, at the rich man's table !
What though againſt thee porters † bounce the door,
And bid thee hunt for ſecrets, there no more,
With pen and ink ſo ready at thy coat,
Exciſeman-like, each ſyllable to note,
That giv'n to printers'-devils, a precious load !)
On wings of print, comes flying all abroad ?
Watch, then, the venal valets—ſmack the maids,
And try, with gold, to make them rogues and jades :
Yet, ſhould their honeſty thy bribes, reſent,
Fly to thy fertile genius and *invent :*
Like old Voltaire, who plac'd his greateſt glory,
In cooking up an entertaining ſtory ;
Who laugh'd at truth, whene'er her ſimple tongue,
Would ſnatch amuſement from a tale or ſong,

Oh ! whilſt, amid the anecdotic mine,
Thou lab'reſt hard, to bid thy *Hero* ſhine,
Run to Bolt-court,‡ exert thy *Curl* like § ſou!,
And fiſh, for golden leaves, from hole to hole ;
Find when he eat and drank, and cough'd, and ſneez'd—
Let all his motions in thy book be ſqueez'd :

* *Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs Thrale, now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer,*

† *This is literally true—Nobody is at home. Our great people want the taſte to reliſh Mr. Boſwell's vehicles to immortality. Though in London, poor Bozzy is in a* deſert,

‡ *In Fleet-ſtreet, where the Doctor lived and died.*

§ Curl, *the bookſeller, frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of Cloacina, for Pope's and Swift's letters.*

On tales, however, ſtrange, impoſe thy claw :
Yes, let thy amber lick up ev'ry ſtraw :
Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat ;
For all that breathes of Johnſon, *muſt* be great !

Bleſt be thy labours, moſt advent'rous Bozzy,
Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi !
Heav'ns ! with what laurels ſhall thy head be crown'd ?
A *grove* a *foreſt*, ſhall thy ears ſurround !
Yes ! whilſt the Rambler ſhall a Comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkneſs with his rays!
Thee, too that world, with wonderment, ſhall hail,
A lively, bouncing *cracker* at his tail !

POSTSCRIPT.

AS Mr, *Boſwell's* Journal has afforded ſuch univerſal pleaſure, by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moraliſt's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour ; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotical treaſury, as well as making Mr. B. happy, to communicate part of a dialogue, that took place between Doctor Johnſon and the author of this congratulatory epiſtle, a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt of nature.—The Doctor was very cheerful, that day ; had on, a black coat and waiſtcoat, a black pluſh pair of breeches, and black worſted ſtockings, a handſome grey wig, a ſhirt, a muſlin neck-cloth, a black pair of buttons in his ſhirt ſleeves, a pair of ſhoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles, that accompanied the Philoſopher to the Hebrides ; his nails were very neatly paired, and his beard freſh ſhaved, with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr. Savigny.

P. P. " Pray, Doctor, what is your opinion of Mr. Boſwell's literary powers?"

Johnſon. " Sir, my opinion is, that, whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he ſeems ſtrongly affected by the *cacoethes ſcribendi ;* wiſhes to be thought a *rara avis ;* and, in truth, ſo he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will eaſily diſcover, to what ſpecies of bird I allude." [*Here the Doctor ſhook his head, and laughed.*]

P. P. " What think you, Sir, of his account of Corsica ?—of his character of Paoli ?"

Johnson. " Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But, Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism, and pompous inanity.

P. P. " I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that should you die before him, Mr. B. means to write your life."

Johnson. " Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury. —Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of events: but, were I sure, that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know, whether I would not anticipate the measure, by *taking his.*" [*Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair, with violent emotion.*]

P. P. " I am afraid, that he means to do you the favour."

Johnson. " He dares not—he would make a scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not to murder *me.* Sir, I heed not his *autos epha —Boswell* write *my* life !—Why, the fellow possesses not abilities, for writing the life of an *ephemeron.*"

BOZZY AND PIOZZI;

OR, THE

BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

———*Arcades ambo,*
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati ? VIRG.

THE ARGUMENT.

ON *the death of* Doctor Johnson, *a number of people ambitious of being distinguished from the* mute *part of their species, set about relating and printing stories and bon mots, of this celebrated moralist.—Amongst the most* zealous, *though not the most* enlightened, *appeared Mr.* Boswell *and* Madam Piozzi, *the* Hero *and* Heroine *of our Eclogues. They are supposed to have in contemplation the* Life *of* Johnson *; and to* prove *their biographical abilities, appeal to* Sir John Hawkins, *for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations from their printed anecdotes of the Doctor.* Sir John *hears them, with* uncommon *patience ; and determines, very* properly, *on the pretensions of the contending parties.*

WHEN Johnson fought (as Shakespeare says) *that bourn,*
From whence, alas ! no travellers return :
In humbler English, when the doctor died,
Apollo whimper'd, and the Muses cried ;
Parnassus mop'd for days, in bus'ness slack,
And like a herse, the hill was hung with black.
Minerva, sighing for her fav'rite son,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face the world undone :
Her owl too, hooted, in so loud a style,
That people might have heard the bird, a mile :

Jove wip'd his eyes, ſo red, and told his wife,
He ne'er made Johſon's equal, in his life ;
And, that 'twould be a long time firſt, if ever,
His art could form a fellow, half ſo clever :
Venus, of all the little Loves the Dam,
With all the Graces, ſobb'd for brother Sam :
Such were the heav'nly howlings for his death,
As if dame Nature had reſign'd her breath.
Nor leſs ſonorous was the grief, I ween,
Amidſt the natives of our earthly ſcene :
From beggars, to the Great, who hold the helm,
One *Johns'no-mania* rag'd thro' all the realm !
Who, (cried the world) can match his proſe or rhyme ?
O'er wits, of modern days, he tow'rs, ſublime !
An oak, wide-ſpreading, o'er the ſhrubs below,
That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow :
A pyramid, amidſt ſome barren waſte,
That frowns o'er huts, the ſport of ev'ry blaſt :
A mighty Atlas, whoſe aſpiring head,
O'er diſtant regions, caſts an awful ſhade.
By kings, and vagabonds, his tales are told,
And ev'ry ſentence glows, a grain of gold !
Bleſt : who his philoſophic phiz can take,
Catch ev'n his weakneſſes—his noddle's ſhake,
The lengthen'd lip of ſcorn, the forehead's ſcowl,
The low'ring eye's contempt, and bear-like growl !
In vain the critics vent their toothleſs rage !
Mere ſprats, that venture war with whales to wage !
Unmov'd he ſtands, and feels their force, no more,
Than ſome huge rock, amidſt the wat'ry roar,
That, calmly, bears the tumults of the deep,
And howling tempeſts, that as well might ſleep.
Strong, 'midſt the Rambler's cronies, was the rage
To fill, with Sam's *bon mots* and tales, the page :
Mere flies, that buzz'd around his ſetting ray,
And bore a ſplendor, on their wings, away.
Thus, round his orb, the pigmy planets run,
And catch their little luſtre from the Sun.

At length, ruſh'd forth, two candidates for fame,
A Scotchman, one ; and one, a London Dame :
That, by th' emphatic Johnſon, chriſten'd Bozzy ;
This, by the Biſhop's licence, Dame Piozzi ;

Whose widow'd name, by topers lov'd, was Thrale,
Bright in the annals of election ale :
A name, by marriage, that gave up the ghost !
In poor *Pedocchio*,*—no ! *Piozzi*, lost !
Each seiz'd, with ardour wild, the grey goose quill :
Each sat to work the *intellectual mill*,
That pecks of bran, so coarse began to pour,
To one small solitary grain of flour.

Forth rush'd, to light, their books—but *who* should say,
Which bore the palm of anecdote away ?
This, to decide, the rival wits agreed,
Before Sir John, their tales and jokes, to read,
And let the Knight's opinion, in the strife,
Declare the prop'rest pen, to write Sam's life.
Sir John, renown'd for musical † palavers—
The Prince, the King, the Emperor of Quavers !
Sharp, in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle ;
Great in the noble art of tweedle tweedle.
Of Music's College, form'd to be a Fellow,
Fit for *Mus. D.* or *Maestro di Capella ;*
Whose volume, tho' it here and there offends,
Boasts *German merit*—makes, by *bulk*, amends.
Superior, frowning o'er octavo wits,
High plac'd, the venerable quarto sits ;
And duodecimos—ignoble scum !
Poor prostitutes to ev'ry vulgar thumb !
Whilst undefil'd, by literary rage,
He bears a *spotless leaf*, from age to age.

Like school-boys, lo ! before a two arm'd chair,
That held the *Knight*, wise judging, stood the *pair ;*
Or, like two ponies, on the sporting ground,
Prepar'd to gallop, when the drum should sound ;
The *couple* rang'd—for vict'ry, both as keen,
As, for a tott'ring bishoprick, a dean ;
Or patriot Burke, for giving glorious bastings,
To that intolerable fellow, Hastings.
Thus, with their songs, contended Virgil's swains,
And made the vallies vocal, with their strains,

* *The author was near committing a blunder—Fortunate, indeed was his recollection ; as* Pedocchio *signifies, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of all animals, a* louse.

† *Vid, his history of music.*

Before ſome grey-beard ſwain, whoſe judgment, ripe,
Gave goats, for prizes, to the prettieſt pipe.

" Alternately, in anecdotes, go on ;
" But, firſt, begin *you*, Madam," cried Sir John.
The thankful Dame, low curtſied to the chair,
And thus, for vict'ry panting, read the Fair.—

MADAME PIOZZI.†

Sam Johnſon was, of Michael Johnſon, born,
Whoſe ſhop of books did Litchfield town adorn :
Wrong-headed, ſtubborn, as a halter'd ram ;
In ſhort, the model of our hero, Sam.
Inclin'd to madneſs, too—for when his ſhop
Fell down, for want of caſh to buy a prop ;
For fear the thieves might ſteal the *vaniſh'd* ſtore,
He duly went, each night and lock'd the door.

BOZZY.*

Whilſt Johnſon was in Edinburgh, my wife,
To pleaſe his palate, ſtudied for her life :
With ev'ry rarity, ſhe fill'd her houſe,
And gave the Doctor, for his dinner grouſe.

MADAME PIOZZI.†

Dear Doctor Johnſon was, in ſize, an ox ;
And, from his uncle Andrew, learn'd to box :
A man, to wreſtlers, and to bruiſers, dear,
Who kept the ring, in Smithfield, a whole year.

BOZZY.‡

At ſupper roſe a dialogue on witches,
When Croſbie ſaid there could not be ſuch b--tch-s ;
And that 'twas blaſphemy, to think ſuch hags,
Could ſtir up ſtorms, and, on their broomſtick-nags,
Gallop along the air, with wond'rous pace,
And boldly fly, in God Almighty's *face*.
But Johnſon anſwer'd him, " there *might be* witches,
" Nought prov'd the non-exiſtence of the b--tch-s."

MADAME PIOZZI.§

When Thrale, as nimble as a boy at ſchool,
Jump'd, tho' fatigu'd with hunting, o'er a ſtool;

† Vid. *Piozzi's Anecdotes, page* 3.
* *Bozzy's tour, page* 38. † *Piozzi's Anecdotes, page* 5.
‡ *Page* 39. § *Page* 6.

The Doctor, proud the fame grand feat to do,
His pow'rs exerted, and jump'd over too.
And tho' he might a broken back bewail,
He fcorn'd to be eclips'd by Mr. Thrale.

BOZZY.*

At Ulinifh, our friend, to paſs the time,
Regal'd us with his knowledges ſublime :
Show'd, that all ſorts of learning fill'd his nob,
And that in butch'ry he could *bear a Bob*.
He ſagely told us of the diff'rent feat,
Employ'd, to kill the animals we eat.
An ox, ſays he, in country and in town,
Is, by the butchers, conſtantly knock'd down :
As for that leſſer animal, a calf,
The knock is really, not ſo ſtrong by half.
The beaſt is only ſtunn'd : but, as for goats,
And ſheep, and lambs ; the butchers cut *their* throats.
Thoſe fellows only want to keep them quiet,
Not chooſing that the brutes ſhall breed a riot.

MADAM PIOZZI.†

When Johnſon was a child, and ſwallow'd pap,
'Twas in his mother's old maid Cath'rine's lap :
There, whilſt he ſat, he took in won'drous learning ;
For much his bowels were, for knowledge yearning
There, heard the ſtory, which we Britons brag on—
The ſtory of St. George, and *eke* the dragon.

BOZZY. ‡

When Foote, his leg, by ſome misfortune, broke,
Says I, to Johnſon, all by way of joke,
" Sam, Sir, in Paragraph, will ſoon, be clever,
" And take off Peter, better now, than ever."
On which, ſays Johnſon, without heſitation,
George § will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation*.
On which, ſays I—*a penetrating elf*—
" Doctor, I'm ſure, you coin'd that word yourſelf,"
On which, he laug'd, and ſaid, I had divin'd it ;
For *bona fide*, he had really coin'd it.

* *Page* 300. ‡ *page* 15. ‡ *page* 141.

§ *The late Alderman George Faulkner, printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character, of* Peter Paragraph.

And yet, of all the words I've coin'd, says he,
My dictionaiy, Sir, contains but three.

Madam Piozzi.

The Doctor said, in literary matters,
A Frenchman goes not deep—he only smatters:
Then ask'd, what could be hop'd for from the dogs—
Fellows, that liv'd, eternally, on frogs?

Bozzy.*

In grave procession, to St. Lennard's college,
Well stuff'd with ev'ry sort of useful knowledge,
We stately walk'd, as soon as supper ended:
The landlord and the waiter both attended.
The landlord skill'd a piece of grease to handle,
Before us, march'd, and held a tallow candle;
A lantern, (some fam'd Scotsman its creator)
With equal grace, was carried by the waiter.
Next morning, from our beds, we took a leap,
And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

Madame Piozzi.†

In Lincolnshire, a lady show'd our friend,
A grotto, that she wish'd him to commend:
Quoth she, "How cool, in summer, this abode!"
"Yes, madam, (answer'd Johnson) for a *toad*."

Bozzy.‡

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle, and Rasay's,
The wind was vastly boistrous in our faces:
'Twas glorious, Johnson's figure to set sight on—
High, in the boat, he look'd a noble Triton!
But lo! to damp our pleasure, fate concurs;
For Jo. the blockhead, lost his master's spurs.
This, for the Rambler's temper, was a rubber,
Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

Madame Piozzi.§

I ask'd, if he knock'd Tom Osborne down?‖
As such a tale was current through the town—
Says I, "Do tell me, Doctor, what befell."
"Why dearest lady, there is nought to *tell*;

* *Page* 55. † *page* 203. ‡ *page* 185. § *Page* 232.
‖ *Bookseller.*

I ponder'd on the prop'reſt mode, to treat him—
The dog was impudent, and ſo I beat him!
Tom, like a fool, proclaim'd his fancied wrongs;
Others, that I belabour'd, held their tongues."

Did any one, that he was happy, cry—
Johnſon would tell him, plumply, 'twas a lie:
A lady ‡ told him, ſhe was really ſo:
On which, he ſternly anſwer'd, "Madam no!
"Sickly you are, and ugly—fooliſh, poor,
"And, therefore, can't be happy, I am ſure.
"'Twould make a fellow hang himſelf, whoſe ear
"Were, from ſuch creatures, forc'd ſuch ſtuff to hear.

BOZZY.§

Lo! when we landed on the Iſle of Mull,
The megrims got into the Doctor's ſkull.
With ſuch bad humours, he began to fill,
I thought, he would not go to Icolmkill—
But lo! thoſe megrims, (wonderful to utter!)
Were baniſh'd all, by tea, and bread and butter.

MADAME PIOZZI.‖

The Doctor had a Cat, and chriſten'd Hodge,
That, at his houſe in Fleet-ſtreet, us'd to lodge—
This Hodge grew old, and ſick, and us'd to wiſh,
That all his dinners were compos'd of fiſh.
To pleaſe poor Hodge, the Doctor, all ſo kind,
Went out and bought him *oyſters, to his mind.*
This ev'ry day he did—nor aſk'd black Frank,¶
Who deem'd himſelf of much too high a rank,
With vulgar *fiſh fags* to be forc'd to chat,
And purchaſe oyſters, for a mangy cat,

SIR JOHN.

For God's ſake ſtay each anecdotic ſcrap,
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap:
With one half hour's refreſhing ſlumber, bleſt,
And heav'n's aſſiſtance, I may hear the reſt.

Aſide.] What have I done, inform me gracious Lord,
That, thus, my ears, with nonſenſe, ſhould be *bor'd?*

‡ *Page* 286. § *Page* 386. ‖ *Page* 257.
¶ *Dr. Jonſon's ſervant.*

Oh! if I do not, in the trial, die,
The dev'l, and all his brimſtone, I defy;
No puniſhment, in other worlds, I fear:
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.
Ah! ten times happier was my lot, of yore,
When rais'd to conſequence, that all adore,
I ſat, each ſeſſion, king like, in the chair!
Aw'd ev'ry rank, and made the million ſtare;
Lord Paramount, o'er ev'ry juſtice, riding:
In cauſes, with a Turkiſh ſway, deciding!
Yes! like a noble baſhaw, of three tails,
I ſpread a fear and trembling through the jails!
Bleſt, have I brow-beaten each thief, and ſtrumpet,
And blaſted on them, like the laſt day's trumpet,
I know no paltry weakneſs of the ſoul—
No ſniv'ling pity dares my deeds controul—
Aſham'd, the weakneſs of my king, I hear,
Who childiſh, drops, on ev'ry death,* a tear.
Return,† return again, thou glorious hour!
That, to my graſp, once gav'ſt my idol, pow'r!
When, at my feet, the humble knaves would fall—
The thund'ring Jupiter of Hicks's hall.
The knight, thus finiſhing his ſpeech, ſo fair,
Sleep pull'd him gently backwards, in his chair:
Op'd wide the mouth, that oft on jail-birds *ſwore*;
Then rais'd his naſal organ to a roar,
That actually ſurpaſs'd, in tone and grace,
The grumbled ditties of his fav'rite *baſs*. ‡

ECLOGUE.

PART II.

NOW, from his ſleep, the Knight, affrighted, ſprung,
Whilſt on his ear the words of Johnſon rung:
For lo! in dreams, the ſurly Rambler roſe,
And, wildly ſtaring, ſeem'd a man of woes.

* *Such is the report concerning his* Majeſty, *when he ſigns the warrants for execution.—How unlike the* great Frederic *of Pruſſia, who* delights *in a* hanging!

† *Sir John wiſhes in vain.—His hours of inſolence returns no more.*

‡ *The violoncello, on which the knight is a performer.*

Wake, Hawkins (growl'd the Doctor, with a frown)
And knock *that* fellow, and *that* woman down—
Bid them, with Johnſon's life, proceed no further—
Enough, already, they have dealt in murther—
Say, to their tales, that little truth belongs—
If fame they mean me—bid them hold their tongues.

In vain, at glory, gudgeon Boſwell ſnaps—
His mind, a paper-kite—compos'd of ſcraps :
Juſt o'er the tops of chimneys, form'd to fly :
Not with a wing ſublime, to mount the ſky.
Say to the dog, his head's a downright drum,
Unequal to the hiſt'ry of Tom Thumb :
Nay—tell, of *anecdote*, that thirſty *leech*,
He is not equal to a Tyburn ſpeech.*
For that Piozzi's wife, let me exhort her,
To draw her immortality from porter :
Give up her anecdotical inditing,
And ſtudy houſewifery, inſtead of writing :
Bid her, a poor biography ſuſpend ;
Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.
I know no bus'neſs, women have with learning :
I ſcorn, I hate, the mole-ey'd, half-diſcerning :
Their wit, but ſerves a huſband's heart to rack !
And make eternal horſe-whips for his back.

Tell Peter Pindar, ſhould you chance to meet him,
I like *his* genius—ſhould be glad to greet him—
Yet let him know, crown'd heads are ſacred things,
And bid him rev'rence more the beſt of kings ;‡

* *Compoſed for the unfortunate* brave *of Newgate, by different hiſtorians.*

‡ *This is a* ſtrange, *and almoſt* incredible *ſpeech, from* Johnſon's *mouth ; as, not many years ago, when the* age *of a* certain great perſonage *became the ſubject of debate, the Doctor broke in upon the converſation, with the following queſtion,* " *Of what importance, to the preſent company, is his* age ?—*Of what importance, would it have been to the world, if he had never exiſted ?*" *If we may judge, likewiſe, from the* following ſpeech, *he deemed the* preſent poſſeſſor *of a* certain throne, *as much a* uſurper, as King William, *whom, according to Mr. Boſwell's account, he* beſcoundrels. *The ſtory is this —an acquaintance of* Johnſon, *aſked him, if he could not* ſing. *He replied,* " *I know of but* one *ſong, and* that *is,* " *The* King *ſhall enjoy his* own *again.*"

Still, on his Pegaſus, continue jogging,
And give that Boſwell's back another flogging.

Such was the dream, that wak'd the ſleepy Knight;
And op'd again his eyes upon the light—
Who mindleſs of old Johnſon, and his frown,
And ſtern commands, to knock the couple down,
Reſolv'd to keep the peace—and in a tone,
Not much unlike a maſtiff, o'er a bone,
He grumbled, that enabled by the nap,
He now could meet *more* biographic ſcraps:
Then, nodding, with a *magiſtratic* air,
To further anecdote he call'd the fair,

MADAME PIOZZI.†

Dear Doctor Johnſon lov'd a leg of pork;
And hearty on it, would his grinders work:
He lik'd to eat it ſo much *over-done*,
That one might ſhake the fleſh from off the bone.
A Veal pie, too, with ſugar cramm'd, and plums,
Was wond'rous grateful to the Doctor's gums.
Though us'd, from morn to night, on fruit to ſtuff,
He vow'd, his belly never had enough.

BOZZY.*

One Thurſday morn, did Doctor Johnſon wake,
And call out, "Lanky! Lanky!" by miſtake;
But, recollecting—"Bozzy! Bozzy!" cried—
For, in *contractions*, Johnſon took a pride!

MADAME PIOZZI.§

Whene'er our friend would read in bed, by night,
Poor Mr. Thrale, and I, were in a fright;
For, blinking on his book, too near the flame,
Lo! to the foretop of his wig, it came!
Burnt all the hairs away, both great and ſmall,
Down to the very net-work, nam'd the caul.

BOZZY.‡

At Corrachatachin's, in *boggiſh* ſunk,
I got, with punch, alas! confounded drunk.
Much was I vex'd, that I could not be quiet,
But like a ſtupid blockhead, bred a riot.

† *Page* 8.
§ *Page* 237.
* *Page* 384.
‡ *Page* 317.

I ſcarcely knew, how 'twas I reel'd to bed—
Next morn, I wak'd, with dreadful pains of head :
And terror, too, that of my peace did rob me—
For much I fear'd, the moraliſt would mob me.
But as I lay along, a heavy log,
The Doctor ent'ring, call'd me drunken dog.
Then up roſe I, with apoſtolic air,
And read in dame M'Kinnon's book of pray'r ;
In hopes, for ſuch a ſin, to be forgiv'n—
And make, if poſſible, my peace with heav'n.
'Twas ſtrange, that, in *that* volume of divinity,
I op'd the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
And read theſe words—" Pray be not drunk with wine,
" Since drunkenneſs doth make a man a ſwine."
" Alas !" ſays I, " the ſinner that I am !"
And, having made my ſpeech, I took a dram.

Madame Piozzi.*

One day, with ſpirits low, and ſorrow fill'd,
I told him, I had got a couſin kill'd :
My dear, quoth he, for heav'n's ſake, hold your canting ;
Were all your couſins kill'd, they'd not be wanting :
Tho' Death, on each of them, ſhould ſet his mark—
Tho' ev'ry one were ſpitted, like a lark—
Roaſted, and giv'n that dog there, for a meal ;
The loſs of them, the world would never feel.—
Truſt me, dear madam, all your dear relations,
Are nits—are nothings—in the eye of nations.

Again, † ſays I, one day, " I do believe,
" A good acquaintance, that I have, will grieve,
" To hear her friend hath loſt a large eſtate."
" Yes," anſwer'd he, " lament, as much, her fate,
" As did your horſe, (I freely will allow)
" To hear of the miſcarriage of your cow."

Bozzy.‡

At Enoch, at M'Queen's we went to bed—
A colour'd handkerchief wrap'd Johnſon's head :
He ſaid, " God bleſs us both—good night !" and then,
I, like a pariſh clerk, pronounc'd, *Amen !*
My good companion ſoon, by ſleep, was ſeiz'd—
But I, by lice and fleas, was ſadly teas'd :

* *Page* 63. † *Page* 89. ‡ *Page* 153.

Methought, a ſpider, with terrific claws,
Was ſtriding from the wainſcot to my jaws.
But ſlumber, ſoon did ev'ry ſenſe entrap,
And ſo I ſunk into the ſweeteſt nap.

MADAME PIOZZI.§

Trav'ling in Wales, at dinner-time we got on,
Where at Leweny, lives Sir Robert Cotton.
At table, our great moraliſt to pleaſe—
Says I, "Dear Doctor, a'n't theſe charming peas?"
Quoth he, (to *contradict*, and *run his rig*)
"Madam, they, poſſibly, might pleaſe a pig."

BOZZY.*

Of that thing, well the Doctor knew the art,
And, with his *threſhing-wiſdom*, made us ſtart:
Deſcrib'd the greateſt ſecrets of the Mint—
And made folks fancy, that he had been in't.
Of hops and malt, 'tis wond'rous what he knew;
And, well as any brewer, he could brew.

MADAME PIOZZI.†

In ghoſts the Doctor ſtrongly did believe,
And pinn'd his faith on many a liar's ſleeve:
He ſaid, to Doctor Lawrence, "Sure I am,
"I heard my poor, dear mother, call out, "Sam!"
"I'm ſure," ſaid he, "that I can truſt my ears:
"And yet my mother had been dead for years."

BOZZY.‡

When young, ('twas rather ſilly, I allow)
Much was I pleas'd to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury-lane, with Doctor Blair,
My imitations made the play-houſe ſtare!
So very charming was I, in my roar,
That both the gall'ries clapp'd, and cried, "*Encore!*"
Bleſt by the gen'ral plaudit, and the laugh,
I tried to be a Jack-aſs, and a Calf.—
But who, alas! in all things, can be *great?*
In ſhort, I met a terrible defeat!
So vile, I bray'd, and bellow'd, I was hiſs'd—
Yet, all who knew me, wonder'd that I miſs'd.

§ *Page* 70. *Page* 324.
†*Page* 192. ‡ *Page* 499.

Blair whiſper'd me, "You've loſt your credit now—
Stick, Boſwell for the future, to your cow.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

For *me*, in Latin, Doctor Johnſon wrote
Two lines upon Sir Joſeph Banks's goat:
A goat! that round the world ſo curious, went!
A goat! that now eats graſs, that grows in Kent.

BOZZY.†

To Lord Monboddo a few lines I wrote:
And, by the ſervant Joſeph, ſent this note.—
"Thus far, my Lord, from Edinburgh, my home,
With Mr. Samuel Johnſon, I am come—
This night, by us, muſt certainly be ſeen,
The very handſome town of Aberdeen.
For thoughts of Johnſon, you'll be not applied to—
I know your Lordſhip likes him leſs, than I do.
So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,
Without ſo much as making you a bow:
Beſides, the Rambler ſays, "to ſee Monbodd,
"He'd wander two whole miles out of the road."
Which ſhows, that he admires (whoever rails)
The pen which proves, that men are born with tails
Hoping, that, as to health, your Lordſhip does well—
I am your ſervant at command,
JAMES BOSWELL."

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

On Mr. Thrale's old hunter, Johnſon rode—
Who, with prodigious pride, the beaſt beſtrode;
And as, on Brighton Downs, he daſh'd away,
Much was he pleas'd, to hear a ſportſman ſay,
That, at a chace, he was as tight a hand,
As e'er an ill-bred lubber in the land.

BOZZY.§

One morning, Johnſon, on the Iſle of Mull,
Was of his politics, exceſſive full:
Quoth he, "that Pultney was a rogue, 'tis plain—
"Beſides, the fellow was a Whig, in grain,
Then to his principles, he gave a banging,
And ſwore, no Whig was ever worth a hanging.

* *Page* 70. † *page* 72.
‡ *page* 207. § *page* 424.

" 'Tis wonderful," ſays he, " and makes one ſtare,
" To think the Liv'ry choſe John Wilkes, Lord Mayor,
" A dog, of whom the world would nurſe no hopes—
" Prompt to debauch their girls, and rob their ſhops."

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sir I believe, that anecdote a lie ;
But grant that Johnſon ſaid it—*by the by*,
As Wilkes, unhappily, your friendſhip ſhar'd
The dirty anecdote might well be ſpar'd.

BOZZY.

Madam, I ſtick to truth, as much as you,
And damme, if the ſtory be not true.
What you have ſaid of Johnſon and the larks,
As much, the Rambler, for a ſavage, marks.
'Twas ſcandalous, ev'n candour muſt allow,
To give the hiſt'ry of the horſe and cow.
What but an enemy to Johnſon's fame,
Dar'd his vile prank, at Litchfield play-houſe, name ?
Where, without ceremony, he thought fit,
To fling the man and chair into the pit ?
Who would have regiſter'd a ſpeech ſo odd,
On the dead Stay-maker, * and Doctor Dodd ?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sam Johnſon's threſhing-knowledge, and his thatching,
May be your own inimitable hatching—
Pray, of his wiſdom, can't you tell more news ?
Could not he make a ſhirt, and cobble ſhoes ?
Knit ſtocking, or, ingenious, take up ſtitches—
Draw teeth, dreſs wigs, or make a pair of breeches ?
You prate, too, of his knowledge of the Mint,
As if the Rambler, really, had been in't—
Who knows, but you will tell us, (truth forſaking)
That each bad ſhilling is of Johnſon's making ?
His, each vile ſix-pence, that the world has cheated ?—
And *his* the art, that ev'ry guinea ſweated ?
About his brewing-knowledge, you will prate, too,
Who ſcarcely knew a hop, from a potatoe ;

* *Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, firſt edition.*

And tho', of beer, he joy'd in hearty ſwigs,
I'd pit, againſt his taſte, my huſband's pigs.

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, ſo void of truth,
That miſerable ſtory of the youth,
Who, in your book, of Doctor Johnſon, begs,
Moſt ſeriouſly to know, if cats laid eggs?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who told, of Mrs. Montague, the lie—
So palpable a falſehood?—Bozzy, fie!

BOZZY.

Who, mad'ning with an anecdotic itch,
Declar'd that Johnſon call'd his mother b--tch?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from M' Donald's rage, to ſave his ſnout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.

Who, would have ſaid a word about Sam's wig?
Or told the ſtory of the peas and pig?
Who would have told a tale ſo very flat,
Of Frank, the black—and Hodge, the mangy cat?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ecod! you've grown, at once, conſounded tender—
Of Doctor Johnſon's fame, a fierce defender.
I'm ſure you've mention'd many a pretty ſtory,
Not much redounding to the Doctor's glory.
Now, for a ſaint, upon us you would palm him—
Firſt *murther* the poor man, and then *embalm him*!

BOZZY.

And, truly, Madam, Johnſon cannot boaſt—
By your acquaintance, he has rather loſt.
His character ſo ſhockingly you handle—
You've ſunk your comet to a farthing candle.
Your vanities contriv'd the ſage to hitch in,
And brib'd him with the run of all your kitchen:
Yet nought he better'd, by his elevation—
Though beef he won—he loſt his reputation.

MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your book had Johnſon read,
Firſt-criticiſm had rattled round your head.
Yet let my ſatire not too far purſue—
It boaſts *ſome merit*, give the Dev'l his due.
Where grocers, and where paſtry-cooks reſide,
Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride:
Preach to the patty pans, ſententious ſtuff—
And hug that idol of the noſe call'd ſnuff:
With all its ſtories, *cloves* and *ginger* pleaſe,
And pour its wonders to a pound of cheeſe!

BOZZY.

Madam, your irony is wond'rous fine!
Senſe in each thought, and wit in ev'ry line.
Yet madam, when the leaves of my poor book,
Viſit the grocer, or the paſtry-cook,
Yours, to enjoy of fame the juſt reward,
May aid the Trunk-maker of Paul's Church-yard.
In the ſame ale-houſes together us'd,
By the ſame fingers they may be abus'd.
The greaſy ſnuffers, yours, perchance may wipe!
And mine, high honour'd, light a toper's pipe.
The praiſe of Courtney,* my book's fame ſecures—
Now who the devil, Madam, praiſes yours?

MADAME PIOZZI,

Thouſands, you blockhead!—no one now can doubt it,
For not a ſoul in London is without it.
The folks were ready, *Cadell*, to devour,
Who ſold the firſt edition in an hour:—
So! Courtney's praiſes ſave you—ah!—that 'ſquire,
Deals (let me tell you) more in ſmoke than fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has prais'd me in the ſweeteſt line—

* *The lively* Rattle *of the houſe of Commons—indeed, its* Momus; *who ſeems to have been ſelected by his conſtituents more for the purpoſe of* laughing *at the misfortunes of his country, than* healing the wounds. *He is the author of a poem, lately publiſhed, that endeavours*, totis viribus, *to* prove, *that Dr. Johnſon was a* brute, *as well as a* moraliſt!

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ay! ay! the *verſe* and *ſubject equal* ſhine:
Few are the mouths, that *Courtney*'s wit rehearſe—
Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verſe.

BOZZY.

Well Ma'am! ſince all that *Johnſon* ſaid or wrote,
You hold ſo ſacred—how have you forgot
To grant the wonder-hunting world, a reading
Of *Sam*'s epiſtle, juſt before your wedding;
Beginning thus, (in ſtrains, not form'd to flatter)
"MADAM,
"*If that moſt ignominious matter,*
Be not concluded,"————————
further ſhall I ſay?
No—your kind ſelf may give it us one day—
And juſtify your paſſion for the youth,
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you* or *him*?
He tell me what to do!—A pretty whim!
He, to propriety, (the beaſt) exhort!
As well might elephants preſide at court.
Lord! let the world, to damn my match, agree—
Tell me, *James Boſwell*, what's *that world* to *me*?
The folks, who paid reſpect to Mrs. Thrale,
Fed on her pork, poor ſouls! and ſwill'd her ale,
May ſicken at Piozzi, nine in ten—
Turn up the noſe of ſcorn—good God! what then?
For *me*—the Dev'l may fetch their ſouls, ſo great—
They, keep their company—and I, my meat.
When the poor owls ſhall beat their cage, a jail—
I, unconfin'd, ſhall ſpread my peacock tail:
Free, as the birds of air, enjoy my eaſe—
Chooſe my own food, and ſee what climes I pleaſe.
I ſuffer only—if I'm in the *wrong*—
So, now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

For ſhame! for ſhame! for heav'n's ſake, pray be quiet;
Not Billingſgate exhibits ſuch a riot.
Behold! for ſcandal, you have made a feaſt,
And turn'd your idol, Johnſon to a beaſt:

'Tis plain, that tales of ghoſts, are arrant lies,
Or, inſtantaneouſly, would Johnſon riſe :
Make you both eat your paragraphs, ſo evil—
And, for your treatment of him, play the devil.—
Juſt like two Mohawks, on the man you fall—
No murd'rer is worſe ſerv'd, at Surgeon's Hall.
Inſtead of adding ſplendor to his name,
Your books are downright *gibbets* to his fame.
Of thoſe, your anecdotes—may I be curſt,
If I can tell you, which of them is worſt.
You never, with poſterity, can thrive,—
'Tis, by the Rambler's death alone' you live—
Like wrens, that (in ſome volume, I have read)
Hatch'd by Strange fortune, in a horſes head.
Poor Sam was rather fainting in his glory—
But lo ! his fame lies foully dead before ye.
Thus, to ſome dying man, (a frequent caſe)
Two Doctors come, and give the *coup de grace*.
Zounds, Madam ! mind the duties of a wife,
And dream no more of Doctor Johnſons life.
A happy knowledge in a pie or pudding,
Will more delight your friends, than all your ſtudying.
One cut from ven'ſon, to the heart can ſpeak
Stronger, than ten quotations from the Greek :
One fat Sir-Loin, poſſeſſes more ſublime,
Than all the airy caſtles built by rhyme.
One nipperkin of ſtingo, with a toaſt,
Beats all the ſtreams, the muſes fount can boaſt :
Yes ! in *one* pint of porter, lo ! my belly can
Find Bliſſes, not in all the floods of Hellicon.
Enough thoſe anecdotes your pow'rs have ſhown :
Sam's Life, dear Ma'am, will only damn your own.
For *thee*, James Boſwell, may the hand of Fate
Arreſt thy gooſe-quill, and confine thy prate :
Thy egotiſms, the world, diſguſted hears—
Then load, with vanities, no more our ears,
Like ſome lone puppy, yelping all night long,
That tires the very echoes with his tongue.
Yet ſhould it lie beyond the pow'rs of Fate,
To ſtop thy pen, and ſtill thy darling prate ;
O be, in ſolitude to live, thy luck—
A chatt'ring magpie, on the Iſle of Muck.
Thus ſpoke the Judge, then leaping from the chair,
He left in conſternation loſt, the *pair :*

Black Frank * he fought, on anecdote, to cram,
And vomit firſt ‡ a *Life* of ſurly Sam.
Shock'd at the little manners of the Knight,
The *rivals*, marv'ling, mark'd his ſudden flight;
Then, to their pens, and paper, ruſh'd the *twain*,
To kill the mangled Rambler o'er again.

* *Doctor Johnſon's Negro ſervant.*

‡ *The* Knight's *volume is reported to be in great forwardneſs, and likely to* diſtance *his formidable competitors.*

N. B. *The quotations from Mr. Boſwell, are made from the ſecond edition of his Journal.—Thoſe from Mrs. Piozzi, from the firſt edition of her Anecdotes.*

ODE UPON ODE;

OR,

A PEEP AT ST. JAMES's;

OR,

NEW YEAR's DAY;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes. HOR.

Juſt as the Magot bites, I take my way—
To Painters now my court reſpectful, pay;
Now, (ever welcome!) on the Muſe's wings,
Drop in at *Windſor*, on the beſt of *Kings*;
Now, at St. *James's*, about *Handel* prate,
Hear Odes, ſee Lords and 'Squires, and ſmile at State.

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I THINK it neceſſary to inform thee, if thou haſt not read Mr. Warton's *Ode, that I mean not to ſay, that he hath,* totidem verbis, *ſung what I have aſſerted of him: I, therefore, beg, that my Ode may be conſidered as an amplification of the ingenious Laureat's Idea.*

PROŒMIUM.

KNOW, Reader, that the Laureat's Poſt ſublime,
Is deſtin'd to record, in handſome rhyme,
The deeds of Monarchs, twice a year:
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful tongue!
If *pitiful*—(as Shakeſpeare ſays) the ſong
"Muſt ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer,"

But Bards muſt take the uphill with the down:
Kings cannot always oracles be hatching:
Maggots are oft the tenants of a Crown—
Therefore, like thoſe in cheeſe, not worth the catching.

O gentle Reader? if by God's good Grace,
Or, (what's more ſought) good intereſt at Court,
Thou gett'ſt, of Lyric Trumpeter, the place—
And hundreds are like Gudgeons, gaping for't;—
Hear! (at a Palace if thou mean'ſt to thrive)
And of a ſtauch old Coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,
Let fancy lend thy Muſe her loftieſt wing—
Stun, with thy minſtrelſy, the frighten'd ſphere;
Bid thy voice thunder, like a hundred batt'ries—
For common ſounds, conveying common flatt'ries,
Are Zephyrs, wiſp'ring to the Royal Ear.

Know—Glutton-like, on praiſe, each Monarch crams—
Hot ſpices ſuit alone their pamper'd Nature:
Alas! the ſtomach, parch'd by burning drams,
With mad-dog terror, ſtarts at ſimple water.

Fierce is each royal *Maniac* for applauſe;
And, as a horſe-pond wide, are Monarch-maws—
Form'd, therefore, on a pretty ample ſcale:
To ſound the decent panegyric note,
To pour their modeſt flatt'ries down their throat,
Were off'ring ſhrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou ſtrik'ſt the Lyre to Kings,
To touch, to Abigails of Courts, the Strings:—
Give the Queen's Toad-eater a handſome ſop;

And swear, she always has more Grace,
Than e'en to sell the meanest place—
Swear too, the woman keeps no title-shop!
Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-yard, their Ware,
Who on each passenger for Custom stare;
And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,
"*Sher! vat you buy, Sher?—Madam, vat you buy?*"

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode!
The true-bred Courtiers wonder, whilst I preach—
And, with grave vizards, and stretch'd eyes to God,
Pronounce my Sermon a most impious speech,
With all my Spirit!—let them damn my lays—
A Courtier's Curses are exalted praise.

I HEAR a startled Moralist exclaim,
"Fie, Peter! Peter! fie for shame!
"Such counsel disagrees with my digestion,"
Well! well then my old *Socrates*, to please thee—
For much I'm willing, of thy qualms to ease thee—
I'll nobly take the other side the question.

Par Exemple:

FAIR praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—
Flatt'ry base coin—a cheat upon the nation:
And yet our vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its Circulation.

Flatt'ry's a fly, insinuating Screw—
The World—a bottle of Tokay so fine—
The Engine alway can its Cork subdue,
And make an easy Pris'ner of the Wine.

Flatt'ry's an Ivy, wriggling round an Oak—
This Oak is, often, honest blunt John Bull—
Which Ivy would its great supporter choke,
Whilst John (so thick the walls of his dark skull)
Deems it a pretty Ornament, and struts—
Till Master Ivy creeps into John's guts;

And gives poor thoughtless *John* a set of gripes:
Then like an Organ, op'ning all his Pipes,
John roars—and, when to a Consumption drain'd,
Finds out the knave, his folly entertain'd.

Praiſe is a modeſt unaſſuming Maid,
As ſimply as a Quaker beauty, dreſt:
No oſtentation hers—no vain Parade—
Sweet Nymph!—and oh! the feweſt words poſſeſt:—
Yet, heard with rev'rence, when ſhe ſilence breaks,
She dignifies the Man, to whom ſhe ſpeaks.

Flatt'ry's a pert French Milliner—a Jade,
Cover'd with *rough*, and flauntingly array'd—
Makes ſaucy Love to ev'ry man ſhe meets,
And offers ev'n her Favours in the Streets.

And yet, inſtead of meeting public Hiſſes—
Divines, ſo grave—Philoſophers can bear her!
What's ſtranger ſtill, with childiſh rapture hear her;
Nay, court the ſmiling Harlot's very Kiſſes.

O D E.

RICH as Dutch cargoes, from the fragrant Eaſt,
Or cuſtard-pudding, at a city-feaſt,
Tom's incenſe greets his Sov'reign's hungry noſe:
For—bating birth-day torrents from Parnaſſus,
And New-year's ſpring-tide of divine molaſſes—
Fame, in a ſcanty rill, to Windſor flows!
Poets (quoth tuneful Tom) in ancient times,
Delighted all the country with their rhymes;
Sung Knights and barbed ſteeds, with valour big:—
Knights, who encounter'd witches, murder'd wizards,
Flogg'd Pagans, till they grumbled in their gizzards;
Rogues! with no more religion than a pig—

—Knights, who illumin'd unbelieving ſouls,
Through pretty little well-form'd Eyelet-holes,
By pious Pikes, and godly Lances made—
Tools! that work'd Wonders in the holy Trade;
With Battle-axes, fit to knock down Bulls,
And, therefore, qualified (I wot) full well,
With force, the Sacred Oracles to tell,
Unto the thickeſt unbelieving Skulls:

—Knights, who ſo famous, at the game of tourney,
Took, boldly, to the Holy Land, a journey,
To plant with ſwords, in hearts, the goſpel ſeeds;
Juſt as we hole, for Cucumbers, hot beds,

Or pierce the boſom of the ſullen earth,
To give, to radiſhes or onions, birth :

— Knights, who, when tumbled on the hoſtile field,
And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,
Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob, ſtir :
Poor Dev'ls ! who where, like Alligators, hack'd ;
At length by hammers, hatchets, ſledges, crack'd ;
Dragg'd from their coats of armour—like a lobſter.

Great (ſays the Laureat) were the Poet's puffings
On idle, daring, red-croſs ragamuffins,
Who, for their childiſhneſs, deſerv'd a birch :
Quoth *Tom*, a worthier ſubject, now thank God !
Inſpires the lofty dealer in the Ode,
Than blockheads, battling for old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly Bard) are alter'd quite—
The Poet ſcorns what charm'd of yore the ſight—
Goths, Woman, Vandals, Caſtles, Horſes, Mares :—
The poliſh'd Poet of the preſent day,
Doth in his taſty ſhop, diſplay,
Ah ! vaſtly prettier colour'd wares.

—The Poet " moulds his harp to manners mild,"
Quoth *Tom*—to Monarchs, who, with rapture wild,
Hear their own praiſe, with mouths of gaping wonder,
And catch each crotchet of the birth-day thunder :—

Crotchets, that ſcorn the praiſe of common folly—
Though not moſt *muſical*—moſt *melancholy* :
Ah ! crotchets, doom'd to charm our ears no more,
Although, by Mr. *Parſons*, ſet in *ſcore* ;

Drear and eternal Silence doom'd to keep,
Where the dark waters of Oblivion ſleep—
To ſpeak in humbler Engliſh—doom'd to reſt,
With court addreſſes, in a muſty cheſt.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,
They were the charming'ſt things they ever heard :
As for example—all the Angel Gideons—
That is my lady, and her daughters fair,
With coal black eye-brows, and ſweet Hebrew Air—
The lovely produce of the two religions.

Thus, in their virtues, grey hounds beſt ſucceed,
When ſportſmen, very wiſely, croſs the breed :
And thus, with noble luſtre, ſhines the fowl,
Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir Sampſon too declar'd, with voice divine,
" *Dat ſhince he haf turn Chreeſtian, and eat Hog,*
" *He nebber did hear Mooſhic half ſho fine ;*
" *No ! nebber ſhince he lefs de ſhinnygogue.*"

His grace of Queenſb'ry too, with eyes, tho' dim,
And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd !
Liſt'ning, in attitude of Corp'ral Trim,
He rais'd his thin grey curl, to catch the ſound :

Then ſwore, the airs would never meet their matches,
But in his own immortal Glees and Catches.
Yet, were thoſe crotchets all condemn'd to reſt,
In the dark boſom of a muſty cheſt !

Crotchets, that form'd into ſo ſweet an air,
As charm'd my Lady Mayoreſs, and Lord Mayor :
Who tho't—(and really, they were true Believers)—
The Muſic equall'd marrow bones and cleavers.

Strains ! that the Rev'rend Biſhops had no qualms,
In ſaying that they equall'd David's pſalms ;
But not ſurpaſs'd in melody, the bell,
That, mournful, ſoundeth an Archbiſhop's knell ;
Strains ! that Sir Joſeph Mawbey deem'd divine,
Sweet as the quavers of his fatteſt ſwine.

Ev'n great * Lord Brudenell's ſelf admir'd the ſtrain,
In all the tuneful agonies of pain ;
Who, winking, beat, with duck-like nods, the time,
And call'd the Muſic, and the Words, ſublime.

Too, all the other Lords, with plaudits ſwarming,
Cry'd, *Bravo ! Bravo !* charming ! *Bravo !* charming !
And Majeſty itſelf, to Muſic bred,
Pronounc'd it, " very, very good indeed !"
Indulging, p'rhaps, the very nat'ral dream,
That all its charms were owing to the *theme.*

Not but ſome ſmall degree of harmleſs pleaſure,
Might in the brace of r—y—l boſoms riſe,
To think they heard it without waſte of treaſure :
As ſixpences are lovely in their eyes.

A few months ſince, I heard a forward dame,
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim :—

* *A prodigious* Amateur—*without his Lordſhip, there can be no reherſal.*

" Good God! how Kings and Queens a ſong adore!
" With what delight they order an *encore!*
" When that ſame ſong, *encor'd*, for *nothing* flows!
" This, Madam Mara, to her ſorrow, knows."

" To Windſor, ſev'ral times, and eke to Kew,
" The r—y—l mandate Madam Mara drew.
" No cheering drop was Mara aſk'd to ſip—
" No bread was off'red to her quiv'ring lip.
" Though faint, ſhe was not ſuffer'd to ſit down—
" Heav'n help the *Goodneſs—Grandeur* of the Cr—n!
" Now tell me, Ladies, will it be believ'd,
" How much, for ſong and chaiſe-hire, ſhe receiv'd?
" How much pray, think ye?—Fifty Guineas—No."
Moſt ſurely, Forty.—"No, no."—Thirty.—" Poh!
" Pray, Ladies, gueſs in reaſon—come—again."
Alas! you jeer us—Twenty, at the leaſt;
No man could ever be ſo great a b—ſt,
As not to give her Twenty, for her pain.—
" To keep you then no longer in ſuſpenſe,
" For Madam Mara's chaiſe-hire, and ſweet note,
" Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,
" Their bounteous M—j—ties gave—not a Groat."
" Ay!" cried a ſecond ſland'rer with a ſneer,
" I know a ſtory like it—You ſhall hear—
" Poor Mrs. Siddons, *ſhe* was ordered out—
" To wait upon their M—j—ties, to *ſpout*—
" To read old Shakeſpeare's *As you like it* to 'em,
" And how to mind their ſtops and commas, ſhow 'em,
" She read and ſpouted—almoſt loſt her breath—
" And, ſtanding all the time, was tir'd to death;
" Whilſt both their M—j—ies, in royal ſtyle,
" At perfect eaſe, were ſitting all the while.
" Not off'red to her was one drop of beer,
" Nor wine, nor chocolate her heart to cheer.
" Ready to drop to earth, ſhe muſt have ſunk,
" But for a child, that at the hardſhip ſhrunk—
" A little Prince, who mark'd her ſituation,
" Thus, pitying, pour'd a tender exclamation:
" La! Mrs. Siddons is quite faint, indeed:
" How pale! I'm ſure ſhe cannot longer read.
" She ſomewhat wants, her ſpirits to repair,
" And would I'm ſure, be happy in a *chair*."
" What follow'd?—Why, the r—y—l pair aroſe,
" Surly enough—one fairly may ſuppoſe;

" And, to a room adjoining, made retreat,
" To let her, for one minute, *steal* a seat.
" At length the actreſs ceas'd to read and ſpout,
" Where Generoſity's a crying ſin :
" Her curt'ſy dropp'd—was nodded to—came out—
" So rich : How rich ?—As rich as ſhe *went in.*"
Such are the ſtories twain—Why, grant the fact,
Are Princes, pray, like *common folks* to act ?

Should Mara call it cruelty, and blame
Such r--y--l conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her !
To Mrs. Siddons, freely ſay the ſame—
Sufficient for *ſuch people* is the *honour !*

Ev'n I, the *Bard*, expect no Gifts from *Kings*,
Although I've ſaid of them ſuch *handſome* things—
Nay, not their eye's attention, whoſe bright ray
Would like the Sun, illumine my poor lay,
And, like the Sun, ſo kind to procreation,
Increaſe, within my brain, the maggot nation.
So much for idle tales.—Now, Muſe, thy ſtrain
Digreſſive, turn to drawing-rooms again.

There too was Pitt, who ſcrap'd and bow'd to ground,
And whiſper'd Majeſty 'twas vaſtly fine ;
Then wiſh'd, ſuch harmony could once be found,
Where *he* each day, was treated, like a ſwine,
By that Arch fiend, Charles Fox, and his vile party ;
Villains ! in nought, but black rebellion, hearty :
Fellows ! who had the impudence, to place
The ſacred ſcepter underneath the Mace ;
And twiſted ropes, with malice diſappointed,
To hang, or hamper, the poor *Lord's anointed.*

To whom, a *certain Sage*, ſo earneſt cried,
" Don't mind ! don't mind !—the rogues their aim have miſs'd—
" Don't fear your place, whilſt I am well ſupplied—
" But mind the poverty of Civil Liſt.

" Swear, that no K---g's ſo poor upon the globe ;
" Compare me---yes, compare me, to poor Job.
" The houſe will credit thee---I know the Ninnies ;
" And wife and I are fond of bags of guineas.

" What ? what, Pitt---hæ ? we muſt have t'other grant,
" What, what ? you know that B---, my old dead Aunt,

" Left not a ſixpence, Pitt, theſe eyes to bleſs,
" But from the Pariſh ſav'd that F--l at *H-ſſe*.

" But mind me---hæ, to plague her heart when dying,
" I was a Nimrod ſtill---a conſtant hunter ;
" And when in State, as dead's a Mackrel, lying,
" I did not care a button for the E——r.

" And three days after my old Aunt was dead,
" Which ſome folks thought prodigiouſly profane,
" I took it---yes--- I took it in my head,
" To order Sir John Brute, at Drury-lane.
" Had ſhe reſpected *me*, I do aver,
" I ſhould have ſtay'd at home, and tho't of *Her*."

Lord Rochford, too, the gentle youth, was there,
Whoſe ſweet *falſetto* voice is often ſported
In glees and catches; ſo that all, who hear,
Believe a pretty *Semi vir* imported.

Yet was there *one*, who much the day decry'd---
Old Lady Mary Duncan (ſays report)---
" Wnat, no dear, dear *Caſtrato* here !" ſhe ſigh'd,
" Why then---P-x take the voices, and the court ;
" Then Lord have mercy on my tortur'd ears,
" And ſhield me from the ſhout of ſuch He-bears !

" Where, where is Pacchierotti's *heart-felt Strain ?*
" Where Rubinelli's *ſoſtenuto* note ?
" That tickled oft my ſighing ſoul to *pain*,
" That bade my ſenſes in Elyſium float ?
" Avaunt ! you vile black-bearded rogues---avaunt !
" 'Tis ſmother chins, and ſweeter tones, *I want*."

My Lord of Exeter was alſo there ;
Who, marv'ling, cock'd his time-diſcerning ear
To ſtrains, that did ſuch honour to a throne :
There Uxbridge taught the audience how to *think* ;
With much ſignificant and knowing wink,
And ſpeeches, clad in wiſdom's critic tone ;
Who look'd muſicians *through*, with half-ſhut eyes ;
Moſt ſolemn, moſt *Chromatically* wiſe !

Sandwich, the glory of each jovial meeting,
This Fiddler now—now *that*, ſo kindly greeting,
Appear'd, and ſhrewdly pour'd his *hahs* and *hums* :
Great in Tattoo, my Lord, and Crois hand Roll ;

Great in the dead march ſtroke ſublime of Saul
He beats old * Aſhbridge, on the kettle-drums.

What pity ! to our *military* hoſt,
That ſuch a charming drummer ſhould be loſt !
And feel, through life, his glories overcaſt
At that dull † Board, where never could he learn,
Of ſhips, the diff'rence between ſtem and ſtern,
Hen coops and boats, the rudder and the maſt.

Say—'midſt the tuneful tribe, was Edmund Burke ?
No ! Mun was cutting out, for Haſtings, work ;
Writing to Couſin Will. and Co. to league 'em,
Againſt that rogue, who, like a ruffian, roſe,
And tweak'd a Bulſe of Jewels from the noſe,
Of Dames, in India, chriſtin'd *Munny Begum.*

Edmund ! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
On that moſt horrid imp, Sir Thomas Rumbold,
Vow'd like a ſheep, to flay that Eaſtern Thief ;—
Till *ſtrange good fortune* open'd Edmund's eyes ;
O ! then he heard of Innocence the cries,
And like Jew converts, damn'd his old belief.

Yet, let ſome praiſe for Mun's converſion paſs,
To that great wonder-worker, Saint Dundas.

Edmund ! who battled hard for Powell's life,
And ſwore no man, in virtue, e'er went further :
To prove which oath, this *Powell* took a knife,
And made the world believe it, by *Self-Murther.*

Reader—ſuppoſe, I give thee a ſmall Ode,
Made, when vile Tippoo Saib in triumph rode,
And play'd the devil on our Indian borders,
In perſon, or by vile Satanic orders :

When Mr. Burke, ſo famous for fine ſpeeches,
From trope to trope, a downright rabbit ſkipping,
Meant, ſchool-boy like, to take down Haſtings' breeches,
And give the noble Governor a whipping.——

If rightly, Reader, I tranſlate thy phiz,
Thou ſmil'ſt conſent.—I thank thee—here it is.

But mark my cleanlineſs, ere I begin :
Know, I've not caught the rage of party-ſin.

* *A Kettle drummer of great celebrity.*
† *The Admiralty.*

To Pitt, or Fox, I never did belong :
Truth, Truth I ſeek—ſo help me, God of ſong !

P'rhaps, at a *Heathen* oath, thou may'ſt demur :
Well then, ſuſpicion that I may'nt incur,
But, like a *Chriſtian*, ſwear—I do not ſham—
By all the Angels of yon lofty ſky,
Where burning Seraphims and Cherubs cry—
I'm of no party—curſe me, if I am !

By all thoſe wonder-monger Saints, and Martyrs,
Cut for the love of God, in halves and quarters ;
By each black ſoul, in purgatory frying ;
By all thoſe whiter ſouls, though we can't ſee 'em,
Singing their *Ave Mary* and *Te-Deum*,
On yon bright clouds—I ſwear, I am not lying.

No ! free as air the Muſe ſhall ſpread her wing ;
Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* ſhe pleaſes, ſing ;
Though Privy Councils, jealous of her note,
Preſcrib'd, of late a halter for her throat.*

Let folly ſpring—my eagle—falcon—kite—
Hawk—ſatire—what you will—ſhall mark her flight ;
Through huts or palaces, ('tis juſt the ſame)
With equal rage, purſue the panting game ;
And lay (by princes, or by peaſants bred)
Low, at the owner's feet, the Cuckow dead.

ODE TO EDMUND.

MUCH edified am I, by Edmund Burke !
Well pleas'd, I ſee his patriot mouth at work,
Grinding away, for poor Old England's good :
He gives, of Elocution, ſuch a feaſt !
He tells of ſuch vile doings in the Eaſt !
And ſights, as 'twere, for his own fleſh and blood.
Shroff, *Chout*, *Lack*, *Omra*, *Duſtuck*, *Nabob*, *Bunder*, *Crore*, *Choultry*, *Begum*, leave his lips in thunder.

With matchleſs Pathos, Mun deſcribes the Gag,
Employ'd by that vile ſon of Hyder Naig,
Nam'd Tippoo.—Gags ! that Britiſh mouths deteſt ;
Occaſion'd partly by that man ſo ſad,

* *This is a piece of ſecret Hiſtory.*

That Haſtings! O! deſerving all that's bad—
That villain! Murd'rer! Tyrant! Dog! Wild beaſt!

Poor Edmund ſees poor Britain's ſetting ſun:
Poor Edmund groans—and Britain is undone!

Reader, thou haſt, I do preſume,
(God knows tho')been in a ſnug room,
By coals or wood, made comfortably warm:
And often fancied, that a ſtorm without,
Hath made a diabolical rout—
Sunk ſhips—tore trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes: thou haſt lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heard'ſt of mariners, the cries;
And ſigh'd, "How wretched now muſt thouſands be!
"O! how I pity the poor ſouls at ſea!"
When, lo! this dreadful tempeſt, and his roar—
A *Zephyr*—in the key hole of the door!

Now, may not Edmund's howlings be a ſigh,
Preſſing thro' Edmund's lungs, for loaves and fiſhes,
On which he long hath look'd, with *longing* eye,
To fill poor Edmund's not o'er burden'd diſhes?
Give Mun a ſop—forgot will be complaint,
Britain be ſafe, and Haſtings prove a Saint!

NOW for the Drawing-room—O Muſe, ſo madding,
Delighted, in digreſſion to be gadding!

Hampden and Forteſcue (brave names!) attended—
The laſt, in catches wonderfully mended.
The lovely Lady Clarges too was there,
To all the Graces, as to Muſic, born;
Whoſe note, ſo ſweetly melting, ſoothes the ear!
Soft as the Robin's to the bluſh of morn!

There, too, the *Viol di gamba*, Pratt,
Whoſe fingers fair the ſtrings ſo nicely pat,
And bow, that brings out ſounds, unknown at Babel;
Tho' not ſo, ſweet, as thoſe of Mr. Abel.

Dear Maid! the daughter of that Prince of Pratts,
Who muſic cons, as well as law; and ſwears,
The girl ſhall *ſcrub* no ſoul's but Handel's airs;
To whom, he thinks our great Compoſers, Cats—
Id eſt, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,

And twenty, more, who never had the luck,
To pleaſe the nicer ears of *ſome* crown'd folk :
Ears, that like other people's, tho' they grow,
Poor creatures ! really want the ſenſe, to know
Pſalm-tunes, ſo mournful, from the old Black Joke.

That muſty Muſic hunter too—*Muſ. D.*
Much travell'd Burney, came to hear and ſee :
He, in his tour, who found ſuch great Protectors—
Kings, Queens, Dukes, Margraves, Margravines, Electors,
Who aſk'd the Doctor many a gracious queſtion,
And treated him with wond'rous hoſpitality ;
Gueſſing, he had as clever a digeſtion
For Meat and Drink, as Muſic of rare quality.

Not with much glee the Doctor heard the Ode ;
But turn'd his diſappointed eyes to God ;
And wiſh'd it his own ſetting, with a ſigh :
For, ere to Sal'ſbury-houſe the Doctor came,
To get, as Ode-ſetter, enroll'd his name,
Behold ! behold ! '*the wedding was gone by!*'

Ah ! how unlucky, that the Prize was loſt !
Parſons, who, daring, daſh'd thro' thick and thin—
Eclipſe the ſecond !—got, like lightning, in,
When Burney juſt had reach'd the diſtance-poſt,

Yet, gentle Muſe, let Candour this allow,
That, tho' his heart was mortified enow,
The Doctor did his Rival's art admire,
And own'd his maiden Crotchets ! full of fire—
Crotchets ! tho' ſweet,—alas ! condem'd to lie
Hid, like moſt royal virtues, from our eye !

Crotchets, that ſongful Mr. Parſons ties
To Tom's big phraſe, to make ſublimer cries :
Thrice happy union, to entrance the ſoul !
How like the notes of cats—a vocal pair—
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)
Tied, tail to tail, and thrown acroſs a pole !

But where was great Sir Watkyn, all this time ?
Why heard he not the air, and lofty rhyme—
The ſleek Welſh Deity, who muſic knows---
The Alexander of the Tot'nham troops,*

* *Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Ancient Muſic Concert in Tottenham-ſtreet, and much attended to, both for his Art and Science.*

Who, tortur'd by his ſtampings, nods grunts, whoops,
Do wond'rous *execution* with their *bows* .?

Sir Watkyn, deep in diſmal dudgeon gone,
Far, in his Cambrian † villa, ſat alone :
To Mrs. Walſingham,† he ſcrubb'd his baſs.
Whilſt anger ſwell'd the volume of his face,
Flaming, like Suns of London, in a fog.
Of Mrs, Walſingham he ſung, with ire—
His eyes as red as ferrets' eyes with fire ;
His mighty ſoul, for vengeance, all agog.

Achilles thus, affronted to the beard,
His ſledge like fiſt, o'er Agamemnon, rear'd,
And, down his throat, would fain his words have ramm'd :
Who, after oaths—(a pretty decent volley)—
And rating long the Monarch, for his folly,
Inform'd the '*King of Men*,' he might be d---mn'd ;
Then to his tent majeſtic ſtrode, to ſtrum,
And ſcrape his anger out, on Tweedle-dum.

" He moulds his harp (quoth Tom) to Manners mild ;"
To Kings, for babe like manners, *ſimple* ſtyl'd,
And grac'd with virtues, that would fill a tun.
By *him* the poet humbly makes a leg,
Who, gooſe-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite egg
Of Genius, gives the Phœnix to the Sun :---

To *him*, who for ſuch eggs is always watching,
And never more delighted than when hatching ;
Which makes, the number, offer'd to the Sun,
So vaſt ?---why, verily, as thick as peas—
That people may collect, with equal eaſe.
A *thouſand* noble inſtances, as *one*.

What numbers Wiſdom to his care hath given !
All hatch'd !—ſome living—others gone to heaven !
Thus, in the * Pinnick's neſt the Cuckow lays ;
Then, eaſy as a Frenchman, takes her flight :
Due homage, to the eggs, the Pinnick pays,
And brings the little lubbers into light.

† *Wyneſtay.*

‡ *The Quarrel between the Knight, and the Lady was a wonderful one*---Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ ?

* *A Bird, ſo called, in ſome countries, that attends upon the Wiſe Bird, and feeds him.*

The modern Poet ſings, (quoth Tom again)
Of Monarchs who, with economic fury,
Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am Lane,
And lock up all the doors of harmleſs Drury.†

Say, why this curſe on Drury's harmleſs door,
That thus, in anger, M—j—y ſhould lock it?
Muſe, are the Tot'n'am-Street ſubſcribers poor?
Will Drury keep ſome pence from Tot'n'am's pocket?
Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom,
O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room?

Perchance, 'tis Mara's ſong, that gives offence!
Hinc illæ lacrymæ!—O dear!---oh dear!
The ſong, that once could charm the r—l ſenſe,
Delights, alas! no more the royal ear,
Gods! can a guinea deaden ev'ry note,
And make the Nightingale's, a Raven's Throat?

But let me give his M—j—y a hint,
Freſh from my brain's prolific mint—
Suppoſe, we *Amateurs* ſhould in a fury,
Juſt take in our John-Bull-heads to ſay,
(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)—
"We *will* have Oratorios at Drury!"

How muſt he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank!
And think ſuch Speech an Inſult on his Rank.
What could he do?—Oppoſe with ire ſo hot?
I think he M---j—y had better *not!*

Kings ſhould be never in the *wrong* *—
They never *are*, ſome wiſe-acres declare—
Poh! ſuch a ſpeech may do for birth-day Song;
But makes *Us*, Philoſophic People, *ſtare!*

† *The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury-lane in this Year, under the conduct of Mr.* Linley, *and Dr.* Arnold. Madam Mara *was to have exhibited her amazing Powers. This would have been a Death-ſtroke to the Pigmy Performance in Tottenham-Court Road. How ſhould the Pigmy be ſaved?—By killing the* Giant;---*and ſo! his Death-warrant hath been ſigned. By what Power of the Conſtitution? None!*——*Can the* Grand Monarque *do more?* Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

* *Yet, let us give an Inſtance of wrong proceeding.---A certain K---and Q---, inſtead of having Concerts at their Pa-*

I know a certain owner of a C—n,
Not quite a hundred miles from Windſor Town,
Who harbour'd of his neighbour, horrid notions—
A Widow Gentlewoman—who, he ſaid,
Popp'd from her Window ev'ry day, her head,
Impertinent, to watch his royal motions.

" What ? what ? (quoth M—j– y) I'll teach her eyes,
" To take my motions by ſurpriſe——
" One cannot breakfaſt, dine, drink tea, nor ſup,
" But, whip ! the woman's head at once is out,
" To ſee, and hear, what we are all about.——
" I'll cure her of that trick—and block her up."

Mad, as his Military Grace,*
For fortifying ev'ry place,
From dock-yards, to a neceſſary-houſe——
The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the Wall——
The ſaucy Spit in petticoats to maul,
And make her eagle Pride crawl, like a Louſe.

Now, workmen came, with formidable ſtones,
To block up the poor Widow Jones——
Who mark'd this dread blockade, and with a frown,
And to the cauſe of freedom true——
One of the old hen's chicks, ſo blue,
Faſt as the K— built *up*, the Dame pull'd *down*.

lace, in the Style of other Princes, ſuch as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empreſs of Ruſſia, &c. have entered into a private ſubſcription for a Concert, in a pitiful Street--- They pay their Six Guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, gratis ! *What is ſtill more extraordinary, they have entered into a Bond for* Borrowing *Two Thouſand Pounds for putting the Houſe into decent Repair---fit for the Reception of the K--- of the firſt Empire upon Earth. Of whom has this Money been borrowed ? Marvelling Reader ! of the poor Muſicians' Fund !---which Money might have been placed out at a much ſuperior Advantage. Let me add, that the Subſcribers order a formal Rehearſal previous to every Concert; ſo that, in fact, they get a double Concert for their Money;---undoubtedly, to the vaſt Satisfaction of the Fingers of the happy* Cramer, Borghi, Shield Cervetto, *&c. who, in this Inſtance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and labourious Animal called a* Dray-horſe. * *Duke of Richmond.*

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down:
Much did the country with this battle ring,
Between the valiant Widow and the K—,
That admiration rais'd, in Windsor Town:
The mighty, battling Broughtons, and the Slacks,
Ne'er knew more Money betted on their Backs.

Sing, heav'nly Muse, how ended this affray!—
Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,
When Dames, so spirited, engage with Men——
That is—the valiant Widow won the day.

The K— could not the Woman maul:
But sound himself most shamefully defeated:
Then, very wisely he retreated,
And very prudently gave up the Wall.

Now sing, O Muse, the warlike Ammunition,
Us'd by the Dame, in her besieg'd condition,
That on the host of vile Invaders flew:
Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out 'Shame!'
And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame
From such a resolute and hostile crew?

Yes—Neptune, like her Guardian Angel, kind,
Join'd the poor Widow Jones, and ran up stairs;
There fiercely caught up certain Earthen Wares,
And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,
Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,
And wash'd, like Shags, the Combatants below.

The Goddess Cloacina, too, so hearty,
Rush'd to the Widow's house, and join'd the party.
But say, what Ammunition fill'd her hand,
Much glory for the Widow to acquire,
And give to public scorn the daring band?

What that *strong* Ammunition was, the bard
Heard as a secret—therefore, must not tell:
Nor would he, for a thousand pounds reward,
To Beaux reveal it, or the sweetest Belle.
Yet Nature, possibly, hath made a snout,
Blest with sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand, so staring like a calf—
Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh—
Thou think'st, that Monarchs never can act ill:
Get thy head shav'd, thou fool! or think so still:

Whether thou deem'ſt my ſtory falſe or true,
I value not a Ruſh.
Wilt have another ?—" No."—Nay, prithee do.
" I wont."—Thou ſhalt, by Heav'ns ! ſo prithee huſh !

But ere I give the Tale, my tuneful bride,
My Lady Muſe, ſhall talk of Kings and Pride.
Some Kings on Thrones are children on the Lap—
Children, that all of us ſee ev'ry day—
Brats, that kick, ſquall, and quarrel with their Pap,
Tearing and ſwearing, they will have their way :
And what, too, their great reputation rifles,
Kings quarrel, juſt like children, about *Trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair,
For Kingly Worſhip, to be kick'd by Fellows,
Who, probably, feed half their time on air,
Mending old Kettles, or old Bellows.

My Lady Pride's a very lofty Being,
Much pleas'd with people's ſcraping, bowing, kneeling,
Fruitful in Egotiſms, and full of brags—
Her Ladyſhip in nought, can brook denial ;
And, as for Inſult, 'tis a killing Trial,
And, more eſpecially from men of Rags.

For Pride—(ſuch is her Statelineſs, alas !)—
Rather than feel the kickings of an *Aſs*,
Would calmly put up with a Leg of *Horſe* ;
Though pelting her with fifty times the force :
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground—
Were brains, within her head-piece, to be found.

A KING AND A BRICK-MAKER.

A TALE.

A KING, near Pimlico, with Noſe and State,
Did very much a neighb'ring Brick-kiln hate,
Becauſe this kiln did vomit naſty ſmoke ;
Which ſmoke—I can't ſay very neatly bred,
Did very often take it in the head,
To blacken the Great houſe, and try, the K— to choke.

His ſacred Majeſty would, ſputt'ring ſay,
Upon a windy day,
" I'll make the Raſcal and his Brick-kiln hop—

" P-x take the ſmoke—the ſulphur !—Zounds !
" It forces down my throat by pounds—
" My belly is a downright blackſmith's ſhop."

One day, he was ſo peſter'd by a cloud,
He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud,
" Go, (roar'd his M——y unto a Page—
Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'liſh rage)
" Go, tell the Raſcal, who the Brick-kiln owns,
" That, if he dares to burn another brick,
" Black all my houſe like hell, and make me ſick,
" I'll tear his Kiln to rags, and break his bones."

Off ſet the Page, and ſoon his errand told :
On which the Brick-maker—a little bold,
Exclaim'd, " *He* break *my* bones, good maſter Page !
" *He* ſay, my Kiln ſha'n't burn another brick,
" Becauſe it blacks his houſe, and makes him ſick !
" Go—give my Compliments to Maſter's rage,
" And ſay, *more Bricks* I am reſolv'd to burn ;
" And—(if the Smoke his Worſhip's ſtomach turn)
" To ſtop his Royal Mouth and Snout—
" Nay, more, good Page—His M——y ſhall find,
" I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,
" And, dam'me, try to ſmoke him *out*."

This was a dreadful meſſage to a K——
From a poor ragged Rogue, that dealt in mud :
Yet, though ſo impudent a thing,
The Fellow's Rhet'ric could not be withſtood.
Stiff, as againſt poor Haſtings, Edmund Burke,
This Brick-maker went, tooth and nail, to work,
And form'd a true *Veſuvius* on the eye :
The ſmoke, in pitchy volumes, roll'd along,
Ruſh'd thro' the royal dome, with ſulpher ſtrong,
And then aſcending, darken'd all the ſky.

Thus did this cloud of darkneſs daily ſhade
The building, for the Lord's Anointed made,
And blacken'd it, like Palls, that grace a burying :
Thus was this Man of Mud and Straw employ'd,
And, at the thought ſo wicked, overjoy'd,
Of ſmoking his Liege Sov'reign like a Herring :

Of ſerving him, as we do parts of Swine,
Thought, with green peas, a diſh extremely fine.

But lo! this baneful Rogue of Brick,
Fell, for his Sov'reign fotunately, ſick,
And, ere the wretch could pleaſe his ſpleen and pride,
Of turning Monarchs into Bacon—died.

THE modern Bard, (quoth Tom) ſublimely ſings,
Of ſharp and prudent economic Kings,
Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,
And pigs, of ev'ry ſort of breed:

—Of Kings, who pride themſelves on fruitful ſows;
Who ſell ſkimm'd milk, and keep a guard ſo ſtout,
To keep the geeſe, the thieviſh raſcals, out,
That, ev'ry morning, us'd to ſuck the * Cows:

—Of Kings, who † cabbages and carrots plant,
For ſuch, as wholeſome vegetables want;—
Who feed, too, poultry, for the people's ſake,
Then ſend it thro' the villages in carts,
To cheer (how wond'rous kind) the hungry hearts,
Of ſuch as *only pay* for what they take.

The Poet now, quoth Tom's rare Lucubration,
Singeth Commercial Treaties—Commutation—
Taxes on Paint, Pomatum, Milk of Roſes,
Olympian Dew, Gloves, Sticking-Plaſter, Hats,
Quack Med'cines for ſick *Chriſtians*, and *ſound Rats*,
And all, that charms our eyes, or mouths, or noſes.

The modern Bard, ſays Tom, ſublimely ſings,
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,
Who love their wives, to conſtant, from their heart,
Who, down at Windſor, daily go a ſhopping—
Their heads, ſo lovely, into houſes popping,
And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God's Name, ſhould not Queens and Kings,
Purchaſe a comb or corkſcrew, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-ſtrings,
Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

* *Is it poſſible for this Story to be true? We would rather give it as* apocryphal.

† *M. Warton ſays in his Ode*, "Who plant the Civic Bay,"—*but he aſſuredly meant Cabbages and Carrots:—the Fact proves it.*

Reader ! to make thine eyes with wonder ſtare,
Farthings are not beneath the Royal care !
Farthings are helpleſs children of a guinea :
If not well watch'd, they travel to their coſt !
For lo ! each copper-viſag'd little Ninney,
Is very apt to ſtray, and to be loſt.

Extravagance I never dar'd defend—
I'd have a Monarch ſave a candle-end ;
Since 'tis an axiom ſure, the more folks *ſave*,
The more, indiſputably, they muſt *have*.
Crown'd heads, of *ſaving*, ſhould appear examples ;
And Britain really boaſts two pretty ſamples !

The modern Poet ſings, quoth Tom again,
Of ſweet Exciſemen, an obliging train,
Who, like our Guardian Angels, watch our houſes,
And add another civil obligation,
That addeth greatly to our reputation—
Hug, in our abſences, our loving ſpouſes.

Reader ! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath.—
Now, as thou doſt admire the true ſublime,
And, conſequently, my immortal rhyme,
'Tis clear, thou never can'ſt deſire my death :—

Swans, in their ſongs, moſt muſically die—
If that's the caſe then, Reader, ſo might *I*.
Let me then join my wiſhes—ſtay my rapture,
And nurſe my lungs, to ſing a ſecond chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

"GRANT me an honeſt Fame, or grant me none,"
Says Pope—(I don't know where)—a little liar ;
Who, if he prais'd a man, twas in a tone,
That made his Praiſe like bunches of Sweet Briar,
Which, whilſt a pleaſing Fragrance it beſtows,
Pops out a pretty prickle on your noſe.

Were *ſome Folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,
"Grant me an honeſt Fame, or grant me none !"
Such Princes were upon the forlorn hope—
Soon, very ſoon, to Reputation, dead,
Their idle Laureats, faith, might ſhut up ſhop,
And bid their lofty Genius go to bed.

Muſe, this is all well ſaid ; but not t'offend ye,
I beg you will not cultivate digreſſion—
Plead not the Poet's *quidlibet audendi ;*
For ſurely there are limits to th' expreſſion,
Then ceaſe to wanton thus in Epiſode,
And tell the World of Mr. *Warton's* Ode.

The modern Poet, Laureat Thomas ſays,
To Botany's grand Iſland tunes his lays,
Fix'd for the Swains and Damſels of St. Giles,
Whoſe knowledge in the *Hocus Pocus* art,
Bids them from *Britain* ſomewhat ſudden ſtart.
To teach to ſouthern climes, their myſtic wiles:

Improve the wiſdom of the Common-Weal,
And teach the ſimple natives how to ſteal,
The picklock ſciences, ſo dark, explain,
And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again—the modern Poet ſings,
Of ſweet, good-natur'd, inoffenſive Kings ;
Who, by a miracle, eſcap'd with life—
Eſcap'd a damſel's moſt tremendous knife :
A knife that had been taught, by toil and art,
To pierce the bowels of a pie or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full diſplay,
Of what our Laureat ſays, or meant to ſay ;
I'll beg of Thomas to inſtruct my ears,
Why, in his verſes, he ſhould call
The Knights who grac'd the high-arch'd Hall,
A ſet of * Bears ?

Why the bold ſteel-clad Knights of elder days
Are not intitled to a little praiſe,
Who, for God's cauſe, did palace, houſe, and *but ſell,*
As well as Monarchs of the preſent date,
Whoſe dear Religion, of which Poets prate,
Might lodge, without much ſqueezing, in a nut-ſhell ?

" What King hath ſmall Religion ?—(thou replieſt)—
" If G..... the Th... thou meaneſt—Bard, thou lieſt."

Hold, Thomas—not ſo furious—I know things,
That add not to the Piety of K—gs.

* Vide *the word* Savage, *in the Laureat's Ode for the New Year.*

I've seen a K—g at Chapel, I declare,
Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r-
When inwards his sad optics ought to roll
To view the dark condition of his soul;
Catch up an opera glass, with curious eye,
(Forgetting God) some stranger's phiz to spy;
As tho' desirous to observe, if Heav'n
Had Christian features to the visage giv'n;
Then turn (for kind communication, keen)
And tell some new-found wonders to the Q—n.

"Ah! Peter, Peter," Laureat Thomas cries,
"Thou hast no *Fear of---Kings*, before thy Eyes;
"Great—Little—all, with thee, are equal jokes,
"And mighty Monarchs, merely common folks.
"Ah! wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know"——
Know what?—"That Monarchs are not merely *Show*;
"Souls they possess, and on a glorious Scale."——
To this I answer, Thomas, with a *Tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy, (I know not *which*)
Thus, on a certain time address'd a Poet—
"I'm much afraid of that same scribbling Itch—
"You've Wit—but pray be cautious how you show it;
"Say nothing in your rhymes about a King—
"If Praise, 'tis Lies—if Blame, a dang'rous thing,"

That is, the Duke believ'd the King, uncivil,
Might kick the saucy poet to the Devil.

T. W.

Peter, there's Odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it?—So there is egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no Prince*, of Common Sense possest—

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest—
On *Stanislaus*, the Muse could pour her strain,
Who, dying, sunk a Sun upon Lorraine:
Too, like the parted *Sun*, with glory crown'd—
He fill'd, with Blushes deep, th' Horizon round.
Fred'ric the Great, who died the other day,
Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say.

We muſt not touch upon the King's *Belief*—
Becauſe (I fear) he ſeldom ſaid his pray'rs—
Nor dare we ſay, the Hero was no Thief,
Becauſe he plunder'd ev'ry Body's Wares.

I'm told the Emperor is vaſtly wiſe—
And hope. that Madame Fame hath not told Lies:
Yet in his Diſputations with the Dutch,
The Monarch's Oratory was not much:
Full many a trope, from Bayonet and Drum
He threaten'd—but, behold! 'twas all a Hum.

Wiſe are our gracious Q——'s *ſuberb* Relations,
The Pride and Envy of the German nations—
People of Faſhion, Worſhip, Wealth and State—
Lo! what demand for them, in Heav'n, of late!
Lo! with his knapſack, ev'n juſt now departed,
As fine a Soldier, faith as ever ſtarted—
Whom Death did almoſt *dread* to lay his *claws on*—
Old Captain—what's his Name? * Saxehilberghauſen:
For whom (with zeal, for *Folks of Worſhip*, burning)
We once again are blacken'd up by mourning;
To ſhow, by glove, cloth, ribbon, crape and fan,
A peck of trouble for th' old Gentleman.
Good lack-a-daiſie then! what dozens
Our Q.— hath got of Uncles, Aunts, and Couſins!
Egad, if thus thoſe folks continue dying,
Each Briton, doom'd to diſmal black,
Muſt always bear a hearſe-like back,
And, like Heraclitus, be always crying.

Great is the Northern Empreſs, I confeſs!
Much, in her humour like our good Queen Beſs;
She keeps her fair Court-Dames from getting † drunk;
And all ſo temperate herſelf, folks ſay,
She ſcarcely drinks a dozen drams a day;
And, in *Love matters*, is a Queen of *ſpunk*:
And when on Horſeback—lo! with *manly* Pride
This brave Semiramis doth ſit *aſtride!*

* *Great Uncle to our moſt gracious* Q—. *He died in the* Emperor's *Service.*

† *At an Aſſembly, ſome years ſince, at Peterſburgh, which was honoured with the* Empreſs's *Preſence, one of the Rules* " *was,* " *That no Lady ſhould come* drunk *into the Room.*"

Yet like I not ſuch Woman for a Wife—
Such Heroines, in a matrimonial ſtrife,
Might hammer, from one's *tender* head, hard notes:
I own my delicacy is ſo great,
I cannot in diſpute, with rapture meet
Women, who look like men in petticoats.

Oft, in a learn'd diſpute upon a Cap,
By way of *Anſwer*, one might have a *Slap*—
P'rhaps on a ſimple petticoat or gown—
Nay! poſſibly, on Madam's being *kiſs'd!*
And really, I would rather be knock'd down,
By Weight of Argument, than Weight of *Fiſt*.

I like not Dames, whoſe converſation runs
On battles, ſieges, mortars, and great guns—
The milder beauties win my ſoften'd ſoul,
Who look for faſhions with deſiring eyes;
Pleas'd, when on *wigs* the converſations roll,
Cork-rumps, and Merry thoughts, and Lover's ſighs,

Love! when I marry, give me not an Ox—
I hate a Woman like a Sentry-box;
Nor can I deem the *Dame* a charming creature,
Whoſe hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.
In Women—Angels ſweetneſs let me ſee—
No galloping Horſe-Godmothers for *me*.
I own, I cannot brook ſuch manly *Belles*,
As Mademoiſelle D'Eon, and Hannah Snells.
Yet men are there, (how ſtrange are Love's decrees!)
Whom vulgar courſe, Jack-Gentlewoman pleaſe.

How diff'rent, Sylvia, from thy form ſo fair!
That triumphs in a love-inſpiring air;
Superior beaming, ev'n where thouſands ſhine—
Thy form! where all the tender Graces play,
That, bluſhing, ſeem in ev'ry ſmile to ſay,
"Behold! we boaſt an origin divine!"—

See to the Queen of France—a Gem I ween!
With rev'rence, let me hail that charming Queen,
Bliſs to the King, and luſtre to her race;
Though Venus gave of beauty, half her ſtore,
And all the Graces bid a world adore—
Her ſmalleſt beauties are the charms of *Face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for virtues muſt you roam?

P. P.

Becauſe I cannot find them, Tom, *at home.*
I beg your pardon—Yes—the Prince of Wales,
(Whoſe actions ſmile contempt on Scandal's tales)
Ranks in the Muſes favour high—
I wiſh *ſome folks*, that I could name with eaſe,
Bleſt with *his* head—*his* heart—*his* pow'rs to pleaſe—
Then Pity's ſoul would ceaſe from many a ſigh,

The crouching Courtiers, that ſurround a throne,
And learn to ſpeak and grin from *one* alone,
Who watch, like dancing-dogs, their Maſter's nod,
Are ready now, if horſe-whipp'd from their places,
At Charlton-houſe to ſhow their ſupple faces,
And call the Prince they villify, a *God.*

T. W.

Think'ſt thou not, Cæſar doth the Arts poſſeſs?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom—yes!

T. W.

Think'ſt thou not, *Cæſar* would each joy forego,
To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, Tom—no.

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bleſs a child, beſtow?

P. P.

Heav'n help thy folly!—No, Tom—no, Tom—no!
The ſordid ſouls, that Avarice enſlaves,
Would gladly graſp their guineas in their Graves:
Like that old Greek—a miſerable cur,
Who made himſelf his own executor.

A cat is, with her kittens, much delighted;
She licks ſo lovingly their mouths and chins:
At ev'ry danger, Lord! how puſs is frighted—
She curles her back, and ſwells her tail, and grins:
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs,
Who ſmell too curious to her children's furs.

This happens whilſt her cats are *young*, indeed ;
But when *grown* up, alas ! how chang'd their luck !
No more ſhe plays at bo-peep with her breed,
Lies down, and, mewing, bids them come and ſuck.

No more ſhe ſports and pats them, friſks and purs ;
Plays with their little tails, and licks their furs ;
But when they beg her bleſſing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,
She watches the dear babes, with ſquinting eye ;
And if ſhe ſpies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and ſteals their treat—
No more a tender love ſhe ſeems to feel—
The Dev'l, for *her*, may eat 'em at a meal—
With all *her* ſoul—the jade, ſo wond'rous ſaving,
Cries, " Off !— you now are at your own beard-ſhaving."

So—to ſome K—s this evil doth belong—
Th' intelligence is good, I make no doubt—
Who really love their offſpring, when they're young ;
But loſe that fond Affection, when they're ſtout ;
Far off they ſend them—not a Sixpence give—
I wonder, Thomas, where ſuch M——chs live !

Should ſuch one, Thomas, come acroſs thy way,
And for thy Flatt'ry offer butts of ſack ;
Say plainly, that he would diſgrace thy lay ;
And turning on him thy Pindaric back,
Bid like a Porcupine, thine anger briſtle,
Nor damn thy precious ſoul, to wet thy whiſtle.

CONCLUSION.

THINK not, Friend Tom, I envy thee thy rhyme,
By numbers, I aſſure thee, deem'd ſublime ;
Or that thy Laureat's place my ſpleen provokes :
The *King* (good Man !) and I, ſhould never quarrel,
E'en though his royal wiſdom gave the laurel
To Mr. Tom a-Stiles, or John o-Nokes.

Old-faſhion'd, as if tutor'd in the Ark.
I never ſigh'd for Glory's high degrees ;

This very inſtant, ſhould our *Grand Monarque*
Say, "*Peter*, be my Laureat, if you pleaſe."—

"No, pleaſe your Majeſty," ſhould be my anſwer,
With ſweeteſt deffidence, and modeſt grace:
"The office ſuits a more ingenious man, Sir;
"In God's name, therefore, let *him* have the place:
"Unlike the Poets, 'tis my vaſt affliction,
"To be a miſerable hand at *Fiction*.

"But, Sir, I'll find ſome Lyric undertaker,
"Acroſtic, Rebus, or Conundrum-Maker,
"Who oft hath rode old Pegaſus, ſo fiery,
"And won the ſweepſtakes in the Lady's Diary.
"Such, Sire, in poetry ſhall hitch your name,
"And do ſufficient juſtice to your fame."

AN

APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

ODE UPON ODE.

Principibus placuiſſe viris non ultima laus eſt.

HORACE.

The *Bard* whoſe verſe can charm the *Beſt of Kings*,
Performeth *moſt extraordinary* things!

PETER nobly acknowledgeth error, ſuſpecteth an interfering devil, and ſupplicateth his reader—He boaſteth, wittily parodieth, and moſt learnedly quoteth a Latin Poet—He ſheweth much affection for Kings, illuſtrating it by a beautiful ſimile—Peter again waxeth witty—Reſolution declared for rhyme, in conſequence of encouragement from our two Univerſities—Peter wickedly accuſed of Kingroaſting; refuteth the malevolent charge by a moſt apt illuſtration—Peter criticiſeth the blunders of the ſtars—Peter replyeth to the charges brought againſt him by the world—He diſplayeth great Bible knowledge, and maketh a ſhrewd obſervation on King David, Uriah, and the ſheep, ſuch as no commentator ever made before—Peter challengeth courtiers to equal his intrepidity, and proveth his ſuperiority of courage by giving a delectable tale of dumplings—Peter anſwereth the unbelief of a vociferous world—declareth *totis veribus* love for Kings—Peter peepeth into futurity, and telleth the fortune of the Prince of Wales—He deſcanteth on the high province of the ancient Poets, and diſplayeth claſſical erudition—Peter holdeth conference with a Quaker—Peter, as uſual, turneth rank egotiſt—He telleth ſtrange news relating to Majeſty and Pepper Arden—Peter apologiſeth for impudence by a tale of a French King—Peter, imitating Ovid, who was tranſported for his impudent ballads, talketh to his ode—Suggeſteth a

royal anſwer to ode and ode-factors—Happily ſelecteth a ſtory of King Canute, illuſtrating the danger of ſtopping the mouths of Poets with halters, &c. inſtead of meat—Peter concludeth with a wiſe obſervation.

READER, I ſolemnly proteſt,
I thought, that I had work'd up all my rhyme!
What ſtupid Demon hath my brain poſſeſs'd?—
I prithee, pardon me this time.

Afford thy patience, through more Ode;
'Tis not a vaſt extent of road;
Together let us gallop then along:
Moſt nimbly ſhall old Pegaſus, my hack, ſtir.—
To drop the image— prithee hear more ſong,
Some, '*more laſt words of Mr. Baxter.*'

A wond'rous fav'rite of the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are *Peter*'s powr's of ſong:
His nerve of ſatire, too, ſo very tough,
Strong without weakneſs, without ſoftneſs rough.

What *Horace* ſaid of ſtreams in eaſy lay,
The marv'ling world of *Peter*'s tongue may ſay;
His tongue ſo copious, in a flux of metre,
"LABITUR ET LABETUR!"

O D E.

WORLD, ſtop thy mouth!—I am reſolv'd to rhyme;
I cannot throw away a vein ſublime.
If I may take the liberty to brag,
I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
Venting upon his maſter a rank libile,
Conceal my talent in a rag.

Kings muſt continue ſtill to be my theme—
Eternally of Kings I dream;
As beggars, ev'ry night (we muſt ſuppoſe)
Dream of their vermine in their beds;
Becauſe, as ev'ry body knows,
Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Beſides—were I to write of common folks,
No ſoul would buy my rhymes, ſo ſtrange and jokes:

Then, what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork ?---
How would my masticating muscles work ?

Indeed, I dare not say, they would be idle :
But---like my Pegasus' chops, so stout,
Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
And nobly flings the foam about---

So mine would work—"on what ?" my reader cries,
With a stretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes.—
Heav'n help thy most un-penetrating wit !—
On a hard morsel---hunger's *iron bit !*

By all the rhyming Goddesses and Gods !
I will---I *must* persist in Odes ;
And not a power on earth shall hinder---
I hear both * Universities exclaim,
" Peter, it is a glorious road to fame :
" *Exge, Poeta magne !*—well said Pindar !

Yet, some approach, with apostolic face,
And cry, " O Peter, what a want of grace,
" Thus, in thy rhyme, to roast a King !"---
I roast a King !—By heav'ns, 'tis not a fact—
I scorn such wicked and disloyal act—
Who dares assert it, says a bland'rous thing,

Hear what I have to say of kings.—
If un-sublime they deal in childish things,
And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope ;
Each mighty Monarch straight appears *to me*
A roaster of himself—*Felo de se*—
I only act as Cook, and *dish him up.*

Reader ! another simile, as rare—
My verses form a sort of bill of fare,
Informing guests, what kind of flesh and fish
Is to be found within each dish ;
That eating people may not be mistaken,
And take, for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

* *The violence of the Universities, on this occasion, may probably arise from the contempt thrown on them, by his Majesty's sending the Royal children to Gottingen for education : but have not their Majesty's amply made it up to Oxford, by a visit to that celebrated seminary—and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour ?*

Whenever I have heard of Kings,
Who place, in goſſipings and news, their pride,
And knowing family concerns—mean things :—
Very judiciouſly, indeed, I've cried,
" I wonder,
" How their blind ſtars could make ſo groſs a blunder !
" Inſtead of ſitting on a throne,
" In purple, rich—of ſtate ſo full—
" They ſhould have had an apron on ;
" And ſeated on a three legg'd ſtool,
" Commanding, of dead hair, the ſprigs,
" To do their duty upon wigs,

" By ſuch miſtakes, is Nature often foil'd—
" Such improprieties ſhould never ſpring.—
" Thus a fine chatt'ring Barber may be ſpoil'd,
" To make a moſt indiff'rent King."—

" Sir ! Sir ! (I hear the world exclaim)
" At too high game you impudently aim—
" How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
" Tread, like a horſe, on kingly kibes ?"—

Folks, who can't ſee their errors, can't reform :—
No plainer axiom ever came from man :
And'tis a Chriſtian's duty in a ſtorm,
To ſave his ſinking neighbour, if he can.
Thus I, to Kings, my Ode of wiſdom pen ;
Becauſe your Kings, have ſouls, like common men,

The Bible warrants me to ſpeak the truth ;
Nor, mealy-mouth'd, my tongue in ſilence keep.—
Did not good Nathan tell that buckiſh youth,
David the King, that he ſtole ſheep ?—

Stole poor Uriah's little fav'rite lamb—
An ewe it chanc'd to be—and not a ram—
For had it been a ram, the royal glutton
Had never meddled with Uriah's mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face,
To ſay to Majeſty, " O King,
" At *ſuch* a time, in *ſuch* a place,
" You did a very fooliſh thing ?—
What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
Would publiſh, of his King, this ſimple ſtory ?—

THE

APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with hooping,
Whipping, and ſpurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceleſs, harmleſs buck—
The horſe, and rider wet as muck—
From his high conſequence and wiſdom ſtooping,
Enter'd, through curioſity, a cot,
Where ſat a poor old woman, with her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-ey'd, good old granny,
In this ſame cot, illum'd by many a cranny;
Had finiſh'd apple dumplings for her pot.
In tempting row, the naked dumplings lay;
When, lo the Monarch, in his uſual way,
Like lightning ſpoke, "What's this? what's this?
"what? what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes, with admiration, did expand:
And oft did Majeſty the dumpling grapple—
"'Tis monſtrous, monſtrous hard indeed!" he cried.
"What makes it, pray ſo hard?"—The dame replied,
Low curt'ſying, "Pleaſe your Majeſty, the apple."

"Very aſtoniſhing, indeed!—ſtrange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King)
"'Tis moſt extraordinary, then, all this is—
"It beats Pinetti's conj'ring, all to pieces—
"Strange, *I ſhould* never of a dumpling dream!—
"But, Goody, tell me—where, where, where's the ſeam?"

"Sir, there's no ſeam, (quoth ſhe I never knew,
"That folks did apple-dumplings ſew."—
"No cried the ſtaring Monarch with a grin—
"How, how the Devil, got the apple in?"

On which the Dame the curious ſcheme reveal'd
By which the apple lay ſo ſly conceal'd,
Which made the Solomon of Britain ſtart!
Who to the Palace with full ſpeed repair'd,
And Queen, and Princeſſes ſo beauteous, ſcar'd,
All with the wonders of the Dumpling art!

There did he labour one whole week to show
The wisdom of *Apple-Dumpling Maker ;*
And lo ! so deep was Majesty in dough,
The Palace seem'd the lodging of a *Baker*

READER, thou likest not my tale—look'st blue—
Thou art a Courtier—roarest, " Lies ! lies ! lies !"—
Do, for a moment, stop thy cries—
I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis true.

Why should it not be true ?—The greatest men
May ask a foolish question, now and then—
This is the language of all ages—
Folly lays many a trap—we can't escape it :
Nemo (says some one) *omnibus horis sapit ;*
Then why not Kings, like *Me*, and *other* sages ?

Far from despising Kings, I like the breed,
Provided, king-like they behave—
Kings are an instrument, we need,
Just as we razors want—to shave :
To keep the State's face smooth—give it an air—
Like my Lord North's—so jolly, round, and fair.
My sense of Kings tho' freely I impart ;
I hate not Royalty—Heav'n knows my heart—
Princes, and Princesses I like, so loyal—
Great George's children are my great delight :
The sweet Augusta, and sweet Princess Royal,
Obtain my love by day, and pray'rs by night.

Yes ! I like Kings ; and oft look back, with pride,
Upon the Edwards, Harrys, of our Isle—
Great souls ! in virtue, as in valour, tried !
Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.—
Muse, let us also *forward* look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold ! the Sceptre young *Augustus* sways !—
I hear the mingled praise of millions rise ;
I see, up-rais'd to Heav'n, their ardent eyes,
That, for their Monarch, ask a length of days.

Bright in the brightest annals of renown,
Behold fair Fame his youthful temples crown,
With laurels of unfading bloom !
Behold Dominion swell, beneath his care,
And Genius, rising from a dark despair,
His long-extinguish'd fires relume !

Such are the Kings, that ſuit *my* taſte, I own—
Not thoſe, where all the littleneſſes join—
Whoſe ſouls ſhould ſtart, to find their lot a throne,
And bluſh to ſhow their noſes on a coin.

Reader---for fear of wicked applications---,
I now allude to Kings of foreign nations.

Poets, (ſo un-impeach'd, tradition ſays)
The ſole hiſtorians were, of ancient days,
Who help'd their heroes, Fame's high hill to clamber;
Penning their glorious acts, in language ſtrong;
And thus preſerving, by immortal ſong,
Their names, amidſt their tuneful amber.

What am *I* doing?---Lord! the very ſame---
Preſerving many a deed deſerving fame,
Which that old, lean, devouring ſhark, call'd Time,
Would, without ceremony, eat---
In my opinion, far too rich a treat---
I therefore merit ſtatues, for my rhyme.

" All this is laudable (a Quaker cries)
" But let grave Wiſdom, Friend, thy verſes rule:
" Put on thy Irony's two ſquinting eyes---
" Deſpiſe thy grinning monkey, Ridicule.

What! ſlight my ſportive monkey, Ridicule,
Who acts like birch on boys at ſchool,
Neglecting leſſons---truant, p'rhaps, whole weeks!—
My Ridicule, with humour fraught, and wit,
Is that ſatiric friend, a gouty fit,
Which bites men into health and roſy cheeks.

A moral Mercury, that cleanſeth ſouls,
Of ills, that with them play the devil—
Like Mercury, that much the pow'r controuls
From preſents, gain'd from ladies over-civil.

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you pleaſe—
The ancients did ſo—therefore, why not I?—
Lo! for my wond'rous cures, I aſk no fees,
Whilſt *other Doctors* let their patients die;
That is, ſuch patients, as can't pay for cure—
A very ſelfiſh, wicked thing, I'm ſure.

Now, though I'm *ſoul-phyſician* to the King,
I never begg'd of him the ſmalleſt thing,
For all the threſhing of my virtuous brains:

Nay, were I my poor pocket's ſtate t'impart—
So well I know my royal patient's heart—
He would not give me two pence for my pains.

But, hark! folks ſay, the King is very mad—
The news, if true, indeed, were very ſad,
And far too ſerious an affair to mock it.
Yet, how can this agree with what I've heard,
That ſo much, by him, are my rhymes rever'd—
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket?
And when *thrown out*—which often is the caſe,
In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race—
My verſe ſo much his Majeſty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them, on the turnpike-roads—
Now under trees and hedges— now in ditches.

Hark! with aſtoniſhment, a ſound I hear,
That ſtrikes tremendous on my ear——
It ſays, great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
Juſt like of Jupiter the famous Eagle,
Is ordered out, to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper give my love
Unto thy lofty maſter, Mr. Jove;
And aſk, how it can ſquare with his religion,
To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,
With thy ſhort ſturdy beak, and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmleſs, cooing pigeon?

By Heav'ns! I diſbelieve the fact——
A Monarch cannot ſo unwiſely act.

Suppoſe, that Kings, ſo rich, are always mumping,
Praying, and preſſing Miniſters, for money;
Bidding them, on our hive (poor bees!) be thumping,
Trying to ſhake out all our honey;
A thing that oft hath happen'd in our iſle!—
Pray, ſhan't we be allow'd to ſmile?
To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of ſolace, for our plunder'd hive?

A King of France, (I've loſt the Monarch's name)
Who, avaricious, got himſelf bad fame,
By moſt unmannerly and thieviſh plunges
Into his ſubjects purſes,

A *deep manœuvre*, that obtain'd their curſes,
Becauſe it treated gentlefolks like *ſponges*.

To ſhow, how much they reliſh'd not ſuch ſqueézing,
Such goods-and-chattle-ſeizing,
They publiſh'd libels, to diſplay their hate,
To comfort, in ſome ſort, their ſouls,
For ſuch a number of large holes,
Eat, by this Royal Rat, in each eſtate.

The *Premier* op'd his gullet, like a ſhark,
To hear ſuch ſatires on the Grand Monarque,
And roar'd—" Meſſieurs, you ſoon ſhall feel
" My criticiſm upon your ballads,
" Not to *your* taſte, ſo ſweet as frogs and ſallads—
" A ſtricture critical, yclep'd Baſtile!"

But firſt he told the tidings to the King,
Then ſwore, *par Dieu*, that he would quickly bring,
Unto the grinding-ſtone, their noſes down—
No, not a ſoul of 'em ſhould ever thrive;
He'd flay them, like St *Bartlemew*, alive—
Villains! for daring to inſult the crown.

The Monarch heard Monſieur le *Premier* out,
And, ſmiling on his loyalty ſo ſtout,
Replied—" Monſieur le *Premier*, you are wrong;
" Don't of the pleaſure let them be debar'd—
" You know how we have ſerv'd 'em—faith! 'tis hard,
" They ſhould not for their money have a *ſong*."

Ovid, ſweet ſtory-teller of old times,
Unluckily tranſported for his rhymes,
Addreſs'd his book, before he bade it walk;
Therefore my Worſhip, and my Ode,
In imitation of ſuch claſſic mode,
May, like two Indian nations, have a *Talk*.

" Dear Ode! whoſe verſe the true ſublime affords,
" Go, viſit Kings, Queens, Paraſites, and Lords;
" And if thy modeſt beauties they adore,
" Inform them, they ſhall ſpeedily have more."

But poſſibly a mighty King may ſay—
" Ode! Ode!—What! What?—I hate your rhyme
" haranguing;
" I'd rather hear a Jack-aſs bray:
" I never new a Poet worth the hanging.

" I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings:
" I'll teach the faucy knaves to laugh at Kings;
" Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues their songs shall rue,
" A ragged, bold-fac'd, ballad-singing crew.
" Yes, yes, the Poets shall my pow'r confess;
" I'll maul that spawning Devil call'd the Press."

If furious thus exclaim a King of glory,
Tell him, O gentle Muse, this pithy story:

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught, to fancy,
That, by a kind of royal necromancy,
He had the pow'r, old Ocean to controul—
Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
And issued, like a Solomon, command—
Poor soul!

" Go back, ye waves, ye blustering rogues, (quoth he)
" Touch not your Lord and Master, Sea!
" For, by my pow'r almighty, if you do"—
Then staring vengeance, out he held a stick,
Vowing to drive old Ocean to old Nick,
Should he ev'n wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retir'd—the Monarch fierce rush'd on,
And look'd, as if he'd drive him from the land—
But *Sea* not caring to be put upon,
Made, for a moment, a bold stand:

Not only made a *stand* did Mr. Ocean,
But to his honest Waves he made a motion,
And bid them give the King a hearty trimming;
The orders seem'd a deal the Waves to tickle:
For soon they put his Majesty in pickle;
And set his Royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar—
Soon did they make him wish himself on shore;
His head and ears most handsomely they dous'd—
Just like a porpoise, with one general shout,
The Waves so tumbled the poor King about—
No Anabaptist e'er was half so sous'd.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half-drown'd thing,
Indeed more like a crab, than like a King;

And found his Courtiers making rueful faces.
But what ſaid Canute to the Lords and Gentry,
Who hal'd him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives or places?

" My Lords, and Gentlemen, by your advice,
" I've had with Mr. *Sea*, a pretty buſtle;
" My treatment from my foe not over-nice,---
" Juſt made a jeſt for ev'ry ſhrimp and muſcle:
" A pretty trick for one of my dominion!
" My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

" You'll ſay, perhaps, I've loſt *one* game,
" And bid me try another---for the rubber---
" Permit me to inform you all, with ſhame,
" That you're a ſet of knaves, and I'm a lubber."

Such is the ſtory, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear---a ſacred load!
Yet, much I fear, 'twill be of no great uſe;---
(Kings are in gen'ral, obſtinate as mules;
Thoſe who ſurround them, moſtly rogues and fools)
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet ſtories, ſentences, and, golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools;
But this, unluckily, the ſimple fact is:
Thoſe rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And all ſo dev'liſh modeſt, don't deſire
The glory of reducing them to *practice*.

Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat;

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BITH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

MR. WHITBREAD'S BREW-HOUSE.

Sic tranſit Gloria Mundi!———OLD SUN-DIALS.

From *Houſe* of Buckingham, in grand Parade,
To Whitbread's *Brew-houſe* mov'd the Cavalcade!

ARGUMENT.

PETER's *loyalty. He ſuſpecteth Mr. Warton of joking. Complimenteth the Poet Laureat. Peter differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton. Taketh up the cudgels for* King Edward, King Harry V. *and* Queen Beſs, *Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon, performed by our moſt gracious Sovereign. King* Charles II. *half-damned by* Peter, *yet praiſed for keeping company with* gentlemen. Peter *praiſeth himſelf.* Peter *reproved by Mr.* Warton, *Deſireth Mr.* Warton's *prayers. A fine ſimile.* Peter *ſtill ſuſpecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings.* Peter *expoſtulateth with Mr.* Warton. *Mr.* Warton *replieth.* Peter *adminiſtereth bold advice—Wittily calleth Death and Phyſicians poachers. Praiſeth the King for paternal tenderneſs.* Peter *maketh a natural* ſimile. Peter *furthermore telleth* Thomas Warton *what to ſay.* Peter *giveth a beautiful example of Ode-writing.*

CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

HIS Majeſty's love for the arts and ſciences, even in quadrupeds. His reſolution to know the hiſtory of brewing beer.

Billy Ramus ſent ambaſſador to Chiſwell-ſtreet. Interview between Meſſrs. Ramus and Whitbread. Mr. Whitbread's bow and compliments to his Majeſty. Mr. Ramus's return from his embaſſy. Mr. Whitbread's terrors deſcribed to Majeſty, by Mr. Ramus. The King's pleaſure thereat. Deſcription of people of worſhip. Account of the Whitbread preparation. The royal cavalcade to Chiſwell-ſtreet. The arrival at the brewhouſe. Great joy of Mr. Whitbread. His Majeſty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of queſtions. A Weſt-India *ſimile*. The marvellings of the draymen deſcribed. His Majeſty peepeth into a pump. Beautifully compared to a Magpie peeping into a marrow-bone. The *minute* curioſity of the King. Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to ſurpriſe Majeſty. His Majeſty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread. Mr. Whitbread's horſe expreſſeth wonder. Alſo Mr. Whitbread's dog. His Majeſty maketh laudable enquiry about porter. Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread. The King noteth *notable* things. Profound queſtions propoſed by Majeſty. *As* profoundly anſwered by Mr. Whitbread. Majeſty in a miſtake. Corrected by the brewer. A noſe *ſimile*. Majeſty's admiration of the bell. Good manners of the bell. Fine appearance of Mr. Whitbread's pigs. Majeſty propoſeth queſtions, but benevolently waiteth not for anſwers. Peter telleth the duty of Kings. Diſcovereth one of his ſhrewd maxims. Sublime *ſimile* of a water-ſpout and a King. The great uſe of aſking queſtions. The habitation of Truth. The collation. The wonders performed by the royal viſitors. Majeſty propoſeth to take leave. Offereth knighthood to Mr. Whitbread. Mr. Whitbread's objections. The King runneth a rig on his hoſt. Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majeſty. Miſs Whitbread curtiſieth. The Queen dippeth. The cavalcade departeth.

Peter triumpheth. Admoniſheth the Laureat. Peter *croweth* over the Laureat. Diſcovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and ſurgeons, and men who have loſt their legs. Peter reaſoneth. Vaunteth. Even inſulteth the Laureat. Peter proclaimeth his peaceable diſpoſition. Praiſeth Majeſty, and concludeth with a prayer for *curious Kings*.

INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy *golden* lyre,
Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,
To sing of Kings and Queens, and such rare folk.
Yet midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line?
You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke

Son of the Nine, thou writest well on *nought*---
Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,
I think, must put a dog into a laugh;
Edward, and Harry, were much braver men,
Than this new christen'd hero of thy pen;
Yes, laurell'd Ode man, braver far by half.

Though on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,
George keeps his hat off, in a show'r of rain;
Sees swords, and bayonets, without a dread;
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head:

Although, at grand reviews, he seems so blest,
And leaves, at six o'clock, his downy nest,
Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, or bolsters;
Unlike his officers, who fond of cramming,
And, at reviews, afraid of thirst and famine,
With bread and cheese and brandy, fill their holsters.

Sure Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess,—
His present Majesty, whom Heav'n long bless
With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche,
As that old Queen, thou often call'd old b—ch,
In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that King,
Indeed was never any mighty thing—
He merited few honours from the pen—
And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,
Enjoy'd his girl and bottle—and got mellow—
And, *mind!*—kept company with *Gentlemen*.

For (like *some* Kings) in hobby grooms,
Knights of the manger, curry combs, and brooms,
Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight—
Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant maids,

Large red-poil'd, blowzy, hard, two-handed jades:
Indeed I know not, what Charles did by *night*.

Thomas, I am of candour a great lover,
In ſhort, I'm Candour's ſelf all over;
Sweet as a candied cake, from top to toe;
Make it a rule, that Virtue ſhall be prais'd,
And humble Merit from her bum be rais'd.——
What think'ſt thou of Peter now?

Thou crieſt, "Oh! how falſe! behold thy King,
"Of whom thou ſcarcely ſay'ſt a handſome thing;
"*That* King hath virtues, that ſhould make thee ſtare."
Is it ſo?—then the ſin's in *me*—
'Tis *my* vile optics, that can't ſee—
Then pray for them, when next thou ſay'ſt a pray'r.

But p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,
(So diſtant, O ye Gods! from ev'ry one)
The royal virtues are like many a ſtar.*
From this our pigmy ſyſtem rather far;
Whoſe light, though flying ever ſince creation,
Hath not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be ſoon explor'd—
And, Thomas, if thou'lt ſwear thou'rt nothumming,
I'll take my ſpying-glaſs, and bring thee word,
The inſtant that I behold it coming.
But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy ſov'reign ſmoking?"

How can'ſt thou ſeriouſly declare,
That George the Third
With Creſſy's Edward can compare,
Or Harry?—'Tis too bad, upon my word.
George is a clever King, I needs muſt own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'ſt, "G-d rot it, Peter, pray,
"What the Devil ſhall I ſing or ſay?"
I'll tell thee *what* to ſay, O tuneful Tom—
Sing, how a Monarch, when his ſon was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears were edifying,
By Abbey company and kettle drum:

* *Such was the ſublime opinion of the Dutch aſtronomer Huygens.*

Leaving that fon to Death and the Phyfician,
Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition;
Two poachers who make man their game,
And, fpecial markfmen! feldom miſs their aim.

Say, tho' the Monarch did not ſee his ſon,
He kept aloof, through fatherly affection—
Determin'd, nothing ſhould be done,
To bring on uſeleſs tears, and diſmal recollection.

For what can tears avail, and piteous ſighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:—
And what are ſighs and tears, but wind and water,
That ſhow the leakineſs of feeble nature;—
(Tom with my *ſimile* thou wilt not quarrel)—
Like air, and any ſort of drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That proves the weakneſs of the barrel?

Say—for the *Prince*, when wet was ev'ry eye,
And thouſands pour'd to heav'n the pitying ſigh
Devout;
Say, how a King, unable to diſſemble,
Order'd dame Siddons to his houſe, and Kemble,
To *ſpout:*
Gave them ice-creams, and wines, ſo dear!
Who ne'er could get, till *then*, a thimble full of beer—
For which they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral-mender, *Peter;*
Who, in his *Ode on Ode*, did dare exclaim,
And call ſuch Royal avarice, a ſhame.

Say—but I'll teach thee *how* to *ſay* and Ode—
Thus ſhall thy labours viſit Fame's abode,
In company with my immortal lay—
And look, Tom—thus I fire away:—

BIRTH DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth,
Not to the *brighteſt* Monarch upon earth,—
Becauſe there are ſome brighter, and as big,
Who love the arts, that man exalt to heav'n—

George loves them likewiſe when they're giv'n
To four-legg'd gentry, chriſten'd Dog and Pig ;*
Whoſe acts, in this our unenlighten'd nation,
Have much improv'd the Britiſh education.

Full of the art of brewing beer.
The Monarch heard of Mr. Whitebread's fame.
Quoth he, one day, unto the Queen, "My dear,
" Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name ;
" *Charly*, we muſt, muſt, muſt, ſee Whitebread brew—
" Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew :
" Shame, ſhame, we have not yet his brew-houſe ſeen."—
Thus ſweetly ſaid the *King* unto the *Queen*.

Red hot with Novelty's delightful rage,
To Mr. Whitbread, forth he ſent a page,
To ſay, that *Majeſty* propos'd to view,
(With thirſt of knowledge deep inflam'd)
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogſheads fam'd,
And learn the noble ſecret, how to brew.

Of ſuch unthought-of honour, proud,
Moſt lowly Mr, Whitbread bow'd ;
So humbly—(ſo the humble ſtory goes)
He touch'd ev'n *terra firma* with his noſe ;
Then ſaid unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
" Happy are we, that our great *King* ſhould name us,
" As worthy, unto *Majeſty* to ſhow,
" How very dexterouſly we brew."

Away ſprung Billy Ramus, quick as thought :
To Majeſty, the welcome tidings brought ;
Then told, how Whitebread ſtar'd like any ſtake,
And trembled—then the civil things he ſaid—
On which the King did ſmile, and nod his head ;
For Monarchs love to ſee their ſubjects quake.

Such horrors unto Kings moſt pleaſant are,
Proclaiming rev'rence and humility—
High thoughts, too, all thoſe ſhaking fits declare,
Of kingly grandeur, and great capability !

People of worſhip, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler ſons of earth ;
Indeed, in a moſt humble light God knows !
High ſtations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,

* *The dancing dogs, and wiſe pig, have formed a conſiderable part of the royal amuſement.*

Where ſhips below appear like little ſkiffs;
The people, walking on the ſtrand, like crows.

Muſe, ſing the ſtir, that Mr. Whitbread made,
Poor gentleman, moſt terribly afraid,
He ſhould not charm enough his gueſts divine.
His *maids* had all new aprons, gowns, and ſmocks,
And lo! two hundred pounds were ſpent in frocks,
To make th' apprentices and draymen fine:
Buſy as horſes in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and ſtools, were tumbled over,
Amidſt the Whitbread-rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty Ruler of the nation.

Now mov'd King, Queen, Princeſſes ſo grand,
To viſit the firſt brewer in the land—
Who ſometime drank his beer, and munch'd his meat,
In a ſnug corner, chriſten'd Chiſwell-ſtreet,
But oft'ner, charm'd with faſhionable air,
Amidſt the gaudy Great of Portman-Square.

Lord Ayleſbury, and Denbigh's Lord *alſo*,
His Grace the Duke of Montague, *likewiſe*,
With Lady Harcourt, join'd the raree-ſhow,
And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes—
For lo! a greater ſhow ne'er grac'd thoſe quarters,
Since Mary roaſted, juſt like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd, and gave a nod
To Mr. Witbread, who——had *God*
Come with his angels, to behold his beer;
With more reſpect he never could have met—
Indeed, the man was in a ſweat;
So much the Brewer did the King revere!

Her Majeſty contriv'd to make a *dip*—
Light as a feather: then the King did ſkip,
And aſk'd a thouſand queſtions, with a laugh,
Before poor Whitbread well could anſwer half.

Reader! my Ode ſhould have a ſimile—
Well? in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
Five hundred Parrots, gabbling juſt like Jews,
I ſaw—ſuch noiſe the feather'd imps did make,
As made my *pericranium* ake—
Aſking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouſe, fill'd with gabbling noiſe,
Whilſt draymen, and the Brewer's boys,

Did eat the queſtions which the King did aſk:
In diff'rent parties, were they ſtaring ſeen,
Wond'ring, to think they ſaw a King and Queen:—
Behind a tub were ſome, and ſome behind a caſk,

Some draymen forc'd themſelves, (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouths of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole wink'd, with curious eye,
To view, and be aſſur'd, what ſort of things
Were princeſſes, and Queens, and Kings;
For whoſe moſt lofty ſtation thouſands ſigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths, that had not got a man!

Now Majeſty into a pump ſo deep,
Did, with an op'ra-glaſs of Dolland, peep,
Examining with care each wond'rous matter,
That brought up water—

Thus have I ſeen a magpie, in the ſtreet,
A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
A bird, for curioſity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious M—j—y did ſtoop,
To count the nails on ev'ry hoop:
And lo no ſingle thing came in his way,
That, full of deep reſearch, he did not ſay,
"What's this? hæ, hæ? what's that? what's this? what's
"that?"
So quick the words, too, when he deign'd to ſpeak,
As if each ſyllable would break its neck.

Thus to the world of *great*, whilſt others crawl,
Our *Sov'reign* peeps into the world of *ſmall*:
Thus microſcopic geniuſes explore
Things, that too oft provoke the public ſcorn:
Yet ſwell of uſeful knowledges the ſtore,
By finding ſyſtems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitbread, ſerious did declare,
To make the Majeſty of England ſtare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Plac'd ſide by ſide, would reach along to Kew.

On which the *King*, with wonder, ſwiftly cried,
"What! if they reach to Kew then, ſide by ſide,

" What would they do, what, what, plac'd end to end ?"
To whom, with knitted, calculating brow,
The Man of Beer moſt ſolemnly did vow,
Almoſt to Windſor, that they would extend ;
On which the King, with wond'ring mein,
Repeated it unto the wond'ring Queen :

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The Brewer's horſe, with face aſtoniſh'd neigh'd ;
The Brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail, for wonder.

Now did the *King* for other beers enquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire—
And after talking of theſe diff'rent beers,
Aſk'd Whitbread, if *his* porter equall'd *theirs* ?

This was a puzzling, diſagreeing queſtion,
Grating like arſenic on his hoſt's digeſtion ;
A kind of queſtion to the Man of Caſk,
That not ev'n Solomon himſelf would aſk.

Now Majeſty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of aſſes ſkin ſo white,
And in it *legibly* began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates,
For roaſting cheſnuts or potates.

Mem.

'Tis hops, that give a bitterneſs to beer—
Hops grow in Kent, ſays Whitbread, and elſewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper ſtuff ? where doth it dwell ?—
Would not horſe-aloes bitter it as well ?

Mem.

To try it ſoon on our ſmall beer,—
'Twill ſave us ſev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.

To remember to forget to aſk
Old Whitbread to my houſe one day—

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The Brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencill'd his remarks, so shrew'd—
Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
His Majesty his watch most sagely view'd,
And then put up his asses skin.
To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say,
" Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay ?"

" Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes,
The Brewer answer'd—" also, Sir, of oats.
" Another thing my horses too maintains——
" And that, an't please your Majesty, is *grains*."

" Grains ! grains !" said Majesty, " to fill their crops ?
" Grains ! grains !—that come from hops ?—yes, hops, hops,
" hops !"

Here was the King, like hounds sometimes, *at fault*—
" Sire," cried the humble Brewer, " give me leave,
" Your sacred Majesty to undeceive :
" Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt."

" True !" said the cautious Monarch, with a smile :
" From malt ! malt ! malt !—I meant malt all the while."
" Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoin'd the Brewer,
" An't please your Majesty, you did, I'm sure."
" Yes,'" answer'd Majesty, with quick reply,
" I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a nose,
That bright, with many a ruby, glows ;
That nose, thou may'st pronounce, nay, safely swear,
Was nurs'd on something better than *small beer*.

Thus, when thou findest Kings, in brewing, wise—
In Nat'ral Hist'ry, holding lofty station ;
Thou may'st conclude, with marv'ling eyes,
Such Kings have had a goodly education—

Now did the King admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine :
On which the bell rang out (how very proper !)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now, before their Sov'reign's curious eye,
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,

Appear'd the Brewer's tribe of handſome pigs :
On which, th' obſervant Man, who fills a Throne,
Declar'd the pigs were vaſtly like *his own.*

On which the Brewer, ſwallow'd up in joys,
Tears and aſtoniſhment in both his eyes,
His ſoul brimful of ſentiments ſo loyal,
Exclaim'd—" O heav'ns ! and can *my* ſwine
" Be deem'd by Majeſty ſo fine ?
" Heav'ns ! can my pigs compare, Sire, with pigs royal ?"
To which the King aſſented with a nod :
On which the Brewer bow'd, and ſaid, " Good God !"
Then wink'd ſignificant on *Miſs ;*
Significant of wonder and of bliſs—
Who bridling in her chin divine,
Croſs'd her fair hands, (a dear old maid,)
And then her loweſt curt'ſy made
For ſuch high honour done her Father's ſwine.

Now did his Majeſty, ſo gracious, ſay,
To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,
" Whitbread, d'ye *nick* th' Exciſemen now and then ?
" Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade ?
" Hæ, what ? Miſs Whitbread, ſtill a maid, a maid ?
" What, what's the matter with the men ?

" D'ye hunt ? hæ, hunt ?—No, no, you are too old—
" You'll be Lord May'r—Lord May'r one day—
" Yes, yes, I've heard ſo—yes, yes, ſo I'm told ;
" Don't, don't the Fine for Sheriff pay—
" I'll prick you ev'ry year, man, I declare :
" Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you ſhall be Lord May'r.

" Whitbread, d'ye *keep* a coach, or *job*-one, pray ?
" Job, job, that's cheapeſt—yes, that's beſt, that's beſt.
" You put your liv'ries on your draymen—hæ ?
" Hæ, Whitbread ?—You have feather'd well your neſt.
" What is the price now, hæ, of all your ſtock ?
" But Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock ?"

Now Whitbread inward ſaid, " May I be curſt,
" If I know, what to anſwer *firſt.*"
Then ſearch'd his brains, with ruminating eye—
But ere the Man of Malt an anſwer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, Majeſty turn'd round,
Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleaſure of reply.

Kings, in inquiſitiveneſs, ſhould be ſtrong---
From curioſity doth wiſdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long
The more a man enquires, the more he'll know.

Reader, did'ſt ever ſee a water-ſpout?
'Tis poſſible, that thou wilt anſwer, *No.*
Well then! he makes a moſt infernal rout:
Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,
With huge proboſcis, reaching from the ſky,
As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:
At length, *ſo full*, he can't hold one drop more---
He burſts——down ruſh the waters, with a roar,
On ſome poor boat, or ſloop, or brig, or ſhip,
And almoſt ſinks the wand'rer of the deep.

Thus have I ſeen a Monarch, at reviews,
Suck, from the tribe of officers, the news;
Then bear in triumph off each wond'rous matter,
And ſouſe it on the Queen, with ſuch a clatter!

I always would adviſe folks to aſk queſtions---
For truly queſtions are the keys of knowledge:
Soldiers---that forage for the mind's digeſtions---
Cut figures at th' Old Baily, and at College:
Make Chancellors, Chief Juſtices, and Judges,
Ev'n of the loweſt green-bag drudges.

The ſages ſay, *Dame Truth* delights to dwell,
Strange manſion! in the bottom of a Well---
Queſtions are then the windlaſs and the rope,
That pull the grave old Gentlewoman up.
Damn * jokes then, and unmannerly ſuggeſtions,
Reflecting upon Kings, for aſking Queſtions!

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs,
On nails, hoops, ſtaves, pumps, barrels, and their bungs,
The King and *Co.* ſat down to a collation,
Of fleſh, and fiſh, and fowl, of ev'ry nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merc'leſs fell, like tomahawks, to work,

* *This alludes to the late Dr.* Johnſon's *laugh on a Great Perſonage, for a laudable curioſity in the Queen's Library, ſome years ſince.*

And fearleſs ſcalp'd the fowl, the fiſh, and cattle;
Whilſt Whitbread, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring Monarch, ſtopping to take breath,
Amidſt the regiments of Death,
Now turn'd to Whitbread, with complacence, round,
And merry thus addreſs'd the Man of Beer—
"Whitbread, is't true, is't true? I hear, I hear,
"You're of an ancient family—renown'd—
"What, what? I'm told, that you're a limb
"Of Pym, * that famous fellow Pym:
"What, Whitbread, is it true, what people ſay?
"Son of a Round-head are you? hæ, hæ, hæ?

"I'm told that you ſend Bibles to your votes—
"A ſnuffling, round-headed ſociety—
"Pray'r-books, inſtead of caſh to buy them coats—
"Bunyans, and Practices of Piety.
"Your Bedford votes would wiſh to change their fare;
"Rather ſee caſh—yes, yes—than books of pray'r.
"Thirtieth of January, don't you *feed?*
"Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head."

Now having wonders done, on fleſh, fowl, fiſh,
Whole hoſts o'erturn'd—and fiez'd on all ſupplies,
The royal viſitors expreſs'd a wiſh,
To turn, to houſe of Buckingham, their eyes.

But firſt the Monarch, ſo polite,
Aſk'd Mr. Whitbread, if he'd be a Knight.
Unwilling in the liſt to be enroll'd,
Whitbread contemplated the Knights of Peg;
Then to his generous Sov'reign made a leg,
And ſaid, "He was afraid he was too old.
"He thank'd however his moſt gracious King,
"For offering to make him *ſuch a THING.*"

But ah! a diff'rent reaſon 'twas, I fear!
It was not age, that bade the Man of Beer,
The proffer'd honour of the Monarch ſhun.
The tale of Marg'ret's knife, and royal fright,
Had almoſt made him damn the name of Knight:
A tale that farrow'd ſuch a world of fun.

* *His Majeſty here made a miſtake—Pym was his wife's relation.*

He mock'd the pray'r † too, by the King apointed,
Ev'n by *himself*, the Lord's Anointed—
A foe to *fast* too is he, let me tell ye,
And, though a Presbyterian, cannot think,
Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table, with Cæsarean air,
Up rose the Monarch, with his laurell'd brow,
When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

Miss Whitbread now so thick her curtsies drops,
Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops,
Which hop-like curtsies were return'd by dips,
That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
For hips and knees of Queens are sacred things,
That only bend on gala days,
Before the best of Kings,
When odes of triumph sound his praise.

Now, thro' a thund'ring peal of loud huzzas,
Proceeding, some from * *hir'd*, some *unhir'd* jaws,
The raree show thought proper to retire;
Whilst Mr. Whitbread, and his daughter fair,
Survey'd all Chiswell-street, with lofty air;
For lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher!

† *For the miraculous escape from a poor, innocent, insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to view.*

* *When his* Majesty *goes to a playhouse, or brewhouse, or parliament, the* Lord Chamberlain *provides some pounds-worth of* Mob *to huzza their beloved Monarch. At the Playhouse about forty wide mouth'd fellows are hired on the night of their Majesties' appearance, at two shillings and six-pence* per *head, with the liberty of seeing the play* gratis. *These* Stentors *are placed in different parts of the Theatre, who immediately on the Royal entry into the Stage Box, set up their howl of Loyalty; to whom their Majesties, with the sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant curt'sy—This congratulatory noise of the* Stentors *is looked on by many, particularly Country Ladies and Gentlemen, as an infallible Thermometer, that ascertains the warmth of the National Regard.*

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!
Thus ſhould'ſt thou Birth-Day Song endite!
Then ſtick to earth, and leave the lofty ſky:
No more of *ti tum tum*, and *ti tum ti*.

Thus ſhould an *honeſt* Laureat write of Kings—
Not praiſe them, for imaginary things:
I own, I cannot make my ſtubborn rhyme
Call ev'ry King a character ſublime:
For Conſcience will not ſuffer me to wander,
So *very* widely from the paths of Candour.

I know full well, *ſome* Kings * are to be ſeen,
To whom my verſe ſo bold, would give the ſpleen,
Should that bold verſe declare, they wanted brains—
I won't ſay, that they never brain poſſeſs'd—
They *may* have been, with ſuch a preſent bleſs'd,
And therefore fancy that ſome *ſtill* remains:

For ev'ry well-experienc'd ſurgeon knows,
That men, who with their *legs* have parted,
Swear, that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
And often at the twinges *ſtarted*:
Then *ſtar'd* upon their oaken ſtumps, in vain!
Fancying, the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their *abſent toes* have mourn'd,
Can fancy thoſe ſame toes, at times return'd:
So Kings, in matters of intelligences,
May fancy, they have ſtumbled on their ſenſes.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing Ode—
Why liſteſt thou thy pious eyes to God?
Strange diſappointment, in thy looks, I read;
And now I hear thee, in proud triumph, cry,
"Is this an action, Peter? this a deed,
"To raiſe a Monarch to the ſky?
"Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
"Rare things, to figure in the Muſe's ſong!"

Thomas, I here proteſt, I want no quarrels,
On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps, and barrels—

* *Foreign Kings.*

Far from the dove-like Peter, be ſuch ſtriſe!
But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact,
Thy Cæſar never did an act
More wiſe, more glorious, in his life.

Now, God preſerve all wonder-hunting Kings,
Whether at Windſor, Buckingham, or Kew-houſe:
And may they never do more fooliſh things,
Than viſiting Sam. Whitbread, and his brew-houſe!

BROTHER PETER

TO

BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

PETER ſtaringly expoſtulateth with Thomas, on his unprecedented ſilence on the Royal perfections, in his laſt New-Year's-Ode—Giveth Thomas a Jobation—Inſtructeth Thomas in his trade—Talketh of Heralds, Moles, Field-mice, and General Carpenter—Telleth a ſtrange ſtory of the General—Commendeth Majeſty, and laudeth his love of money, with delicious ſimiles—Peter informeth Thomas, how he might have praiſed Majeſty, for piety and economy—Peter's great knowledge of Nature—He talketh of her diff'rent manufactures—Peter praiſeth the Royal Proclamation for leaving off ſin, and reforming fiddling Courtiers, and others—Mrs. Walſingham not able to ſin on a Sunday—nor my Lady Young—nor my Lord of Exeter—nor my Lord Brudenell, whoſe excellence in attending on the Rump Royal, Peter highly extolleth—nor the Welſh King, Watkyn, whoſe poor violincello Peter pitieth—nor my Lord of Saliſbury—Peter intimateth an intended reform among Cats, Dogs, Pigeons, Wrens, Sparrows, and Poultry—Love between the aforeſaid animals to be ſeverely puniſhed, if made on the Lord's day—Monday the moſt decent day—Sir John Dick giveth up Sunday Concerts for godlineſs—Sir John's ſtar his great hobby horſe—Lords Hampden and Cholmondelly reproved, for profaning the Sabbath by a full orcheſtra, while the King enjoyeth only wind inſtruments---Peter relateth a ſad tale of German Muſicians, and concludeth with a pathetic ſimile of a Woodcock—Peter returneth from digreſſion to Thomas—Peter aſketh ſhrewd queſtions of Thomas— Telleth a delectable little hiſtory of the King and ſcratch wigs---Declareth love for Majeſty---Praiſeth the partnerſhip --Peter denieth all odium towards his Sovereign, for a jealouſy of the Prince

of Wales, for his rage for Handel, and enthuſiaſm for Mr. Weſt---Peter giveth two ſimilies- -Peter telleth a tale---Peter ſtill inſiſteth on love for Majeſty---Inſtanceth Royal Magnanimity---ending with curioſity and national advantage---Peter ſhoweth the King's ſuperiority to the Prince, in the article of books---The Royal Wardrobe's ſuperiority to the ſhops in Monmouth-ſtreet---Peter expreſſeth more love for Majeſty---A tale---Peter maketh a marvellous diſcovery of the cauſe of Thomas's ſilence in the article of Royal flattery ---His Majeſty too much bedaubed---The King ſhutteth up Thomas's mouth---Peter telleth Thomas, how he ſhould have managed---Peter deſcribeth a Devil---Enquireth for Modeſty Findeth her---Giveth a lovely picture of Miſs Morning--- And her loyal ſpeech to Peter---Peter cannot *exiſt* nor *ſubſiſt* without Kings---Peter citeth the world's opinion of him--- Peter finely anſwereth it---Peter ſeemeth glad---He aſketh a ſly queſtion about Cartoons---Peter telleth an uncommon ſtory ---Peter continueth talking about Cartoons--- Feareth that they are in jeopardy---Peter concludeth with ſublime ſimiles of trout, eels, whales, goats, ſheep, and good advice to Thomas.

'SLIFE! Thomas, what hath ſwallow'd all the praiſe?
Of Royal virtues, not the ſlighteſt mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, ſo lately on thy lays!
Tell me— a bankrupt, *Tom*, is thy invention?

How could'ſt thou ſo thy *Patron*'s fame forget,
As not to pay of praiſe, the annual debt?
Whitehead and Cibber, all the Laureat Throng,
To Fame's fair Temple, twice a year preſented
Some Royal virtues, real or invented,
In all the grave ſublimity of ſong.

Heralds, ſo kind, for many a chance-born wight,
Creeping from cellars, (juſt like ſnails from earth,
Or moles, or field-mice, ſtealing into light)
Forge arms to prove a loftineſs of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*,
The branches, to the very trunk of Adam.

Then why not thou, the Herald, *Tom*, of rhyme,
Still bid thy royal Maſter ſoar ſublime?
Bards ſhine in fiction; then how ſlight a thing,
To make a coat of merit for a King!

Know, Gen'ral Carpenter had been a theme,
For furniſhing a pretty lyric dream;
Once a monopoliſt of nod and ſmile,
Of broken ſentences, and queſtions rare,
Of ſnipſnap whiſpers ſweet, and grin and ſtare,
For which thy muſe would travel many a mile.

But lo! the Gen'ral, for a crying ſin,
Loſt broken ſentences, and nod, and grin,
And ſtare and ſnipſnap, of the beſt of Kings;
The ſin, the crying ſin of rambling,
Where Osnaburgh's good Biſhop, gambling,
Loſt ſome few golden feathers from his wings;

Which made th' unlucky Gen'ral run and drown;
Such were the horrors of the royal frown!
For lo! his M——y moſt roundly ſwore,
He'd nod to Gen'ral Carpenter no more.

Oh! glorious love of all-commanding money!
Dear to ſome Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey;
Dear, as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck;
Or ſhow'rs to hackney coachmen, or a duck!

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King,
For making ſinners mind the Sabbath day,
Bidding the idle ſons of pipe and ſtring,
Inſtead of ſcraping jigs, ſing pſalms and pray;
Thus piouſly (againſt their inclination)
Dragooning ſouls unto ſalvation.

The Monarch gave up Mr. Joah Bate,
With that ſweet nightingale, his lovely mate,
Who with the organ, and one fiddle,
Made up a concert ev'ry Sunday night:
Thus yielding Majeſties ſupreme delight,
Who reliſh cheapneſs, ev'n in tweedle tweedle:

For Nature formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, ſcraping, ſave-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought,
Of getting ev'ry thing for nought:

From Delhi's diamonds, to a Briſtol ſtone;
From royal eagles, to a ſqualling parrot;
From Bulls of Baſan, to a marrow-bone;
From rich ananas, to a mawkiſh carrot,
And getting things for nought, I needs muſt ſay,
If not the nobleſt, is the cheapeſt way.

And often Nature manufactures ſtuff,
That thinks it never hath enough
Hording up treaſure—never once enjoying—
Such is the compoſition of *ſome* ſouls!
Like jackdaws, all their cunning art employing,
In hiding knives, and forks, and ſpoons, in holes

Lo! by the pious Monarch's proclamation,
The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation,
On Sundays, con their Bibles—make no riot—
The ſtubborn Uxbridge, muſic loving Lord,
Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
And bids the inſtruments lie quiet.

Sweet Miſtreſs Walſingham is forc'd to pray,
And turn her eyes up, much againſt her will;
Sandwhich ſings pſalms too in his pious way;
And Lady Young forbears the tuneful trill:
And very politic is Lady Young—
A huſband muſt not ſuffer for a ſong.

The gentle Exeter his treat gave up,
So us'd upon the ſweet repaſt to ſup:
As eager for his Sunday's quaver diſh,
As cats, and rav'nous Alderman, for fiſh.

Lord Brudenell, too, a Lord with lofty noſe,
Bringing to mind, a verſe the world well knows;
Againſt ſublimity that rather wars;
Which in an Almanack all eyes may ſee:
"*God* gave to man an upright form, that he
"Might view the Stars,"

I ſay, this watchful Lord, who boaſts the knack,
Behind his ſacred Majeſty's *great* back,
Of placing for his *latter end* a chair,
Beter than any Lord, (ſo ſays Fame's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump—
So ſwift his motion, and ſo ſweet his air:

Who, if his Majeſty but cough or hickup,
Trembles, for fear the King ſhould *kick up*;
Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes,
Or ſmiles, "God bleſs you, Sire!" whene'er he ſneezes;
This Lord, I ſay uprais'd his convert chin,
Ann curs'd the concert, for a crying ſin.

King Watkyn, from the land of leeks and cheeſe,
With ſighs, forbore his baſs to ſeize;

With huge concern, he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out, in Welſh, his thankleſs pray'rs,
The baſs indeed, *Te Deum* ſung,
Glad on the Willows to be hung,

And really 'twas a very nat'ral caſe—
Poor, inoffenſive baſs!
For when King Watkyn ſcrubbeth him—alack!
The inſtrument, like one upon the rack,
Sends forth ſuch horrid Inquiſition groans!
Enough to pierce the hearts of ſtones!

Thus though, in concert-politics, the Knight,
Battled with Miſtreſs Walſingham outright;
Yet both agreed, to lift their palms,
Not in hoſtilities, but ſinging pſalms,

Sal'ſb'ry was alſo order'd to reform,
Who, with my Lady, thought it vaſtly odd,
Thus to be forc'd, like ſailors in a ſtorm,
Againſt their wills, to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate, through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down:
Great act! ere long, 'twill be a ſin and ſhame,
For cats to warble out an am'rous flame!
Dogs ſhall be whipp'd, for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay, more the royal piety to prove,
And aid the pureſt of all pure religions,
To Bridewell ſhall be ſent all cooing pigeons;
And cocks and hens be laſh'd, for making love;
Sparrows and wrens be ſhot from barns and houſes,
For being barely civil to their ſpouſes.

Poor Sir John Dick was, lamb-like, heard to bleat,
At loſing ſuch a Sunday's treat——
Sir John, the happy owner of a ſtar——
Which radient honour on Surtouts he ſtitches;
Lamenting, faſhion doth not ſtretch ſo far,
As ſewing them on waiſtcoats, and on breeches;
Which thus would pour a blaze of ſilver day,
And make the Knight a perfect milky-way.

Yet Hampden, Cholmond'ley, thoſe ſinful ſhavers,
Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers;

Thus flying in the face of our great King,
Profane God's resting day with wind and string;
Whilst on the Terrace, 'midst his German band,
On Sunday evenings George is pleas'd to stand,
Contented with a simple tune alone,
"God save great George our King," or Bobbing Joan;
Whilst Cherubs, leaning from their starry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight:

And Satan, from a lurking hole,
Fond of a seeming-godly soul,
His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse——the mention of the German band,
Bringeth a tale oppressive, to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise;
Sent for, to take of English men the places,
Who, gall'd by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in fields of clover,
To feast upon the Coldstream reg'ment's fat:
Swift, with their empty stomachs, they flew over,
And wider, than a Kevenhuller hat.
But ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd!
To feasts they went indeed, but went and starv'd!
Their Masters, rapture'd with the tuneful treat,
Forgot, musicians (like themselves) could *eat*,
Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen shores,
When tyrant Winter 'midst his tempest roars:
Invited by our milder sky, he roves;
Views the pure streams with joy, and shelt'ring groves,
And in *one* hour, Oh! sad reverse of fate!
Is shot, and smokes upon a poacher's plate!
Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,
I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again,

What make a dish, to baulk thy master's gums!
A pudding, and forget the plums!
Mercy upon us! what a cook art thou!
Dry e'en already—what a sad milch-cow!—
Who gav'st, at first, of Fame such flowing pails!
Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails?

Since truth belongs not to the Laureat trade,
'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter;

Speak—in light money, were thy wages paid?
Or was thy pipe of ſack half fill'd with water?
Or haſt thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues?
Or hath a qualm of conſcience touch'd thy Muſe?

Thou might'ſt have prais'd, for dignity of pride,
Diſplay'd not long ago among the Cooks,—
Searching the kitchen, with ſagacious looks,
Wigs, chriſten'd *ſcratches*, on their heads he ſpied,

To find a wig on a Cook's head,
Juſt like the wig, that grac'd his own,
Was verily a ſight too dread!——
Enough to turn a King to ſtone!
On which, in language of his very beſt,
His Majeſty his royal ire expreſs'd:

"How! how! what! Cooks wear *ſcratches*, juſt like me!
"Strange! ſtrange! yes, yes, I ſee, I ſee, I ſee!
"Fine fellows, to wear ſcratches! yes, no doubt—
"I'll have no more—no more, when mine's worn out—
"Hæ? pretty. pretty! pretty too it looks,
"To ſee *my ſcratches*, upon Cooks!"

And lo! as he had threaten'd all ſo big,
As ſoon as ever he *wore out* the wig,
He, with a *pig-tail*, deign'd his head to match!—
No more profan'd his temples with a ſcratch!

Thomas, I ſee my ſong thy feelings grate——
Thou think'ſt, I'm joking; that the King's my hate.
The world may call me liar: but ſincerely
I love him—for a partner, love him *dearly*:
Whilſt his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm ſure,
My credit with the public is ſecure.

Yes, beef ſhall grace my ſpit, and ale ſhall flow,
As long as it continues George and Co.—
That is to ſay, in plainer metre,
George and Peter.

Yet, as ſome little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning 'Squire, and quitting trade:
This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd:
And in ſix months, or ſo,
For all I know,
The partnerſhip may be diſſolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'ſt—howe'er the world may carp,
Thomas, I'm far from hating our good King;
Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,
As David ſwore, who touch'd ſo well the ſtring—
No, Tom;—the idol of thy ſweet devotion
Excites not hate, *whatever elſe* th' emotion.

To write a book on the Sublime, I own,
Were I a bookſeller, I would not hire him;
Yet, ſhould I hate the man who fills a throne,
Becauſe, forſooth, I can't admire him?

Hate him, becauſe, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival e'en the Prince, in fame?
A prince of ſcience——in the arts ſo chaſte!
A giant to him, in the world of taſte;
Who, from an envious cloud, one day ſhall ſpring;
And prove, that dignity may clothe a King;

Who, when by Fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,
Wherever merit, humble plant, is ſhown,
Will ſhed, around that plant, a ſoft'ring ray;
Whoſe hand ſhall ſtretch, thro' Poverty's pale gloom,
For drooping *Genius*, ſinking to the tomb,
And lead the bluſhing ſtranger into day.

Who ſcorns (like *ſome*) to chronicle a ſhilling,
Once in a twelvemonth, to a beggar giv'n—
By ſuch mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
To go, as cheap as poſſible, to Heav'n!

Hate him, becauſe, untir'd, the Monarch pores
On Handel's manuſcript old ſcores:
And ſchemes ſucceſsful daily hatches,
For ſaving notes, o'erwhelm'd with ſcratches:
Recov'ring, from the blotted leaves,
Huge cart-horſe *minims*, dromedary *breves*;

Thus ſaving damned bars from juſt damnation,
By way of *bright'ning* Handel's reputation!
Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet, Handel wrote
Heav'd, into Tot'n'am Street, each heavy note:
And forcing on the houſe the tuneleſs lumber
Drove half to doors, the other half to ſlumber!

Hate him, becauſe the works of Mr. Weſt!
His eye (in wonder loſt) unfated views!

Becauſe his walls, with taſteleſs trump'ry dreſt,
Rob a poor ſign-poſt of its dues!

Hate him, becauſe he cannot reſt,
But in the company of Weſt:
Becauſe of modern works he makes a jeſt,
Except the works of Mr Weſt:
Who, by the public, fain would have careſt
The works alone of Mr. Weſt:
Who thinks, of painting, truth and taſte, the teſt,
None but the wond'rous works of Mr. Weſt!
Who, as for Reynolds, cannot bear him;
And never ſuffers Wilſon's landſcapes near him:
Nor, Gainſb'rough, thy delightful girls and boys,
In rural ſcenes ſo ſweet, amidſt their joys,
With ſuch ſimplicity, as makes us *ſtart*,
Forgetting 'tis the work of art.———

Which wonder and which care of Mr. Weſt,
May in a ſimile be well expreſt.

A SIMILE.

THUS have I ſeen a child, with ſmiling face,
A little daiſy, in the garden, place,
And ſtrut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r
Gaze on the leaves, with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the fineſt in the nation;
Then pay a viſit to it, ev'ry hour,
Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
Which John, the gard'ner, was oblig'd to fill.
The child ſo pleas'd, would pour the water out,
To ſhow its marv'lous gard'ning ſkill;
Then ſtaring round, all wild for praiſes panting,
Tell all the world, it was its own ſweet planting;
And boaſt away—too happy elf!
How that it found the daiſy, all, itſelf!

ANOTHER SIMILE.

In Simile, if I may ſhine agen——
Thus have I ſeen a fond old hen,

With one poor miſerable chick,
Buſtling about a farmer's yard ;
Now, on the dunghill, lab'ring hard,
Scraping away through thin and thick :
Flutt'ring her feathers—making ſuch a noiſe !
Cackling aloud ſuch quantities of joys !
As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born, to deal prodigious knocks ;
To ſhine, the Broughton of game cocks ;
And kill the fowls of all the earth !

E'en with his painter, let the King be bleſt !
Egad ! eat, drink, and ſleep with Mr. Weſt !
Only let *me*, excus'd from ſuch a gueſt,
Not eat, and drink, and ſleep, with Mr. Weſt :
And, as he will not pleaſe my taſte—no, never—
Let *me* not give him to the world, as clever—
A better conſcience in my boſom lies,
Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A *Group* of topers at a table ſat,
With punch, that much regales the thirſty ſoul :
Flies ſoon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming, and pitching, round the mantling bowl.

At length thoſe flies got drunk ; and, for their ſin,
Some hundreds loſt their legs, and tumbled in ;
And ſprawling 'midſt the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring hoſt, were drown'd.

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken hoſt,
And drank—then, taking care that none were loſt,
He put in ev'ry mother's ſon agen.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew, on this,
Taking it very much amiſs———
Swearing, and in the attitude to ſmite :
" Lord ! (cried the man, with gravely-lifted eyes)
" Though *I don't* like to ſwallow flies,
" I did not know but *others might*.

WHO ſays, I hate the King, proclaims a lie!
E'en now a royal virtue ſtrikes my eye!
To prove th' aſſertion, let me juſt relate
The King's ſubmiſſion to the will of Fate.
Whene'er, in hunts, the Monarch is thrown out—
(As in his politics)—a common thing!—
With ſearching eyes, he ſtares at firſt about;
Then faces the misfortune, like a King!

Hearing no news of nimble Mr. Stag,
He ſits, like Patience, grinning on his nag!—
Now wiſdom fraught, his curious eye-balls ken
The little hovels, that around him riſe;
To theſe he trots—of hogs ſurveys the ſties;
And nicely numbers ev'ry cock and hen:

Then aſks the farmer's wife, or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid—
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock—
Whether 'twill rain or no—and what's o'clock—
Thus, from poor hovels, gleaning information,
To ſerve as future treaſure for the nation!

There, terrier-like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his moſt ſagacious noſe about,
And ſeems in Paradiſe—like *that*, ſo fam'd—
Looking like Adam, too and Eve ſo fair;
Sweet ſimpletons! who, though ſo very *bare*,
"Were (ſays the Bible) not *aſham'd*."

No man binds books ſo well, as George the Third,
By thirſt of *leather glory*, ſpurr'd—
At book binders, he oft is ſeen to laugh—
And wond'rous is the King—*in ſheep or calf.*

But, ſee! the Prince, upon ſuch labour, looks,
Faſtidious down and only *readeth* books!—
Here, by the Sire, the Son is much ſurpaſs'd;
Which fame ſhould publiſh in her loudeſt blaſt.

The King beats Monmouth-ſtreet, in caſt-off riches—
That is, in coats, in waiſtcoats, and in breeches—
Which, draughted, once a year, for foreign ſtations,
Make fine recruits, to ſerve ſome near relations.

But, lo! the Prince (ſhame on him!) never dreams
Of pretty, Jewiſh, economic ſchemes—
So very proud, (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it)
He'd rather *give* a coat away, than *ſell it!*

Fair juſtice, to the Monarch, muſt allow
Prodigious ſcience, in a calf or cow;
And wiſdom, in the article of ſwine!
What moſt *unuſual* knowledge, for a King?
Becauſe *pig-wiſdom* is a thing,
In which no Sov'reigns e'er were known to ſhine.

Yet who will think, I am not telling fibs?——
The *Prince*, who Britain's throne, in time, ſhall grace,
Ne'er finger'd, at a Fair, a *Bullock's ribs*,
Nor ever *ogled a Pig's face!*
O dire diſgrace!—Oh! let it not be known,
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a ſon!

Truth bids me own, that I can bring
A dozen, who *admire* the King:
And, ſhould he dream of ſetting off for Hanover;
(As once he ſaid he would to ſpite Charles Fox)
Draw all his *little* money from the ſtocks;
Shut ſhop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;—

I think—indeed, I'm *ſure*, I know,
That dozen would not let him go;
But, in the ſtruggle, ſpend their vital breath,
And hug their idol probably, to death;
As happen'd to a Romiſh Prieſt a tale,
That, whilſt I tell it, almoſt turns me pale.

THE ROMISH PRIEST,—
A TALE.

A PARSON, in the neighbourhood of Rome,
Some years ago—how many, I don't ſay—
Handled ſo well his heav'nly broom,
He bruſh'd like cobwebs, ſins away;

Brighten'd the black horizon of his pariſh;
Gave, to the Prince of darkneſs, ſuch hard blows,

That ſatan was afraid to ſhow his noſe,
(Except in hell) before this prieſt ſo *warriſh*.

To teach folks, how to ſhun the paths of evil,
And prove a Match for Mr. Devil,
Was conſtantly this pious man's endeavour ;
And, as I've ſaid before, the man was clever.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and Fame declares,
He gallop'd, like a hunter, o'er his prayers ;
Forever lifting, to the clouds, his forehead,
Petitions on petitions he let fly,
Which nothing but Barbarians could deny—
In ſhort, the Saints were, to compliance, worried.

With ſhoulders, arms, and hands, this prieſt devout,
So well his evolutions did perform :
His pray'rs, thoſe holy ſmall-ſhot, flew about
So thick !—it ſeem'd like taking heav'n by ſtorm !

Without one atom of reflection,
No candidate, at an election,
Did ever labour more, and fume and ſweat,
To make a fellow change, his coat,
And bleſs him, with the caſting vote,
Than this dear man, to get in heav'n a ſeat,
For ſouls of childern, women, and of men—
No matter, which the ſpecies—cock, or hen !

Thus did he—not like that vile Jeſuit, think,
Who makes us, all, with horror ſhrink—
A Knave, high meriting hell's hotteſt coals !
Who wrote a dreadful book, to prove,
That women, charming women, form'd for love,
Have no ſouls !

Monſter ! to think, that Woman had no ſoul !—
Ha ! haſt not *Thou* a ſoul, thou peerleſs Maid,
Who bid'ſt my rural hours with rapture roll—
Whoſe beauties charm the ſhepherd and the ſhade !
Yes, Cynthia ! and for ſouls, like thine,
Fate into being drew yon ſtarry ſphere :
Then kindly ſent thy form divine,
To ſhow, what wond'rous bliſs inhabits there,

In ſhort, no dray-horſe ever work'd ſo hard,
From vaults to drag up hogſhead, tun, or pipe,
As this good prieſt, to drag for ſmall reward,
The ſouls of ſinners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleas'd were the higheſt Angels, to expreſs
Their wonder, at his fine addreſs,
And pow'r againſt the fiend, who makes ſuch ſtrife—
Nay, e'en St. Peter ſaid,—(to whom are giv'n
The Keys, for letting people into heav'n)—
He never got more half-pence in his life.

'Twas added, that my Nameſake did declare—
Peter, the porter of Heav'n's gate, ſo truſty—
That, till this prieſt appear'd, ſouls were ſo rare,
His bunch of keys was abſolutely ruſty.

Did Gentlemen of fortune die,
And leave the Church a good round ſum—
Lo: in the twinkling of an eye,
The Parſon *frank'd* their ſouls to *Kingdom-come*.—
A letter to the porter, or a word,
Inſur'd admittance to the Lord.

Nor ſtopp'd thoſe ſouls an inſtant, on the road,
To take a roaſt, before they enter'd in:
For had they got the plauge, 'twas ſaid, that God
Had let them enter, without *Quarantine*.

Well, then! this Parſon was ſo much admir'd,
So ſought, ſo courted, and ſo much deſir'd—
Thouſands, with putrid ſouls, like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be ſweet:
Juſt as we ſee old hags, with jaws of carrion
Enter the ſhop of Mr. Warren,
Who diſappoints that highway man, call'd Time,
(Noted, for robbing Ladies of their prime)
By giving Sixty five's pale, wither'd mein,
The blooming roſes of Sixteen.

Such vaſt impreſſion did his ſermons make,
He always hept his flock awake—
In ſummer, too!—hear, Parſons, this ſtrange news,
Ye, who ſo often preach to nodding pews!

A neighb'ring town, into whoſe peoples ſouls,
Sin like a rat, had ate large holes,
Begg'd him to be their tinker—their hole ſtopper—
For, gentle Reader, Sin of ſuch a ſort is,
It ſouls corrodeth, juſt as aqua fortis
Corrodeth iron, Braſs, or copper.

They told him, they would give him better pay,
If he'd agree to change his quarters;

Proteſting, when his ſoul ſhould leave its clay,
To rank his bones, with thoſe of Saints and Martyrs.

This was a handſome bribe, all Papiſts know !
But ſtop—his pariſh would not let him go—
Then ſurly did the other pariſh look,
And ſwore, to have the man, by hook or crook :

So ſeiz'd him, like a graceleſs throng—
The prieſt's Pariſhioners, who lov'd him well,
(Rather than to another Church belong)
Swore, they would ſooner ſee him lodg'd in hell—
So violent was their objection !
So very ſtrong, too, their affection !

The Ladies, too, united in the ſtriſe ;
Proteſting, that " they lov'd him, as their life,
" So ſweetly he would look when down to pray'r !
" So happy in a ſermon choice !
" And then he had of nightingales the voice !
" And holy water gave, with ſuch an air !
" Lord ! loſe ſo fine a man !—ſo great a treaſure !
" Yielding ſuch quantities of heav'nly pleaſure !
" Forgiving ſins ſo free, too, at confeſſion,
" However carnal the tranſgreſſion,
" In ſuch a charming, love condemning ſtrain !
" He really ſeem'd to ſay, " Go ſin again ;
" Hell ſhall not throw, my Angels, on your ſouls,
" So ſweet, a ſingle ſhovelful of coals."

Now in the fire was all the fat :—
Juſt as two bull-dogs pull a cat,
Both pariſhes, with furious zeal, contended—
So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd,
That very fatally the battle ended !—
In ſhort, by hugging, lugging, and kind ſqueezes,
The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces !

This work perform'd, the bones were fought for ſtoutly ;
And ſo the fray continued moſt devoutly :—
Lo ! with an arm, away one raſcal fled ;
This, with a leg ; and that, the head—
Off, with the foot, another goes—
Another ſeizes him, and gets the toes.

Nay, ſome, a relick ſo intent to crib,
Fought, juſt like maſtiffs, for a rib :

Nay, more,—(for truth, to tell the whole, obliges)—
A dozen battled, for his *Os Coccygis !**

Heav'n, that fees all things, faw the dire diſpute,
In which, each pariſh acted, like a brute:
Then bade the dead man, as a Saint, be ſought:
Still to reward him more, his bones enriches,
With pow'r o'er Evils, Rheumatiſms, and Itches,
However dreadful, and wherever caught.—
Thus, by the grace of Him, who governs thunder,
His very toe-nail could perform a wonder !

THUS might our Monarch, by this *dozen* men,
Be hugg'd—and then ! and then ! and then ! and then !
" Then, what ?"—why, then, this direful ill muſt ſpring—
I a good *Subject* loſe, and thou a *King !*

No, Tom ! no more, to ſtrike us with amaze,
Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze—
A ſetting ſun art thou ; ſo mild thy beam !
Thou—like old Ocean's heaving wave, no more,
That lifts a ſhip, and fly, with equal roar—
Pour'ſt, from thy lyric pipe, a ſober ſtream.

No more, we hear the gale of Fame,
Wild bluſt'ring, with thy maſter's name !
No more, ideal virtues ride ſublime—
Like feathers—on the ſurge of rhyme.

But, lo the cauſe ! it was the royal Will,
To bid the tempeſt of his praiſe be ſtill ;
No more to let his virtues make a rout,
Blown by thy blaſts, like paper kites, about.

Indeed, thy Sov'reign, in thy verſe ſo fine,
Might juſtly have exclaim'd at many a line,
" In peacock's feathers, lo ! this knave arays me !"
And, like a King of France, of whom I've read,
Our gracious Sov'reign alſo might have ſaid,
" What have I done, that *He ſhould praiſe me ?*"

With pity, have I ſeen thee, Son of ſong,
Trundling thy lyric wheel-barrow along,
Amidſt St. James's gapers to unload,
The motly maſs of pompous Ode ;

* *The tip of the Rump.*

And wiſh'd the *Sack*—(for verſe, the annual prize
To Poets of a leſs renown)—
To poor Will. Maſon, who, in ſecret, ſighs,
To ſtrut beneath the Laureat's leaden crown.

Warm in the praiſe, thou might'ſt have been,
Of *thy* great King, and *his* great Queen:
But not ſo diabolically *hot*——
A downright Devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *Dev'l*, (without thy being born a wizard)
Thou ought'ſt to know, I mean's a turkey's gizzard;
So chriſten'd for its quality, by man,
Becauſe ſo oft 'tis loaded with *Kian*——
This dev'l is ſuch a red-hot bit of meat,
As nothing but the dev'l himſelf ſhould eat.

A *ſpoon* was large enough, the world well knows!
Why give the pap of praiſe then with a *ladle*?—
Gently thou ſhould'ſt have rock'd him to repoſe—
Not, like a drunken nurſe, o'erturn'd the cradle,

I do not marvel, that the King was wroth,
(Knowing himſelf no bigger than a lath)
To find himſelf a tall, gigantic oak—
'Twas too much of a magic lantern ſtroke.

Ah! where was *Modeſty*, the charming maid?
Where was the rural vagrant ſtraying,
Not to admoniſh thee, an idle jade,
When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying?
Yet why this queſtion put I, Tom, to thee?—
Lord! how *We Wits* forget—ſhe was with *me*.

Dear modeſty, (by very few careſt)
Oft condeſcends to be my gueſt:
From time to time, the maid my rhyme reviews,
And dictates ſweet inſtructions to the Muſe.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Juſt like that baſhful damſel, call'd Miſs Morn—
Who, ſmiling on the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her eaſt, with ſilent pace and ſlow
O'er yonder ſhadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window ſteals, with dewy light;
Then, peeping thro' the panes, with cherub mein,
Seems to aſk liberty to enter in.

Now, vent'ring on the ſables of my room,
She ſweeps the darkneſs with her ſtar clad broom:

Now, pleas'd a ſtronger ſplendor to diffuſe,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my ſhoes ;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handſome pluſh,
Where George's heads *once* made no gingling ſound ;
But where, amidſt the pockets all was huſh—
Such awful ſilence reign'd around !—
Whoſe fob, which thieves ſo often pick,
Was quite a ſtranger to a watch's click.

Now caſting, on my pen and ink, a ray,
Seeming with ſweet reproof, to ſay,
" The lark, to Heav'n, her grateful matins ſings ;
" Then, Peter, alſo ope thy tuneful throat ;
" And, happy in a faſcinating note,
" Riſe and bewitch the beſt of Kings !"

Howe'er the world, t'abuſe me, may be giv'n,
I cannot do without Crown'd Heads, by Heav'n !
Bards muſt have ſubjects, that their genius ſuit—
And if I've not crown'd heads, I muſt be mute.

My verſe is ſomewhat like a game at Whiſt ;
Which game, tho' play'd by people e'er ſo keen,
Cannot, with much ſucceſs, alas ! exiſt,
Except their hands poſſeſs a King and Queen.
I own my Muſe delights in royal folk—
Lead mines, producing many pretty pounds !
Joe Millars, furniſhing a fund of joke !
Lo ! with a fund of joke, a court abounds !

At royal follies, Lord ! a lucky hit
Saves our poor brain th' expence of wit !
At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And *vice verſa*, Kings and Queens
Know pretty well, what ſcandal means ;
And love it too—yes, Majeſty's a grinner—
Scandal, that really would diſgrace a ſtable,
Hath oft been beckon'd to a royal table,
And pleas'd a princely palate, more than dinner.

I know, the world exclaimeth, in this guiſe :—
" Suppoſe a King not overwiſe,

" (A vice in Kings, not very oft ſuſpected)
" Suppoſe he does *this* childiſh thing, and *this*,
" If folly conſtitutes a Monarch's bliſs,
" Shall ſuch, by ſaucy Poets, ſtand corrected ?

" Bold is the man," old Parſon Calchas * cries,
" Who tells a Monarch, where his error lies."
" Grant, that a King, in converſe, cannot ſhine,
" And ſharp, with ſhrewd remark, a world alarm ;
" What buſineſs, Peter Pindar, is't of thine ?
" Grant puerilities—pray, where's the harm ?"

To this I anſwer, " I don't think a King
" will go to hell, for ev'ry childiſh thing—
" Yet mind ! I think, that one, in his great Station,
" ſhould ſhow ſublime example to a nation :
" And when—an eagle !—he ſhould ſpring,
" To drink the ſolar blaze, on tow'ring wing,
" With daring and undazzled eyes ;
" Not be a ſparrow upon chimnies hopping,
" His head in holes and corners popping,
" For flies."

Tom, I'm not griev'd, that thou haſt chang'd thy note,
And op'd, on Windſor wall, thy tuneful throat ;
For verily it is a rare old maſs !
Nor angry, that to *Weſt* thou doſt deſcend ;
The King's great painting oracle and friend,
Who teaching *Jervas*, how to ſpoil good glaſs.

But, ſon of *Iſis*, ſince, amidſt this Ode,
Thou talk'ſt of painting, like an ardent lover,
Of panes of glaſs now daubing over,
Dimming delightfully the great abode ;

Speak—know'ſt thou aught of Raphael's rare *Cartoons* ?
I have not ſeen them, Tom, for many moons !

Why did'ſt thou not, amidſt thy rhyming fit,
Of thoſe moſt heav'nly pictures talk a bit——
For which, the Nation paid down ev'ry *ſous* ?
Rare pictures ! brought long ſince from Hampton Court,
And, by a *ſelf-taught* Carpenter, cut ſhort,
To ſuit the pannels of the Queen's old houſe.

So ſays report—I hope it is not true—
And yet I verily believe it too ;

* *Vide Homer.*

It is so like *some people*, I could name,
Whose Pericraniums walk a little lame,

Beshrew me, but it brings to mind
A cutting story, much of the same kind !

It happ'd, at Plymouth town, so fair and sweet,
Where wand'ring guttlers wand'ring guttlers meet,
Making, in show'rs of rain, a monst'rous pother !
Bart'ring, like Rag-Fair Jews, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage-leaves, and breathless cats,
Potatoes, turnip-tops, old rags and hats :

A town, that brings to mind Swift's City Show'r—
Where clouds, to wash its face, for ever pour—
A town, where Beau-traps, under water, grin,
Inviting gentle strangers to walk in ;
Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.

A town, were Parsons for the *Living* fight,
On ev'ry vacancy, with godly might,
Like wrestlers, for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches ;
Where oft the priest, who best his lungs employs,
To make the rarest diabolical noise,
With surest chance of vict'ry preaches :
Whose empty sounds alone his labour bless ;
Like cannon, fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town, where, exil'd by the Higher Pow'rs,
The Royal Tar, with indignation, lours ;
Kept, by his Sire. from London and from sin,
To say his catechism to Mistress Wynn.

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER AND THE COFFINS.

IN the last war, French Pris'ners often died,
Of fevers, colds and more good things beside—
Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt ;
And vermine, and all sorts of dirt ;
And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare,
That ever sought the nose, or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd neceſſary things,
Forming a pretty ſort of wooden wings,
For wafting men to graves, for t'other world;
Where anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our ſouls are put aſhore,
And all the ſails for ever furl'd.

A carpenter, firſt couſin to the May'r,
Hight Maſter Screw, a man of reputation,
Got leave, thro' borough int'reſt, to prepare
Good wooden lodgings, for the Gallic nation—
I mean, for luckleſs Frenchmen, that were dead;
And very well indeed Screw's contract ſped.

His good friend, Death, made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands;
As if the Carpenter and Death went ſnacks——
Wiſhing to make as much as e'er they could,
By this ſame contract coffin wood,
For ſuch as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter, like men of other trades,
Whom Conſcience very eaſily perſuades,
To take from neighbours uſeleſs ſuperfluity;
Reſolv'd upon an economic plan,
Which ſhows, that, in the character of man,
Economy is not an incongruity.

I know, ſome Monarchs ſay the ſame—whoſe pulſes
Beat high, for iv'ry chairs, and beds, and bulſes.
For, lo! this man, of economic ſort,
Made all his coffins much too ſhort,
Yet ſnugly he accommodates the dead,
Cuts off, with much *ſang froid*, the head,
And then, to keep it ſafe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
Making his dead man quite a *Paris* beau!—
Hugging his jowl *en bras chapeau*.

But, Thomas, now to thoſe Cartoons of fame—
Do aſk thy Sov'reign, in my name,
What's to be done with thoſe rare pictures next?
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down,
To the Queen's houſe, in Windſor town;
At which the London folks were vaſtly vex'd.
For if thoſe fine Cartoons, as hiſt'ry ſays,

Were, much to this great nation's praiſe)
Bought, for the nation's ſole inſpection ;
Unaſk'd, to ſuffer any man to feel 'em,
Or ſuffer any forward dame to ſteal 'em,
Would be a national reflection.

Tom, aſk, to Strelitz if their doom'd to go ;
Becauſe the walls are naked there, I know——
Strelitz a mouſe-hole, is, all dark and drear ;
And, ſhould the pictures be inclin'd to ſtray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may loſe their way.
And ramble to ſome Hebrew auctioneer :

Where, like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'rers may be made a lot——
And, like the goods at Garraway's we handle.
Chriſt and the Saints be ſold, by *inch of candle*.

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude !
(I ſee thee ready to bawl out, "*Amen !*"
Joking apart—don't think me rude,
For wiſhing to inſtruct thy lyric pen,

Whether, like trout and eels, in humble pride,
Along the ſimple ſtream of proſe we glide ;
Or, ſtirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales, we flounder through the lyric flood ;

Or—(if a paſt'ral image charm thee more)—
Whether the vales of proſe our feet explore,
Or, rais'd ſublime on Ode's aërial ſteep,
We bound, from rock to rock, like goats and ſheep :

Whether we dine with Dukes, on fifty diſhes,
Or Poet-like, againſt our wiſhes,
On beef, or pork, an economic crumb,
(Perchance not bigger than our thumb)
Turn'd, by a bit of packthread, at the fire,
To ſatisfy our hunger's keen deſire ;
A good old proverb let us keep in view——
Viz. Thomas "give the dev'l his due."

Whether a Monarch, iſſuing high command,
Smiles us to court and ſhakes us by the hand ;
Or, rude bumbailiffs touch us on the ſhoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in priſon moulder !
Sell not (to meanneſs ſunk) one golden line—
The Muſe's incenſe—for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuſe of thine, my friend——
" Few are thoſe people, that my Ode attend :
" I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,
" That on the ſtaircaſe, or behind the door,
" Cries, ' Cuckow ! Cuckow !' juſt at twelve and four,
" And chimes that vulgar tune,' God ſave the King !"

Oh ! if deſerting Windſor's loſty tow'rs,
To ſave a ſixpence in his barrack bow'rs,
A Monarch ſhuffles from the world away,
And gives to Folly's whims the buſtling day ;
From *ſuch* low themes, thy promis'd praiſe recall,
And ſing more wonders of the old Mud Wall.

PETER'S PENSION,

A

SUBLIME EPISTLE

TO

A VERY SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

" My Heart is inditing a good Matter—I ſpeak of the Things " which I have made, unto the *King*." PSALM xlv.

ARGUMENT.

A GRAND *Exordium*, containing news from Jericho—Peter informeth Majeſty of the great noiſe on their reſpective accounts—and talketh of Sampſon and Dalilah—the London Coffee-Houſes, and the Royal Exchange—Peter explaineth the cauſe of the great noiſe, and ejaculateth—talketh of preparations at the Palace, for his diſgrace and murder—Peter informeth Majeſty, of what Majeſty hath been informed—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright *Devil*—beggeth that a proper inquiry may be inſtituted—Peter pronounceth himſelf no *Devil*—Peter writeth ſoft Sonnets, to prove that he hath not a hard heart.

Peter talketh of Courtiers and Court matters—of what the world wickedly ſayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the world—mentioneth the deſpondence of the Newſpapers, Magazines and Reviews—alſo the famine in poetry—Peter exculpateth Majeſty—Peter refuſeth modeſtly—hinteth at Royal misfortunes, Diamonds, Nabobs, and an action of Trover—Peter propheſieth mournfully—giveth the hiſtory of Nebuchadnezzar's graſs diet—Peter affordeth good reaſons for refuſing a Penſion—relateth an anecdote of a dead Archbiſhop—formeth a ſcheme for univerſal Happineſs, by diſcovering *Sin* and *Shame* to be a pair of *Impoſtors*, and for making mournful Sunday merry—Peter outdoeth old Poets in egotiſm—condemneth Miſtreſs Damer, the great ſhe-ſtatuary, for attempting our moſt ſublime Sovereign—Peter, like many authors,

exhibiteth prodigious acquaintance with ancient Literature, by mentioning the names of *Jupiter*, *Phidias*. *Praxiteles*, *Virgil*, and *Auguſtus Cæſar*—Peter puffeth again—Peter produceth a Tale about Majeſty, Mr Robinſon, Alderman Skinner, and choaked Sheep—alſo a Tale of Majeſty and Parſon Young, whoſe neck was unfortunately unhinged at a hunt.

Peter ſtill hankereth after Penſions—declaimeth on the powers of poetry, as alſo on his own miraculous powers—Peter profeſſeth independency and great capability of making a hearty mutton-bone dinner, like Andrew Marvel—Peter diſtruſteth his fortitude—quoteth oppoſition-men for pitiful deſertion of Principle ; and deſcanteth on money---Peter telleth an appoſite Tale of Lady Huntington's Parſon, a Dog, and a Squire.

Peter quoteth the Wind and Mr. Eden---exhibiteth more ſymptoms of Penſion-love---concludeth in a foam againſt *knighthood*.

DREAD Sir, the rams' horns, that blew down
The walls of Jericho's old town,
Made a moſt monſtrous uproar, all agree—
But lo ! a louder noiſe around us rages,
About two moſt important perſonages—
No leſs, my Royal Liege, than *You* and *Me* !

In ſhort, not greater the Philiſtines made,
When *Dalilah*, a little artful jade,
(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipp'd off her lover Mr. *Sampſon's* curl,
Who well repaid the clamors of the bears,
By pulling down the houſe about their ears.

Prodigious is the ſhake around !
Still London keeps (thank God !) her ground—
Yet, how th' Exchange, and Coffee-Houſes, ring !
Nothing is heard, but Peter, and the King :
The handſome bar-maids ſtare, as mute as fiſhes ;
And ſallow waiters, frighten'd, drop their diſhes !

At firſt 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews,
On ſome great victʼry in the boxing way :
The news, the very anti-chriſtian news,
Of Iſrael's Hero * having won the day ?

* *Mendoza*.

And Humphries, a true Chriſtian boxer, beat—
Enough to give all Chriſtendom a ſweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
Who on his hand had got ſome ſerious work.
'Twas fancied, he had loſt the day;
That ev'ry Muſſulman was kill'd in battle,
A fate moſt proper for ſuch heathen cattle,
Whe do not pray to God, our way.

But lo! unto the lofty ſkies,
Of ſound this wonderful aſcenſion,
Doth verily, my Liege, from this ariſe:
That you have giv'n the gentle Bard a penſion!

Great is the ſhout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
That you have order'd me this handſome thing;
On which, with, lifted eyes, I've ſaid, "Good God!
"Though great my merits, yet how great the King!"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,
That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd
Againſt the *Poet*, for his tuneful art;
And that the tall, ſtiff, ſtately, red machines,
Your Grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
Were order'd all to ſtab me to the heart——

That if to Houſe of Buckingham I came,
Commands were giv'n to Miſtreſs Brigg,
A comely, ſtout, two-handed dame,
To box my ears, and pull my wig:
The Cooks, to ſpit me——curry me, the Grooms,
And *Kitchen Queans*, to baſte me with their brooms.

You're told, that in my ways I'm very evil!
So ugly! fit to travel for a ſhow;
And that I look all grimly, where I go,
Juſt like a devil,
With horns, and tail, and hoofs, that make folks ſtart;
And in my breaſt, a mill-ſtone for a heart!

This cometh from a certain Painter, Sire—
Bid ſtory-mouſing Nicolay inquire,
Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes;
Who jumping at each ſound, ſo eager opes
His pretty wither'd pair of *Chineſe* chops,
Like a Dutch dog, that leaps at butterflies.
He, Sire, will look me o'er, and will not fail
To ſwear, that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord ! Lord ! theſe ſayings grieve me, and ſurpriſe !
Dread Sir, don't ſee with other people's eyes—
No dev'l am I, with horns, and tail, and hoofs—
As for the likeneſs of my heart, to ſtone—
No, Sir—'tis full as tender, as your own—
Accept, my Liege, ſome ſimple love-ſick proofs !

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY, lovely Maid, with downcaſt eye,
And cheek, with ſilent ſorrow, pale ;
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd ſigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale ?

Thy tears, which thus each other chaſe,
Beſpeak a breaſt o'erwhelm'd with woe :
Thy ſighs, a ſtorm, that wrecks thy peace,
Which ſouls like thine ſhould never know.

Oh ! tell me, doth ſome favour'd Youth
Too often bleſt, thy beauties ſlight ;
And leave thoſe thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and boſom of delight ?

What tho' to other Nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond, impaſſion'd tear ;
Breaths all the eloquence of ſighs,
That treach'rous won thy artleſs ear ?

Let not thoſe Nymphs thy anguiſh move,
For whom his heart may ſeem to pine—
That heart ſhall ne'er be bleſt by *Love*,
Whoſe guilt can force a pang from *thine*.

TO CYNTHIA.

AH ! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a ſigh,
That a coldneſs will creep o'er my heart ;
That a ſullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
(Till life be extinguiſh'd) from memory ſtray,
Which it ought to review with delight ?

Upbraiding, ſhall Gratitude ſay, with a tear,
" That no longer I think of thoſe charms,
" Which gave to my boſom ſuch rapture ſincere,
" And faded at length in my arms ?"

Why, yes ! it may happen, thou Damſel divine !
To be honeſt—I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy *converſe* ſo much I incline,
I've *already forgot*, thou art *fair*.

TO LAURA.

HOW happy was my morn of love,
When firſt thy beauty won my heart !
How guiltleſs of a wiſh to rove !
I deem'd it more than death, to part !

Whene'er from thee I chanc'd to ſtray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That ſpread with flow'rs my diſtant way,
And ſhow'r'd delight on ev'ry ſcene !

But Fortune, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms——
From me thy ſweeteſt ſmile decoys,
And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though my tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be never Laura's lot !
Let love protect *thy* heart from woe ;
His wound to *mine* ſhall be forgot.

HYMN TO MODESTY.

O ! MODESTY, thou ſhy and bluſhing Maid,
Don't of a ſimple Shepherd be afraid ;
Wert thou my Lamb, with ſweeteſt graſs I'de treat thee—
I am no *Wolf*, ſo ſavage that ſhould eat thee !
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Thy fragrant breaſt, like Alpine ſnows ſo white,
Where all the neſtling Loves delight to lie ;
Thine eyes, that ſhed the milder light
Of *Night's* pale Wand'rer o'er her cloudleſs ſky,

O Nymph, my panting, wiſhing, boſom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm !
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell !

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant ſpread,
And hide thy boſom with an envious ſhade :
Thy poliſh'd cheek ſo dimpled, where the roſe,
In all the bloom of rip'ning ſummer, blows :
Thy lucious lips, that heav'nly dreams inſpire,
By Beauty form'd, and loaded with Deſire ;
With ſorrow, and with wonder *lo !* I ſee
(What melting treaſures !) thrown away on *thee*.
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell !

Thou knoweſt not that boſom's fair deſign ;
And as for thoſe two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'ſt them form'd alone for ſimple chat—
To bill, ſo happy, with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with ſweetly-fondling love,
Their kiſſes on a lap-dog, or a cat.
Then haſte with me, meek Maid, to dwell,
And give a goddeſs to my cell !

Such thoguhts thy ſweet ſimplicity produces ;
But I can point out far ſublimer uſes ;
Uſes, the very beſt of men eſteem——
Of which thine innocence did never dream :
Then haſte with me, meek Maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell !

Oh ! fly from Impudence, the brazen rogue,
Whoſe flippant tongue hath got the Iriſh brogue ;
Whoſe hands would pluck thee, like the faireſt flow'r,
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips, and neck, devour :
Shun, ſhun that Caliban, and with me dwell ;
Then come, and give a Goddeſs to my cell !

The world, O ſimple Maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Did'ſt thou perceive but half the ſnares,
The Dev'l for charms, like, thine prepares !
Then haſte O Nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell !

From morn to eve, my kiſs of ſpeechleſs love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and bluſhes ſhall improve ;

And lo! from our so innocent embrace,
Young Modesties shall spring, a num'rous race!
The blushing girls, in ev'ry thing like *Thee*,
The bashful boys, prodigiously like *Me!*
Then haste with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddess to my cell!

IS not this pretty, Sir? can aught be sweeter?
Instead of that vile appellation, 'Devil,'
So blackguard, so unfriendly, so uncivil,
Should I not be baptiz'd, the *gentle Peter?*

Great is the buz about the Court,
As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christans meet,
Or Smithfield fair, where beasts of ev'ry sort,
Pigs, Sheep, Men, Bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Busy indeed is many a sly court-leech!
Afraid to trust each other with a speech——
In hems, and hahs, and half-words, hinting:
Some whisp'ring, list'ning, tip-toe-walking, squinting—
For lo! so warily each Courtier speaks,
They seem to talk, with halters round their necks.

Some praise the King for nobleness of spirit,
For ever studying how to find out merit;
Whilst from its box their heart doth slily peep,
And ask the tongue with marv'ling eyes,
How can it bear to tell a heap
Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies?
"How are the mighty fall'n!" the people cry—
Meaning ME——
"Another hog of Epicurus' sty!
"This vile apostate bends, to *Baal*, the knee;
"Lo! for a little meat and guzzle,
"This sneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.
"In lyric scandal, soon will be a chasm——
"He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain; and now he has 'em.
"This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,
"By means of meat, the price of venal notes,
"Calm as a hackney coach-horse on his stand,
"Toying about his nose-bag and his oats.

"Whate'er he hath said, he dares unsay,
"In native impudence so rich——
"Explain the plainest things away,

" And call his Muſe a forward b——— :
" Treat fire of friendly promiſes as ſmoke,
" And laugh at truth and honour as a joke !"
Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,
As thick as ſmall birds peſt'ring a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,
That I have not a penſion found ;
Which ſpeech of ſimple truth the mob enrages.
" *Peter*, this is an arrant lie—
" The fact is clear, too clear !" they cry—
" Thou haſt already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

" Varlet ! it always was thy vile intention—
" Thou haſt, thou haſt, thou liar, got a penſion !"
Still to ſupport my innocence, I've ſaid,
Moſt ſinfully, I own—" I han't, by G-d !"
Yet, had I ſworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believ'd—How vaſtly odd !

The morning and the ev'ning papers,
Struck by the ſound, are in the vapours,
And mourn and droop, to think I'm dead—
Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
The Magazine and the Reviews,
For grief, can ſcarcely lift their head.

" Nothing but poor mechanic ſtuff," they cry,
" Shall now be quoted for the public eye ;—
" Nothing original in ſong—
" No novelty of images and thought,
" Before our fair Tribunal, ſhall be brought :—
" But trifling tranſpoſitions of our tongue :
" The ſonneteers muſt now be call'd to rave,
" And we muſt pay them too for ev'ry ſtave,
" Forth from their garrets high, or cellars low,
" To us they run, as ſoon as this they know ;
" *Buckle* and *pipe* makers now will dine,
" And once more boaſt their porter and ſurloin.—
" Penury, avaunt ! their pockets now may chink,
" And future gazetters afford them drink.———
" The papers thus deſerted, in a ſlurry,
" Print all their paltry nonſenſe in a hurry ;
" For ſtill the public muſt be ſooth'd with ſong,
" However weak or fooliſh, right or wrong.———

" Nought, but a ſolemn pomp of words,
" Bearing a lifeleſs thought, ſhall readers meet—

" The picture of a fun'ral that affords ;
" So ſolemn marching through the ſtaring-ſtreet.

" Where flags, and horſe, and foot, a ſorrow ape,
" With all the dread diſmality of crape,
" Near the poor corpſe—perhaps a puny brat,
" Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat. "

No, Sir ! you never offer'd me a penſion—
But then I gueſs, it is your kind intention—
Yes, Sir, you mean a ſmall *douceur* to proffer ;
But, give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will ;
But Oratorios have half undone you :
'Tis whiſper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the Till,
Which kept your milk and buttter money.

So much with ſaving wiſdom are you taken,
Drury and Covent-Garden ſeem forſaken—
Since *coſt* attendeth thoſe theatric borders,
Content, you go to Richmond-Houſe with *orders*.*

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
When lately the ſweet Princeſs† came of age,
Train oil, inſtead of wax, was bid t'illume
The goodly company, and dancing-room !
This never had been done, I'm very ſure,
Had not you been, *ſome way or other* poor.

You now want guineas, to buy live ſtock, Sir,
To graze your Windſor hill and vale ;
And farmers will not let their cattle ſtir,
Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told, your ſheep have died by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have ſuffer'd by the fitches ;
And that your man-traps, guards of gooſe and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but *ſo ſo* luck——
Scrace fifty rogues, in chaſe of fowls and eggs,
Have, in thoſe loving engines, loſt their legs.

The Bulſe, Sir, on a viſit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the Royal Viſage may look ſour,

* *Tickets, to admit the bearer to the playhouſe*, gratis.
† *The Princeſs royal.*

Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Muſt croſs once more the eaſtern Ocean!

Indeed I hope, the di'monds will be *off*,
Or ſcandal on us rolls in floods——
Some Nabob may be vile enough,
To bring an action for ſtol'n goods—
An action (to ſpeak lawyer- like) of *Trover*;
And Heav'n forbid, it ſhould come over!

For money-matters, I am ſure,
The Abbey muſic was put off;
Becauſe the Royal purſe is poor,
Plagu'd with a dry conſumptive cough;
Yet, in full health, again that purſe may riot,
By God's grace, and a ſkim-milk diet.

Cloſe as a vice, behold the nation's fiſt!
Vain will be mouths made up for civil liſt;
And humble pray'rs, ſo very ſtale,
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons, to your cravings,
Will not give up the nation's ſavings——
Your fav'rite Miniſter, (I'm told) runs *reſtiff*,
And growls at ſuch petitions, like a maſtiff.

What if my good friend, Haſtings, goes to pot?—
Adams and Anſtruther have flung hard ſtones—
He finds his ſituation rather hot—
Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, may break his bones.

As ſurely as *we* ſaw and felt the bulſe,
Haſtings hath got a very awkard pulſe;
Therefore in Jeopardy the culprit ſtands!
Like patients, whoſe diſorders Doctors ſlight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
And ſlip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir! Oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but remembrance of the bulſe is ours;
And to a ſtomach, that, like ours, digeſts,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feaſts.

I think, we caſes underſtand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as moſt *ingenious* men;
But, Lord! how oft the wiſeſt are miſtaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.
We may be out, with all our ſkill ſo clever,
And what we think an ague, prove *jail fever*.

Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, the *King*,
As ſacred Hiſt'ries ſweetly ſing,
Was, on all-fours, turn'd out to graſs,
Juſt like a horſe, or mule, or aſs.

Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope, it will not ſo turn out,
That we ſhall have (to make a rout)
A ſecond part of that old ſtory!

This penſion was well meant, O glorious King,
And for the Bard a very pretty thing;
But let me, Sir, refuſe it, I implore——
I ought not to be rich, whilſt *you* are poor;
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack;
I fear your Majeſty would break my back.

I dare refuſe you, for another reaſon—
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
You fancy it a ſin ally'd to treaſon,
And vaſtly dang'rous to the commonweal,
For ſubjects, minuets and jigs to play,
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling—
And in my morals, what the world calls *middling*.
I've aſk'd my conſcience, that came ſtrait from Heav'n,
Whether I ſtood a chance to be forgiv'n,
If, on a Sunday, from all ſcruples free,
I ſcrap'd the old Black Joke, and *Chere Amie*.
"Ah! fool! (exclaim'd my conſcience) know
"God never, againſt muſic made a rule:
"On Sundays, you may ſafely take your bow—
"And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late Archbiſhop, * too, O King,
Who knew moſt ſecrets of the ſkies,
Said, Heav'n on Sundays reliſh'd pipe and ſtring,
Where ſounds on ſounds unceaſing riſe——
And aſk'd as Sunday had its muſic there,
Why Sunday ſhould not have its muſic here?

In conſequence of this divine opinion,
That Prince of Parſons in your great dominion,
Inform'd his faſhionable wife,
That ſhe might have her Sunday routs and cards,

* *Cornwallis.*

And meet at laſt with Heav'ns rewards,
When Death ſhould take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!
Upon Good Friday, too, that awful day,
Lo! like Vauxhall, was Lambeth all ſo gay!

Now, if his preſent Grace, with ſharpen'd eyes,
Could ſquint a little deeper in the ſkies,
He might be able to inform his dame,
Of two impoſtors, p'rhaps, call'd Sin and Shame,
Who many a pleaſure from our graſp remove,
Pretending to commiſſions from above.

Like this, a ſecret, could his Grace explore,
What a proud day for *Us*, and Miſtreſs Moore!
For lo! two greater foes we cannot name,
To this world's joy, than *Meſſieurs* Sin and Shame.

Then might we think no more of praiſe and pray'r,
But leave, at will, our Maker in the lurch:
Sleep, racket, lie a bed, or take the air,
And order owls and bats to go to church.

Sunday, like other days, would then have life:
Now prim, and ſtarch, and ſilent, as a Quaker—
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife,
Or widow, of an Undertaker.

Happy ſhould I have been, my Liege,
So great a Monarch to oblige:
And, Sir—between you, and the poſt,
And me—you don't know what you've loſt—

The loſs of me, ſo great a Bard,
Is not, O King, to be repair'd.
My verſe, ſuperior to the hardeſt rock,
Nor earthquake fears, nor ſea, nor fire,
Surpaſſing, therefore, Miſtreſs Damer's block,
That boaſts ſo ſtrong a likeneſs of you, Sire.
That block, ſo pond'rons, muſt with age decay,
And all the lines of wiſdom wear away!
I grant the Lady's loyalty and love,
Yet, "none but Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove."

The Macedonian Hero grac'd the ſtone
Of fam'd Praxiteles alone;

Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was so great and difficult a job.

Augustus swore an oath so dread,
He'd cut off any Poet's head,
But Virgil's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
Or mention ev'n his name in verse.

Then, Sir, if I may be a litttle free,
My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord ! in my adamantine lays,
Your virtues would, like bonfires, blaze—
So firm your tuneful jeweller would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of Time, to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the splendor of my golden line,
For ever would your Majesty be fine !
Appear a gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then to all stories would I give the lie,
That dar'd attack you, and your fame devour ;
Making a King, a ninepin in our eye,
Who ought, like Egypt's pyramids, to tow'r—
Such as the following fable, for example,
Of impudence, unprecedented sample !

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

SOME time ago, a dozen lambs,
Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old Ewe,
Died on a sudden, down at Kew ;

Where, with the sweetest innocence, alas !
Those pretty, inoffensive lambs,
And rev'rend, horned, patriarchal rams,
And motherly old Ewe, were nibbling grass ;
All the fair property of our great King—
Whose deaths did much the Royal bosom wring.
'Twas said, that dogs had tickled them to death ;
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopp'd their breath.

Like Homer's heroes, on the ensanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mr. Robinson * around the slain ;

* *The Hind.*

And never was more frighten'd in his life.
So ſhock'd was Mr. Robinſon's whole face,
Not ſtronger horrors could have taken place,
Had Cerberus devour'd his wife !

With wild, deſpairing looks, and ſighs,
And wet, and pity-aſking eyes,
He trembling, to the royal preſence ventur'd—
White as the whiteſt napkin, when he enter'd !
White as the man, who ſought King *Priam*'s bed,
And told him that his warlike ſon was dead.

" Oh ! pleaſe your Majeſty"—he, blubb'ring cried—
And then ſtopp'd ſhort—
" What ? what ? what ? what ? (the ſtaring King replied)
" Speak, Robinſon, ſpeak, ſpeak, what, what's the hurt ?"

" O Sire," ſaid Robinſon again—
" Speak—(ſaid the King)—put, put me out of pain—
" Don't, don't in this ſuſpence, a body keep"—
" O Sire," cried Robinſon, " the ſheep ! the ſheep !"

" What of the ſheep," replied the King, " pray, pray—
" Dead, Robinſon ? dead ? dead ? or run away ?"
" Dead, anſwer'd Robinſon, " dead ! dead ! dead ! dead !"
Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head !

" How ? how ?" the Monarch aſk'd, with viſage ſad.
" By dogs," ſaid Robinſon, " and, likely, mad !"

" No, no, the can't be mad ! they can't be mad !---
" No, no, things ar'n't ſo bad ! things ar'n't ſo bad !"
Rejoin'd the King---

" Off with them quick to market---quick, depart ;---
" In with them, in, in with them, in a cart---
" Sell, ſell them, for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet-Market, driving like the wind,
Amidſt his murder'd mutton, rode the Hind,
All in the royal cart ſo great,
To try to ſell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewe and rams,
Deſign'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Maſter Sheriff Skinner,
Who with a hammer, and a conſcience clear,
Gets glory, and ten thouſand pounds a year :

And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud London's proud Lord Mayor.

The Alderman was in his pulpit ſhining,
'Midſt Gentlemen, with night caps, hair and wigs;
In language moſt rhetorical, defining
The ſterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When ſuddenly the news was brought,
That, in Fleet Market, were unwholeſome ſheep;
Which made the preacher from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a tailor, or as thought.

For juſtice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers,
Set off——a furious face indeed he put on——
Like lightning, did he gallop up Cheapſide!
Like thunder, down thro' Ludgate did he ride,
To catch the man, who ſold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market, full of wrath, he came?
And with the ſpirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded, I believe, by no man
The Alderman, ſo virtuous, cried out, "Shame!"
"Damme!" (to Robinſon, ſaid Maſter Skinner)
"Who, on ſuch Mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"
"*You*, if you pleaſe,"
Cried Mr. Robinſon, with perfect eaſe.
'Sir!" quoth the red-hot Alderman again—
'*You*" quoth the Hind, in juſt the ſame cool ſtrain.

"Off! off! (cried Skinner) with your carrion heap;
"Quick, d---mme, take away your naſty ſheep!
"Whilſt I command, not e'en the King
"Shall ſuch vile ſtuff to market bring,
"And London ſtalls ſuch garbage put on—
"So take away your ſtinking mutton."

"*You* (replied Robinſon) *you* cry out 'Shame!'
"*You* blaſt the Sheep, good Maſter Skinner, pray!
"*You* give the harmleſs mutton a bad name!
"*You* impudently order it away!

"Sweet Maſter Alderman, don't make this rout:
"Clap on your ſpectacles upon your ſnout,
"And then your keen ſurveying eyes regale,
"With thoſe ſame fine large letters on the cart,
"Which brought this blaſted mutton here for ſale."
Poor Skinner read, and read it with a ſtart!

Like Hamlet, frighten'd at his father's Ghoſt,
The Alderman ſtood ſtaring, like a poſt ;
He ſaw G. R. inſcrib'd in handſome letters,
Which prov'd, the ſheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection ;
And being bleſt with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd—" I've made a great miſtake- Oh! ſad ;
" The ſheep are really not ſo bad,

" Dear Mr. Robinſon, I beg your pardon ;
" Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on ;
" Whoever ſays, the mutton is not good,
" Knows nothing, Mr. Robinſon, of food.
" I verily believe, I could turn glutton,
" On ſuch neat, wholeſome, pretty-looking mutton—
" Pray, Mr. Robinſon, the mutton ſell—
" I hope, Sir, that his Majeſty is well."

So ſaying, Mr. Robinſon he quitted,
With cherubimic ſmiles, and placid brows,
For ſuch embarraſſing occaſions, fitted——
Adding juſt five and twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinſon, to ſell the ſheep,
But people would not buy, except Dog-cheap ;
At length the ſheep were ſold—without the fleece,
And brought King *George* juſt half-a-crown a-piece.

Now for the other laughing, ſaucy, *lying* ſtory,
Made, one would think, to tarniſh Kingly glory.

THE K*** AND PARSON YOUNG.

THE K*** (God bleſs him !) met old Parſon Young,
Walking on Windſor Terrace, one fair morning—
Delightful was the day—the ſcent was ſtrong—
A heavenly day, for howling and for horning !
For tearing farmers' hedges down—hallooings—
Shouts, curſes, oaths, and ſuch like pious doings.

" Young," cried the K***, " d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt to-day ?
" Yes ! yes !—what, what ? yes ! yes ! fine day, fine day !

Low, with a rev'rent bow, the Prieſt replied,
" Great King ! I really have no horſe to ride ;
" Nothing, O Monarch, but my foundred mare,
" And *ſhe*, my Liege, as blind as ſhe can ſtare."

" No horſe !" rejoin'd the K***, " no horſe, no horſe !"
" Indeed," the Parſon added, " I have none :
" Nothing, but poor old *Dobbin*—who of courſe,
" " Is dang'rous—being blinder than a ſtone."
" Blind ? blind, Young ? never mind---you muſt, muſt go!---
" Muſt hunt ! muſt hunt ! Young !---ſtay behind ?---no !
" no !"

What pity, that the King, in his diſcourſe,
Forgot to ſay, " I'll lend you Young a horſe !"

The K***, to Young, behaving thus ſo kind,—
What'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,
At home, with *politeſſe*, Young could not ſtay—
So up his Rev'rence got upon the mare,
Reſolv'd, the Chace with Majeſty to ſhare,
Whate'er the dangers of the day.

Rous'd was the deer !—the King and Parſon Young,
Caſtor and Pollux like, rode ſide by ſide ;
When, lo ! a ditch was to be ſprung !
Over leap'd *G. the Third* with kingly pride.

Over jump'd *Tinker*, *Towzer Rockwood Towler*,
Over jump'd *Mendall*, *Bruſhwood*, *Jubal*, *Jowler*,
Trimbuſh, and *Lightning*, *Muſic*, *Ranter Wonder*,
And fifty others, with their mouths of thunder—
Great names ! whoſe pedigrees ſo fair,
With thoſe of Homer's heroes might compare.

Thus, glorioufly attended, leap'd the King,
By all thoſe hounds, attended with a ſpring !—
Not Cæſar's ſelf a fiercer look put on,
When, with the hoſt, he paſs'd the Rubicon !

But wayward fate the Parſon's palfrey humbled,
And gave the mare a ſudden check—
Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* tumbled,
And broke his Reverence's neck.

The Monarch, gaping, with amaze look'd round,
Upon his dead compa nion on the ground—
" What, what ? (he cried) Young dead ! Young dead !
" Young dead !—
" Humph !—take him up, and put him home to bed !"

Thus having finiſh'd——with a cheerful face,
Nimrod the ſecond join'd the jovial chace.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have ſtopp'd, when Parſon Young was
kill'd,
And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer ;
And with a weakneſs, call'd Compaſſion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritans*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the Royal Sportſman knew—
He gueſs'd the conſequence, beyond a doubt—
Full well he gueſs'd, he ſhould not have a view—
And that he ſhould be ſhamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps, from the royal eye, a tear *might* hop ;
Yet Pages ſwear, they never ſaw it drop.

But Majeſty may ſay—" what, what, what's death ?
" Nought, nought, nought, but a little loſs of breath."

To Parſon Young, 'twas *more*, I'm very clear—
He loſt, by death, ſome hundred pounds a year.
A great deal, my dear Liege, depends
On having clever Bards for friends——
What had Achilles been, without his Homer ?—
A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber !
Fellows, that have been dead a hundred year,
None, but the Lord, knows how or where—

In Poetry's rich graſs, how virtues thrive !—
Some, when put in, ſo lean, ſcarce ſeem alive ;
And yet, ſo ſpeedily a bulk obtain——
That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd *my* muſe of fire,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great Sire !
Then had I prais'd your nobleneſs of ſpirit !—
Then had I boaſted, that myſelf,
Hight Peter, was the firſt bleſt, tuneful elf,
You ever gave a farthing to, for merit.
Though money be a pretty handy tool ;
Of Mammon, lo ! I ſcorn to be the ſool !
If Fortune calls, ſhe's welcome to my cot,
Whether ſhe leaves a guinea or a groat ;
Whether ſhe brings me, from the butcher's ſhop,
The whole ſheep, or a ſingle chop,

For lo ! like Andrew Marvel, I can dine,
And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine—

Then, Sir, how difficult the task, you see,
To bribe a moderate gentleman, like *Me*.
I will not swear, *point blank*, I shall not alter—
A Saint—my name-sake, e'en was known to faulter.

Nay more—some clever men in Opposition,
Whose souls did really seem in good condition;
Who made of Pitt, such horrible complaint,
And damn'd him, for the worst of knaves;
Alter'd their minds—became Pitt's abject slaves,
And publish'd their new Patron, for a Saint.

And who is there, that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that description find,
Who will not sell their souls for cash,
That most angelic, diabolical trash!

E'en grave Divines submit to glitt'ring gold!
The best of consciences are bought and sold:
As in a tale I'll show, most edifying,
And prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

THE PARSON, THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTTEMAN possess'd a fav'rite spaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill:
This dog of whom we cannot too much say,
Got, from his godfather the name of Tray.

After ten years of service, just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, sought the dust—
That is to say the spaniel died——
A coffin then was order'd to be made—
The dog was in the church-yard laid;
And o'er his pale remains, the master cried,

Lamenting much his trusty, fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

TRAY's EPITAPH.

HERE reſts the relics of a friend below,
Bleſt with more ſenſe than half the folks I know ;
Fond of his eaſe, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no ſect ; but calmly gnaw'd his bone :
Perform'd his functions well, in ev'ry way—
Bluſh, Chriſtians, if you can, and copy Tray !

THE Curate of the Huntingtonian Band——
Rare breed of goſpel-hawks, that ſcour the land,
And fierce on ſins, their quarry, fall—
Thoſe locuſts that would eat up all :
Men, who, with new invented patent eyes,
See Heav'n, and all the angels in the ſkies ;
As plain, as in the box of ſhowman Swiſs,
For little Maſter made, and curious Miſs,
We ſee, with huge delight, the King of France,
With all his Lords and Ladies, dance.—

This Curate heard th' affair, with deep emotion ;
And thus exclaim'd with infinite devotion !
" O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !
" Fine doings theſe, upon my word !

" This, truly, is a pretty thing !
" What will become of this moſt ſhocking world?
" How richly ſuch a rogue deſerves to ſwing,
" And then to Satan's hotteſt flames be hurl'd !

" Oh ! by this damned deed, how I am hurried !
" A dog, in Chriſtian ground, be buried !
" And have an Epitaph, forſooth, ſo civil !—
" Egad ! Old Maids, will preſently be found,
" Clapping their dead *ram cats* in holy ground,
" And writing verſes on each mouſing devil."

Againſt ſuch future caſualty, providing,
The Prieſt ſet off, like Homer's Neptune, ſtriding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the Court,—
He found him, at the ſpaniel's humble grave ;
Not praying, neither ſinging of a ſtave ;
And thus began t'*abuſe* him—not *exhort*—

" Son of the Dev'l, what haſt thou done ?
" Nought, for the action, can atone—
" I ſhould not wonder, if the great All wiſe
" Quick darted down his lightning, all ſo red,
" And daſh'd to earth that wretched head,
" Which dar'd ſo foul, ſo baſe an act deviſe !

" Bury a dog, like chriſtian folk !——
" None, but the Devil, could provoke
" A man, to perpetrate a deed ſo odd !
" Our inquiſition ſoon the tale ſhall hear ;
" And quickly your fine fleece ſhall ſhear—
" Why, ſuch a villain can't believe in God !"

" Softly ! my rev'rend Sir," the ſquire replied—
" Tray was as good a dog, as ever died—
" No education could his morals mend—
" And what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
" Before his lamp of life went out,
" He order'd you a legacy, my friend."

" Did he ?—poor dog !" the ſoften'd Prieſt rejoin'd,
In accents pitiful and kind ;
" What ! was it *Tray* ? I'm ſorry for poor Tray :—
" Why truly, dogs of ſuch rare merit,
" Such real nobleneſs of ſpirit,
" Should not, like common dogs, be put away.—

" Well ! pray what was it, that he gave,
" Poor fellow ! ere he fought the grave ?
" I gueſs, I may put confidence, Sir, in ye."
" A piece of gold," the gentleman replied—
" I'm much oblig'd to *Tray*," the Parſon cried ;
So left God's *cauſe*, and pocketed the guinea.

YET, ſhould I imitate the fickle wind,
Or like Mr. Patriot Eden---change my mind ;
And for the Bard, your Majeſty ſhould ſend,
And ſay, " well, well, well, well, my tuneful friend,
" I long, I long, to give you ſomething, Peter---
" You make fine verſes---nothing can be ſweeter---
" What will you have ? what, what ? ſpeak out---ſpeak
" out---
" Yes, yes, you ſomething want---no doubt, no doubt."

Or ſhould you like ſome men who gravely preach,
Forſake your uſual ſhort-hand mode of ſpeech,
And thus begin---in bible-phraſe ſublime :
" What ſhall be done, for our rare ſon of Rhyme ?
" The Bard, who full of wiſdom writeth ?
" The Bard, in whom the King delighteth ?"

Then would the Poet thankfully reply,
With falt'ring voice, low bow, and marv'ling eye,
All meekneſs : ſuch a ſimple dove-like thing!
" Bleſt be the Bard, who verſes can indite,
" To yield a ſecond Solomon delight !
" Thrice bleſt, who findeth favour with the King !

" Since 'tis the royal Will, to give the Bard,
" In whom the King delighteth, ſome reward,
" Some mark of royal Bounty, to requite him !
" O King do any thing, but knight him."

THE

TEARS OF ST. MARGARET:

ALSO,

ODES OF CONDOLENCE

TO THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MUSICAL DIRECTORS,

ON THEIR DOWNFALL.

Delirant REGES, *plectunture* ACHIVI.

The *King* was wroth ; and ſmelling matters out,
He put the *Grand Directors* to the rout.

TO THE READER.

THE frequent complaint of ignorance, partiality, profuſion, &c. exhibited againſt the *Moſt Noble Muſical Directors*, together with their quarrels with the principal *Singers* and *Performers*, having brought them into unpopularity ; and what ſeemed worſt of all, the *Moſt Noble Directors* having imprudently made a public declaration, without his *Majeſty's* conſent, that there was an end of *Abbey Commemoration*, ſuch a favourite hobby-horſe of *Majeſty ;* the *King* reſolved on their diſmiſſion from all and every interference at the *Oratorio* to be performed at St. *Margaret's Church*. The immediate conſequence of the Royal annunciation was the *diſpleaſure* of the *Directors*, and was alſo, of conſequence, the *diſpleaſure* of the *Lyric Bard*, who ſighed on the mournful occaſion, and took up the cudgels in their defence. Great has been the cry againſt them, that they feaſted at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expence of the *Muſical Fund*. Although I do not credit ſuch rumour, I have taken the fact for granted, that (like their *Deputies*, who actually *did* feaſt at different times at the *Saint Alban's Tavern*, at the expence of the *Fund*)

the *Noble Directors did* condescendingly shew the example; and I have hinted that those *Most Noble Directors* had as fair a right to be rewarded with dinners as *Parish-Officers*, and their friends, who so frequently have a jovial meeting, to *eat and tipple eleemosynary* on the birth of a *Bastard*.

PROLOGUE TO THE ODES

OR,

THE TEARS OF SAINT MARGARET.

NOW *Night*, the negro reign'd—"Past one o'clock,"
The drowsy watchman bawl'd—from murky vaults,
The dough-fac'd spectres crowded forth—the eye,
The sunk, the wearied eye of *Toil*, was clos'd:
Mute, *Nature's* busied voice, her brawl and hum;
While *Horror*, creeping on the world of gloom,
Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-like hour—
Now from her silver-fringed east the *Moon*
Peep'd on the *Vast* of shade—up mounting slow,
In solemn stilness, till her lab'ring orb,
Freed from the caves of *Darkness*, gain'd its sphere,
And mov'd in splendid solitude along.
At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
Illuminating death,—the pious *Maid*,
Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
And bones work'd marvels when she smil'd no more—
The pensive *Margaretta* stalk'd, and paus'd,
And paus'd and stalk'd, and stalk'd and paus'd agen;
Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
Now motionless, and now with hurrying step
Along the hollow-sounding aisle she pass'd:
And leaning lorn at murder'd *Raleigh's* tomb,
Of *Silence* wak'd the pale and sacred sleep,
With plantive accent, thus——

MARGARET'S LAMENTATION.

WHY should yon old Abbey, should'ring
My poor Fane with Gothic pride,

Cracking, ſinking, falling mould'ring,
On the back of Marg'ret ride ?

What is that huge Ruin's merit ?
Only fit for houſing rats.
Be her gueſts, with all my ſpirit,
Hooting owls, and horrid bats !

Why am *I* to be deſpis'd,
Why am *I* to be kept under ;
I who once by Kings was priz'd ?
What's the meaning on't I wonder ?

I whoſe pow'r could agues charm,
Fits and tooth-achs, cramps and evils ;
Satan's wicked ſelf diſarm ;
Him, the great proud Prince of Devils.

Lo, that Abbey for paſt years,
At each grand Commemoration,
For *Directors* boaſted *Peers*—
Peers the glory of the Nation !

Who were *my* Directors ? Lo,
Doctor Parſons, *Juſtice Collic* ;
Arnold and *Depuis* and *Co.*
What a very pretty frolic !

But 'tis ſaid the *KING* commanded,
And the Grand *Directors* ſell :
By the *KING* were they diſbanded ?
Fame will bluſh the tale to tell.

Soon I'll go (for what ſhould hinder ?)
To the firſt of rhiming men ;
To that Giant *Peter Pindar*—
He ſhall hear—and then, and then ! !

Peter in his wrath ſhall riſe,
And the ſcythe of verſe prepare ;
Lo, I ſee his lightning eyes !
Lo, his arm of vengeance bare !

Backs of Monarchs ſhall he ſlice,
As he ſcorns them ſo *ſincerely*—
Woman need not aſk him twice ;
Peter loves the ladies dearly.

Thus ſpoke the *Saint!*—When *Morn* her bluſhes
ſpread,
To Covent-Garden's ſquare ſhe wing'd her flight,
And drew the curtains of the *Poet's* bed,
Who fortunately ſlept *alone* that night.

To *him* ſhe told her ſtory o'er and o'er;
When *Peter*, rous'd by *Marg'ret's* ſad narration,
Pull'd of his night-cap, and devoutly ſwore
He'd *roaſt* a *certain Ruler* of a nation.

Saint Marg'ret thank'd the Bard with ſweeteſt
ſmiles,
And *Peter* thunder'd on the *King of Iſles*,

ODES OF CONDOLENCE, &c.

ODE I.

The Poet breaketh mournfully out on the fall of the noble Directors—Threatens to expoſtulate with the King—Laments the loſs of direction-importance, boxes, white wands, and dinners at the St. Alban's Tavern, &c. &c.

POOR *Leeds!* poor *Uxbridge!* and poor *Joah Bates!*
And all ye other poor ones, of hard fates!
'Tis a ſtrange man this King of ours indeed—
There's reaſon, to be ſure, in roaſting eggs!
What! raiſe an Oratorio at *Saint Peg's*,
And ſet a thing a *foot* without a *head!*

What! could the King have muſic in a church,
And leave the great *Directors* in the lurch?
Ev'n ſo!—but lo, I'll parley with the King,
And ſuch a peal into his ears I'll ring!

Thus will I ſay, howe'er it may diſguſt—
"An't pleaſe your Majeſty, you are *unjuſt.*"
"How, how?" the King will cry, with wild rapidity—
"Yes, *Sire*, the grand Directors take it ill;
"Deeming themſelves all men of tuneful ſkill,
"And having all for crotchets, hawk-avidity;

" That they ſhould loſe the lead in this affair,
" Which really makes them marvel, and ſo ſtare,
" Not knowing what offence they have committed ;
" Being a ſet of very clever men,
" So ſtuff'd with crotchet-knowledges, and then
" For Oratorios ſo nicely fitted !

" Behold ! no boxes for *Directors !* no !
" Who at the *Abbey* form'd a raree-ſhow,
" With nice kid gloves, madallions, wands ſo white !
" Tagrag and bobtail now condemn'd to join ;
" What's ten times worſe, condemn'd to pull out *coin* ;
" Men ſo unus'd to pay a ſingle doit !

" When proud to view of Royalty the rays,
" Your *Subjects* had their bellies full of gaze,
" Amid the *Abbey's* glory for paſt years ;
" Then would they ponder on the white-ſtick row,
" Of *Uxbride*, *Grey de Wilton*, *Leeds*, and Co.
"And, next to *Majeſty*, admire the *Peers*.

' Who's that ſlim, whey-fac'd Gentleman, and thin,
' With ſome old Gentlewoman's noſe and chin ?
' And *he* ſo ſurly, with a ſable face ?'
" Would gaping ſtrangers all ſo curious cry ;
" When, all ſo ſolemn, I have made reply,
' *That* Lord is *Leeds's* very noble Grace.

' With lath-like form, whey face, and cheeks ſo thin,
' And good old Gentlewoman's noſe and chin—
' And he who lours as though he meant to bite,
' Is *Earl* of *Uxbridge*, with his face of night.'
" And then I've told the names of all the reſt ;
" At which the ſtrangers have been all ſo *bleſt*,
" Bow'd, curtſy'd low, ſo grateful—I don't doubt it,
" They told their dear relations *all about it !*

" No more *Directors* challenge admiration !
" No more the tuneful rulers of a nation !
" Unknown in vulgar ſeats they bite their thumbs ;
" Now half awake they nod, and now they ſleep,
And now they ſigh, and now in dreams they weep,
" And mumble much diſpleaſure 'midſt their gums.

" Heav'ns ! with what huge delight their eyes would hail
" The *breeches* * blazing at *Saint Marg'ret's* tail,
" Inſtead of *Stephen*, who, to all belief,
" Poor fellow, muſt have travell'd with a brief † !

" But, Sir, this is not all—for in your ear,
" Something more horrible brings up the rear !
" No longer on the *tweedel-dum* account,
" At yon fair tavern in *Saint Alban's* ſtreet,
" Thoſe men of taſte and muſic joyful greet,
" And load their ſtomachs to a large amount ;
" All for the good of the poor *Fund*, ſo kind !
" Now this is dreadful to my ſimple mind ;
" To think thoſe *titled Men*, whoſe valiant jaws,
" And ſtomachs all ſo keen, and deep as ſacks,
" And teeth ſo valorous in feaſt attacks,
" So bravely battled in the tuneful cauſe,
" Should, by the royal word ſo hard commanded,
" Diſgracefully be turn'd adrift—diſbanded !

" I hear, I hear, the angry Lords exclaim,
' Thus to be all diſcarded ! 'tis a ſhame—
' The royal mandate will be *cruel* ſtyl'd—
' Behold *Churchwardens*, *Overſeers* ſo ſleek !
' Read their card-invitations ev'ry week—
' Sir, you're deſir'd to come and eat a child.'
' One child a week they conſtantly devour—
' Sometimes they eat two children—ſometimes four—
' If thoſe fellows live, the lazy drones,
' *Lords* of a *charity* may pick the bones ;
' Yes, as proviſions are ſo very dear,
' Eat a *few fidlers* once or twice a year.'

" Such is the language Lords employ, O King,
" Enough the hearts of Savages to wring,
" And make, I hope, your royal conſcience ache—
" *Such* reas'nings are indeed extremely deep !
" Why ſhould of *Lords* the teeth and ſtomachs ſleep,
" Whilſt thoſe of keen *Churchwardens* are awake ?"

Thus to the King of Nations will I cry——
But what will be his *Majeſty's* reply ?—

* *Poor* Saint Stephen *had a very warm pair of breeches clapped to his .... lately ; but the* Saint *luckily ſhook them off.*

† *To ſolicit charity, like many others who ſuffer by fire.*

" Thank, thank ye, *Peter*, for supporting ſtraws—
" Good advocate—good, good, in a bad cauſe :
" I'll have no more ſuch doings, let me tell ye—
" No, no, no eating calves in the cow's belly."

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

The Poet very loyally calls upon St. Cecilia, the great Patroneſs of Muſic, by way of juſtice of peace, conſtable, and comforter, to come down from Heaven to the noble Directors, iſſue a proclamation for diſſolving ſocieties of muſical inſtruments ; taking them up, and knocking them to pieces, as alſo the heads of the muſicians againſt each other.—The Poet concludes with a prophecy of returning power to the Directors.

DIVINE CECILIA, pray, from Heav'n ſtep down ;
Moſt wondrous are the doings in this town !
Behold, behold a tuneful-revolution !
Directors baniſh'd, but no execution !
Thank God, no grinning heads of Lords, poor ſouls,
Amid the mob, ſurvey the ſtreets on poles.

The fiddles ſcreech with rapture one and all ;
The flutes and hautboys whiſtle at the fall :
The pompous organ, for rebellion ripe !
Glad of the long-wiſh'd overthrow, he opes,
To ſhew the world his pleaſure, all his ſtops,
And pours his thunders through each giant pipe ;

Whilſt all his pigmies, trilling, ſqueaking, ſqualling,
Like mad things, every one his tune, are bawling :
The hoarſe baſſoons their naſal twang employ——
And hog-like baſſes grunt the ſong of joy.

Wild ſcreams the trumpet's brazen note ſo clear ;
And on th' occaſion ſcorning to be mum,
Like cannon ſoundeth on the loaded ear,
At ſolemn intervals, the double drum.

The various inſtruments of wind and ſtring,
Thus to the world in ſaucy triumph ſing——
" What are thoſe Lord-Directors ?—arrant fools,
" Mean mongrels—never bred in *Muſic's* ſchools—
" With juſt as much of ſcience as a pig ;
" Who ſcarcely know a pſalm-tune from a jig.

" Are theſe the men to lead us—*Muſic* ſwears,
" And to the pill'ry recommends their ears."

And lo, of Muſic the choice bands,
Delighted, clap their madding hands ;
And, raiſing to the ſtars their eyes devout,
" Thank heav'n," they roar, " thoſe *fellows* are turn'd out.
" No longer ſhall their tyranny impoſe,
" And lead the King of Nations by the noſe,"

Then ſweet *Cecilia*, leave thy lofty ſtation !
O haſte and iſſue out thy Proclamation——
Of wondrous danger let it talk aloud——
Root up ſocieties of flutes, baſſoons ;
Knock down the organ, for his rebel tunes,
The brazen trumpet break, and crack the crowd.

Lay on the necks of the rebellious *Band*
Thy powerful and chaſtiſing hand——
And for their impudent and ſenſeleſs pother,
Sweet *Goddeſs*, knock one head againſt another.

O haſte and keep the mournful Lords in heart,
As ſcarce a ſingle mortal takes their part.
Except the lofty family of pride,
Few are the comforters they boaſt beſide——

Theſe are their conſtant friends indeed, and ſtout ;
Friends that few Nobles ever are *without* :
Hereditary friends of ancient date,
Accompanying great title and eſtate.

And yet 'tis ſaid no virtues can reſide
Where dwells that lofty ſcowling *Spirit, Pride ;*
That Aconite, the noiſome weed of gloom,
That near it ſuffers not a flow'r to bloom.
Joy to my ſoul ! of *Leeds* his glorious Grace
Puts forth a ſimpering ſweet prophetic face,
Amid this rough miſchance, that ſeems to ſay,
" Though diſappointment mocks the preſent hour,
" Next year ſhall mark the triumph of my pow'r,
" When Faction's ſcowling fiends ſhall ſhun the day."

Thus when the *Monarch* of the winds, in ſpite,
Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden light,
And blots the beauteous *Orb* the world adorning,
Sol lifts the ſable mantle of a cloud,
And peeping underneath the envious ſhroud,
Smiles hope, and ſays, " I'll ſhine to-morrow morning."

O D E.

The Bard adviſes the Directors to ſubmit to their degraded ſituation; and, by way of conſolation, informs them of the fallen ſtate of the Poets—and moreover, comforts the Directors with the changes that take place amongſt crowned as well as un-crowned heads.

YET not alone are *you* by Kings deſpis'd ;
Lo, lofty poets are no longer priz'd,
  That to an eagle turn'd a popinjay ;
That ſcorn'd of *Time* the ever-dreaded wars,
Turn'd winking ruſh-lights into blazing ſtars,
  And ſtole from frail mortality, decay !
Poets, with that rare inſtrument call'd *Rhime*,
Drew with the greateſt eaſe the teeth of *Time ;*
Snapp'd his broad ſcythe ſo keen, and broke his glaſs ;
Clipp'd his two wings, and fix'd him on an aſs :
Such was the envied pow'r of *ancient Bards*,
When Kings vouchſaf'd to crown them with rewards.

In days of old, the *Bards* were ſacred creatures,
Deem'd ſo exalted in their natures !
  By numbers thought fit company for *Gods !*
Lo at the feaſts of Kings the *Minſtrels* ſat ;
Ate, ſung, and mingled in the royal chat ;
  And ſcarcely did there ſeem a grain of odds.

Thus cried thoſe Kings of old, (delightful praiſe !)
" Touch not the men of other days ;
  " Hurt not a hair of thoſe ſweet ſons of ſong,
" Whoſe voices ſhall be heard amidſt our halls,
" When we, amidſt of death the narrow walls,
  " In gloomy ſilence ſhall be ſtretch'd along."

Scot-free the Poets drank and ate ;
They paid no taxes to the State !
  Now comes a *Butcher*, roaring, " Pay your bill ;"
Now the blue-apron'd wight of beer,
And man of bread, approach and cry, " Look here;
  " Not one more morſel, not a ſingle gill,
" Shall, Maſter Poet, paſs your piping throat,
" Until you quickly pay up ev'ry groat."
Unnatural ! alas, what Gothic ſounds !
Thus 'tis the *rude Prophane* a Poet wounds !

At Windſor, when the Monarch has been by,
How have I languiſh'd on the royal ſtye,
  Where wanton'd fifty little grunting grigs!
But never had the King the grace to ſay,
" You're hungry, hungry, *Peter*—take away,
  " Take, take a couple of the prettieſt pigs,"

Oft of his geeſe too have I heard the notes,
And, hungry, wiſh'd to ſtop their gobbling throats;
  But vainly did mine eyes around them wander—
How eaſily the Monarch might have ſaid,
" You don't eat roaſt meat often, I'm afraid;
  " Take, take away the fatteſt gooſe or gander,"

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve—
This is their ſpeech in ſecret, " Sing and ſtarve."
And yet our Monarch has a world of books,
And daily on their backs ſo gorgeous looks;
So neatly bound, ſo richly gilt ſo fine,
He fears to open them to read a line!

Since of our *books* a King can highly deem,
The *Authors* ſurely might command eſteem—
But here's the dev'l—I fear too many know it—
Some Kings prefer the *Binder* to the *Poet*.

Yet though it never was poor *Peter's* fate
To get a ſixpence from the *Man of State*,
  Who rather tries to keep the Poets under—
Oft have I dipp'd in golden praiſe the pen,
Writing *ſuch handſome things* about great men,
  That *Candour's* eye-balls have been ſeen to wonder.

Yet had it happen'd that the *Bard*
Had borne on high-bread folk *a little hard*;
Good for an *evil* mortals ſhould return—
'Tis very wicked with revenge to burn.
The *ſun*'s a bright example, let me ſay—
Obliges the black clouds that veil his ray;
Oft makes them decent figures to behold,
And covers all the dirty rags with gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
  And, aſs-like at a revolution bray;
Lo, *Kings themſelves*, like cabbages, grow cheap:
  Thus ev'ry dog at laſt will have his day—
He who this morning *ſmil'd*, at night may *ſorrow*;
The *grub to-day*'s a *butterfly to-morrow*.

O D E.

The Poet *adminiſters comfort to the diſgraced* Directors.

POOR Imps! we all are born, at times to groan!
Misfortune won't let *Happineſs* alone;
Sharp as a cat for ever pleas'd to watch her,
And trying with a thouſand traps to catch her.

Still muſt we all ſubmit—it is our fate
To mourn at home, amid this mortal ſtate!
Yet by our folly often worſe we make it.—
At diſappointment frequent have I ſigh'd
"P-x take the world! indignant I have cry'd—
"*Life* is not worth the terms on which we take it."

Then on the lot of mortals did I ſcowl;
And angry thus, one night, addreſs'd an Owl.

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

"THOU ſolemn *Bird* on yonder ivy'd tow'r,
"Wilt thou exchange thy nature, *Owl*, with me?
"Happy to take poſſeſſion of thy bow'r,
"I here proteſt I would exchange with *thee*.

"When to his weſtern bed the *ſun* retires,
"Obeys the curfew, and puts out his fires;
"When *Evening*, bluſhful harbinger of *Night*,
"Gems with the dews of health the drooping flow'r;
"With cooling zephyrs fans the ſober hour,
"And wakes the myriads to the fading light;

"Forth, with what happineſs I paſs
"Amid the moiſt reviving graſs,
"To meet the tribes by *Nature* made,
"To crawl and wing the world of ſhade!

"Daughters and ſons of Night that creep the ground,
"Bleſt muſt ye live, with ſuch a calm around,
"So unmoleſted, to enjoy your loves!
"And *lighter people*, ye who ſpread the wing,
"Now 'mid the moon's pale luſtre ſport and ſing,
"Now playful pierce the ſhadows of the groves.

" Ye harmleſs nations, with averted eyes,
" The ſons of men your ſilent world deſpiſe,
" Becauſe their eyes *no* punch-houſes behold ;
" Becauſe *no* mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear ;
" Becauſe no riots with their yells they hear ;
" *No* Brothels' ſcenes of ſallow fate unfold.

" Sweet *Owl*, this ſhort apoſtrophe excuſe ;
" And willing now to *thee* returns the *Muſe*.

" O Bird of Wiſdom, 'mid the twilight ſcene
" Dimly I mark thy philoſophic mien—
" And now I ſee expand thy ſnowy wings :
" To yonder elm, O happy happy fowl,
" Thou ruſheſt forth to call upon *Miſs Owl*,
" Expectant of her *beau*, who darkling ſings.
" Together now ye ſail the duſky vale,
" Now dart on prey, now mount agen the gale ;
" Now on the moon-clad barn or ſilent grove,
" Your four hands fill'd with various game, ye go
" (For hunger muſt be ſatisfied I trow) ;
" And, after feaſting, kiſs and ſing of love.

" To-morrow ſullen muſt I move to town,
" Shook in a wooden engine up and down,
" For want, O Owl, of thy ſoft gliding wing—
" Stow'd with a gang of thieves perchance, and trulls ;
" Too noiſy for the thickeſt human ſkulls—
" Who ſmoak, and laugh, and roar, and ſwill and ſing.

" Gladly at length I quit my wooden hive ;
" Fatigued, at buſy London I arrive,
" Parent of ſin, and naſtineſs, and noiſe :
" By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,
" Through motley mob I force my ſighing way ;
" Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-ſweepers boys :

" Saluted, as I paſs along,
" By all the various imps of ſong,
" *This* crying rabbits rabbits, wild fowl that,
" *Another* mackrel, ſalmon, oyſter, ſprat !

" With ſuch an howling ear-diſtracting note,
" And mouth extended as a barn-door wide,
" That fiſh and fleſh forſooth may be *well* cried,
" A man might leap into each cavern throat.

" In Covent-Garden, at the *Hummums*, now
" I ſit, but after many a curſe and vow

" Never to see the madding city more ;
" Where barrows truckling o'er the pavements roll,
" And, what is horror to a tuneful soul,
" Where asses asses greeting, love-songs roar ;
" Which asses, that the Garden's square adorn,
" Must lark-like be the heralds of my morn.

" Let others talk with wild affright
" Of horrors and the shades of night ;
" You want not *Sol's* refulgent painful ray ;
Night to your eyes is but a milder day.

" Let others mock your airs that simply flow—
" *Teeho teewhit teewhit teeho*——
" But then, dear *Owl*, 'tis *sweetly* simple, mind ;
" Avaunt the *scientific* squall——
" I hate it—*nature* hates it all——
" But lo ! 'tis *science* and the *ton* I find,

" The ear with *harsh cromatics* must be *teas'd*,
" Grown much too *fashionable* to be *pleas'd*,

" Here could I wonder 'mid the dewy glade,
" On sacred silence feast, and shade :
" But ah ! farewell—rest calls me—'tis night's noon ;
" On wings of freedom as thou sweep'st the sky,
" Sweet child of shadows, o'er, my hamlet fly,
" And kindly soothe my slumber with a tune,"

Thus out of humour I address'd the bird,
Wishing to change conditions with the fowl ;
But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
I lik'd the *man*-state better than the *owl*.

Thus anger'd at the wayward tricks of Fate,
Pettish you wish your grandeur at the devil ;
Yet, after cursing *high* and *mighty* state,
You wisely deem it not so *huge* and *evil* :

Contented to be *men of worship* still,
Pleas'd with the gifts that *Kings*, not *Heav'n*, bestow ;
Proud, from the height of *Title's* star-clad hill,
To mock us poor *unhonour'd* grubs below.

O D E.

The Poet comforteth again and again and again the noble Directors, with moral reflections, &c.

'TIS giv'n as goſpel both in proſe and rhymes,
That people ſhould not be for ever bleſt :
Misfortune therefore muſt be good at times,
A ſalutary, though ſatiric gueſt ;

That goads to Virtue's works the rump of *Sloth* ;
Like gout, that bites us into health ſo fair ;
Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
It puts the rag into repair.

Sigh now no more, nor let thoſe ſuns, your eyes,
Be dimly gleaming through perpetual ſhowr's—
Let *Pleaſure* bring the beam of ſummer ſkies.
And gild the pinions of your ſable hours.
Let not *Griefs* ſurge along your boſom roll,
Nor *Fancy* gather ſorrows for the ſoul.

Ah ! ſigh no more, ſweet Lords, pray ſigh no more !
Not all, not all your conſequence is dead ;
In Tot'nam-ſtreet you ſtill preſerve a pow'r,
And proudly bear an elevated head ;
Where all obedience, and with one accord,
Muſicians learn to tremble at the Lord*.

O D E.

The Viciſſitudes of Life, Wonderful!

LIFE changes—now, 'tis calm— now hurricane—
Up, down, down, up—a very windmill's vane
Is man, poor fellow—much too like a ball ;
'Tis high, 'tis low—'tis this way now, now that,
Juſt as its *wooden maſter* wills, the bat—
Thus *Majeſty* can bid us riſe or fall.

* *Of the Night, who ſelects the muſic, and ſometimes gives a* ſoprano *ſong to a* baſs voice, *and who once ordered, in the* Jubilate, *the trumpet part to be executed by the German flute.*

The Monarch may repent him of the deed—
His heart, so soft, at your dismission bleed,

To House of *Buckingham* you may be call'd,
And at the Queen's sweet little concerts sing;
Then how the tribe of *Nobles* will be gall'd!
This will be soaring on the eagle's wing.
Thus to the world then be it understood,
What seems *misfortune*, happens for our *good*;
This from my rhyming store-house, or my *stable*,
May be elucidated by a *Fable*.

MRS. ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF,

AND

JUDGE BULLERS's WIG.

A FABLE.

A *Handkerchief*, that long had press'd
The snows of *Laura's* swelling breast,
O'er which fair scene full many a longing lover,
With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
And pretty modest leering eyes,
Had often often been observ'd to hover—

This Handkerchief to Kitty giv'n,
Was forc'd at length to leave its heav'n,
And enter a Jew clothes-man's ample bag—
O what a sad reverse, poor soul!
To sweat in such a horrid hole,
With ev'ry sort of dirty rag!

"Pray, who are *you?*" the plantive 'Kerchief cry'd,
Perceiving a rough neighbour at her side:
"You smell as though your master was a *pig*—
"What are you? tell me stinking creature,"—
"Ma'am,"
The hairy neighbour grave replied, "I am
"The most tremendous great Judge *Buller's* Wig."

"Indeed, Sir! O how chang'd our fate!
"How diff'rent where we both of late!
"Now to be lodg'd in this vile place—
"What will become of us at last? O dear,

" Something more terrible than this, I fear;
" Something that carries huge disgrace."

" Madam," rejoin'd the Wig, " don't cry;
" No cause have you indeed to sigh;
" So trust for once a Wig's prophetic words—
" *My* fate is to be just the same, I find;
" Still for a Scarecrow's head design'd,
" To frighten all the thieves—the birds.

" But, luckier, *you* so chang'd will rise,
" A fav'rite of ten thousand eyes;
" Not burnt (as you suppos'd perhaps) to tinder;
" Chang'd to the whitest paper—happy leaves,
" For *him*, the *Bard* who like a God conceives,
" The great th' immortal *Peter Pindar*."

" La Sir, then what a piece of news!
" God bless, I say, God bless the jews—
" I wish my dear Mistress did but know it:
" Her hands then I shall happy touch again;
" For *Madam* always did maintain
" That *Mister Pindar* was a *charming* Poet."

O D E.

Still More Comfort for Directors!

ONCE more I pray you, be not sad;
Remember what the Proverb doth declare;
'Tis better riding on a pad,
Than on a horse's back that's bare.
At Tot'nam's concert, to delight ye——
Behold, my Lords, you still are mighty.

Think of your titles too—the name of *Lord*,
What merit it proclaims of head and heart!
It is a tradesman's handsome board,
In letters fair of gold that doth impart
To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
What goodly articles are in the shop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of *Lord*
Doth still our awe-clad admiration rule——
And comfort to the hungry doth afford——
As nods of *Lords* are dinners, for a fool.

" I thank my God, I am not like thoſe fellows,"
Cried the proud *Phariſee*, the bellows
Or trumpet of his reputation, blowing——
And you in triumph alſo may exclaim,
Proud of a Peer's exalted name,
With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing,
" I thank my ſtars, I am not like the *mob*,
" Whom *Nature* fabricated by the *job*."

You ſhall, you ſhall return to pow'r,
And o'er the grumbling million tow'r;
Your ſacred laws ſhall be obey'd——
Muſicians to allegiance *muſt* return——
In ſackcloth and in aſhes mourn;
Submitting, if you will it, to be flay'd.

Their eyes ſo fierce, that flaſh'd like tin reflectors,
As though they meant to roaſt the Grand Directors,
Shall from their meteor fury fade away——
Becoming mild and placid as the light
Shed by the *Worm*, the lamp of dewy night,
Or *Luna's* modeſt melancholy ray.

Yes! to your noble hearts delight,
With waving wands and gloves ſo white,
And gilt medallions bleſt, ſhall ye appear;
Smile at us *Mob*, the many-headed beaſt;
And, as you ſeem to like a *gratis*-feaſt,
Eat a few fiddlers ev'ry year.

THE CHURCHWARDEN,

OR

THE FEAST ON A CHILD;

A TALE.

The following ſtory, founded on a fact that happened ſome years ſince at the Swan at Knights-Bridge, is introduced to illuſtrate the meaning of eating a Child, mentioned in the firſt ode.

AT *Knightsbridge*, at a tavern, call'd the *Swan*,
Churchwardens, Overſeers, a jolly clan,
Order'd a dinner, for themſelves and friends—
A very handſome dinner, of the beſt:
Lo! to a turn, the diff'rent joints were dreſt—
Their lips, wild licking, ev'ry man commends.

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives and forks;
Delightful was the ſound of claret corks,
That ſtopp'd ſo cloſe and lovingly the bottle:
Thou *Savoir-vivre* Club, and *Je n'ſais quoi*,
Full well the voice of honeſt corks ye know,
Deep and deep-bluſhing from the gen'rous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to liſten and to ſee,
The Landlord was as buſy as a bee——
Yes, *Larder* ſkipp'd like Harlequin ſo light;
In bread, beer, wine, removal ſwift of diſhes,
Nimbly anticipating all their wiſhes——
Now this, to man voracious as a kite,

Is pleaſant—as the *Trencher-Heroes* hate
All obſtacles that keep them from the plate,
As much as jockies on a running horſe
Curſe cows or jack-aſſes that croſs the courſe.

Nay, here's a ſolid reaſon too; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind*:
Whatever therefore weak'neth *wind* and *jaws*,
Is hoſtile to the gormandizing cauſe.

Having well cramm'd, and ſwill'd and laugh'd, and ſung,
And toaſted girls, and clapp'd, and roar'd, and rung,
And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glaſſes,
Like happy bears, in honour of their laſſes,
Not *wives!*—not *one* was toaſted all the time—
Thus were they decent— it had been a crime,
As wives are delicate and ſacred names,
Not to be mix'd indeed with wh—s and flames:

I ſay, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,
And ev'ry one with wine had fill'd his ſkin,
In came the Landlord with a cherub ſmile:
Around to ev'ry one he lowly bow'd,
Was vaſtly *happy—honour'd*—vaſtly *proud*—
And then he bow'd again in *ſuch* a ſtyle!
"Hop'd *Gemmen* lik'd the dinner and the wine:"
To whom the *Gemmen* anſwer'd, "Very fine!
"A glorious dinner, *Larder*, to be ſure."—
To which the Landlord, laden deep with bliſs,
Did with his bows ſo humble almoſt kiſs
The floor.

Now in an *alter'd* tone—a tone of gravity,
Unto the Landlord full of ſmiles and ſauvity,
Did *Miſter Guttle* the Churchwarden call—
"Come hither, *Larder*," ſaid ſoft *Miſter Guttle*,
With ſolemn voice and fox-like face ſo ſubtle—
"*Larder*, a little word or two, that's all."

Forth ran th' obedient Landlord with good will,
Thinking moſt nat'rally upon the bill
"Landlord," (quoth *Guttle*, in a ſoft ſly ſound,
Not to be heard, by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder did confound)
"Do you know any thing of *Betty Broom?*"

"Sir?" anſwered *Larder*, ſtamm'ring—"Sir? what Sir?
"Yes, Sir, yes—yes—ſhe liv,d with *Miſtreſs Larder;*
"But may I never move, nor never ſtir,
"If but for *impudence* we did diſcard her!
"No, *Miſter Guttle—Betty* was too braſſy—
"We never keep a *ſervant* that is ſaucy."

"But, Landlord—*Betty* ſays ſhe is with child."—
"What's that to *me?*" quoth *Larder*, looking wild—
"I never kiſs'd the huſſey in my life,
"Nor hugg'd her round the waiſt, nor pinch'd her cheek;

" Never once put my hand upon her neck—
" Lord, Sir, you know that I have got a wife.

" Lord ! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—
" I would not touch her with a pair of tongs:
" A little puling chit, as white as paſte ;
" I'm ſure that never ſuited with *my* taſte.

" But then *ſuppoſe*—I only ſay, *ſuppoſe*
" I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,
" My wife hath got the curſed'ſt keeneſt noſe,
" Why, zounds, ſhe would have catch'd me in a crack ;

" Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
" Curſe her ! ſhe always watch'd me like a cat.

" Then, as I ſay *Bet* did not hit my taſte,
" It was impoſſible to be unchaſte :——
" Therefore it never can be true, you ſee——
" And Miſtreſs Larder's *full enough* for *me*."

" Well," anſwered *Guttle*, " Man, I'll tell ye what—
" Your wind and eloquence you now are waſting :
" Whether Miſs *Betty* hit your *taſte* or not,
" There's good *round* proof enough that you've been *taſting*.
" And, *Larder*, you've a wife, 't is very true,
" Perhaps a little ſomewhat of a ſhrew ;
" But *Betty was not* a bad piece of ſtuff."—
" Well, Miſter *Guttle*, may I drop down dead,
" If ever once I crept to *Betty*'s bed !
" And that, I'm ſure, is ſwearing ſtrong enough."

" But, *Larder*, all *your* ſwearing will not *do*,
" If *Betty* ſwears that ſhe's with child by *you*.
" Now *Betty* came and ſaid ſhe'd *ſwear* at once—
" But you know beſt—yet mind, if *Betty* 'll *ſwear*,
" And then again ! ſhould Miſtreſs *Larder hear*,
" The Lord have mercy, *Larder*, on thy ſconce.

" Why, man, were this affair of *Betty* told her,
" Not all the dev'ls in hell would hold her.

" Then there's your modeſt ſtiff-rump'd neighbours all——
" There'd be a pretty kick-up—what a ſquall !
" You could not put your noſe into a ſhop—
" There's lofty Miſtreſs *Wick*, the chandler's wife,
" And Miſtreſs *Bull*, the butcher's imp of ſtrife,
" With Miſtreſs *Bobbin*, *Salmon*, *Muff*, and *Slop*,

" With fifty others of ſuch old *compeers*—
" Zounds, what a hornet's neſt about thy ears !"

From cheerful ſmiles, and looks, like *Sol* ſo bright,
Poor *Larder* fell to looks as black as night;
And now his head he ſcratch'd, importing guilt—
For people who are innocent *indeed*,
Never look down, ſo black, and ſcratch the head;
But, tipp'd with confidence, their noſes tilt,
Replying with an unembarraſs'd front;
Bold to the charge, and fix'd to ſtand the brunt.—

Truth is a tow'ring *Dame*—divine her air;
In native bloom ſhe walks the world with *ſtate*:
But *Falſehood* is a meretricious Fair,
Painted and mean, and ſhuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with *Reſolution's* mien,
But ſneaking hides, and hopes not to be ſeen;
For ever haunted by a doubt
That all the world will find her out.

Again—there's honeſty in *eyes*,
That ſhrinking ſhew when tongues tell lies—
With *Larder* this was verily the caſe;
Informers were the eyes of *Larder's* face.

" Well, Sir," ſaid *Larder*, whiſp'ring, hemming, ha-ing,
Each word ſo heavy, like a cart-horſe drawing—
" This is a d-mn'd affair, I can't but ſay—
" Sir, pleaſe t' accept a note of twenty pound;
" Contrive *another* Father may be found;
" And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay."

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
For who, alas! would wiſh to make a porher?
Guttle next morning went and talk'd to *Betty*,
When *Betty* ſwore the bantling to *another**.

* *By this ingenious mode of Pariſh Cookery, the ſame child may be devoured a dozen times over.*

A PAIR

OF

LYRIC EPISTLES

TO

LORD MACARTNEY AND HIS SHIP.

Yes, of our Bagſhot wonders tell *Kien Long ;*
Delicious ſubjects for an Epic Song !
EPISTLE to LORD MACARTNEY.

O, if ſucceſsful, thou wilt be ador'd !
Wide as a *Cheſhire Cat* our Court will grin,
To find as many Pearls and Gems on board
As will not leave thee room to ſtick a pin.
EPISTLE to the SHIP.

TO THE READER.

IT has been my wiſh, that the following pair of Lyric Epiſtles might be preſented, with my Odes, to the Emperor *Kien Long*, on account of the quantity of original merit—but to uſe a ſublime phraſe, as it would be "*letting the cat out of the bag*," I have forborne.

The buſtle and proweſs of the invincible *Duke* on Bagſhot-Heath—the Heath on fire—the royal viſit—the Man of Straw blown from the Mine—the exploſion of the Powder-mills at Hounſlow—the attention of *Gods*, as well as of the *Crows*, to the Camp—the humility of the Bagſhot buſhes, *&c.* are circumſtances which, however they may be diſdained by the faſtidious pen of *Hiſtory*, ought to be recorded. Indeed, I from my ſoul believe, that our hiſtorians, as they are called, are too *conceitedly lofty* to think of ſullying a page with an account of the Camp tranſaction ; but *Poets* were the only Hiſtorians of ancient times, which I am ready to prove by a profuſion of learned quotation ; and conſequently

your dull uninspired prose-men are invaders. For my part, I am resolved to support the *poetical charter;* and consequently, as often as the *Duke*, and the *King* and the *Queen* and *Madam Schwellenberg*, and *Lord Cardigan*, and old *Nicolai* the fiddler, and *Sir Francis Drake*, and the *Pages*, the *Cooks*, and the Stable-boys, *&c. &c.* shall utter good things, achieve great actions, and be seen in close and important conversation together, such *events* shall be honoured with niches in my *Lyric Temple* of *Immortality*,

The Epistle to the *Ship* seems to be full of Poetry and good wishes; but the horrid picture of the future disappointment of our Ambassador and his *Suite* at *Pekin*, with the disgracefully attendant circumstances, we hope to be merely a playful sketch of fancy of the Muse, and that she has really been visited by no such flogging illuminations.

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

LORD MACARTNEY,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

O *Crown'd* with glory by our *glorious* King,
Deck'd in his liv'ry too a *glorious* thing,
Amid the wonders at *Saint James's* done;
At House of *Buckingham*, in *Richmond* bow'rs,
At Kew, and lastly *Windsor's* lofty tow'rs,
Rich scenes at once of *Majesty* and *Fun;*

Forget not *thou* the *Camp* on *Bagshot Heath*,
Where met the grimly regiments of death;
Where not the *Dev'l* their rage sublime could damp—
Though *Heav'n*, as if it meant to mock, the matter,
Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
And made the mighty heath a dirty swamp.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell *Kien Long*—
Delicious subjects, for the epic song.

Talk of the valiant troops all heav'n-descended,
On which the Kings of Britain oft depended,

When bold *Rebellion* through the nation ran ;
Her venom ſpread, and told a *vulgar* hoſt,
To humble, ſweet *Subordination* loſt,
That lo ! the *mightieſt Monarch* was but *Man !*

Such ſoldiers ! ſuch rare gen'rals ! no *poltroons*,
Swell'd by the gas of courage to balloons ;
Where, though thoſe men like bacon all were, ſmoak'd,
Not *one*, by *God's* good providence was *choak'd*.

Of *Richmond's* mighty chieftain, *Richmond* ſpeak—
" *Now* wet, a riding diſhclout," ſhalt thou ſay—
" Now broiling whizzing, dropping like a ſteak,—
" So val'rous, 'mid the ſun's meridian ray !

Talk to *Kien Long* about his *Grace's ſoul ;*
What wiſdom, ſweetneſs, love, pervades the whole !

But *ſouls* in *common* are a dreary waſte,
By brambles, thiſtles, barb'rous docks diſgrac'd ;
That need the ploughſhare, harrow, and the fire—
Some ſouls are caves of filth and ſpectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom,
To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
On *Fortune* how with fierce contempt I ſcowl !
She hangs a dirty cloud upon the ſky,
And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.
Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,

And ribbons, 'ſtead of ropes, their backs adorn—
Thus crawls the *Toad* amid the faireſt flow'rs,
And with the *Lily* drinks the dews of morn,

But royal *Richmond* honours exaltation—
The pole-ſtar of our military nation.
How pleaſant then to ſee a *Richmond* riſe !
Friend of a *King*, and *fav'rite* of the *Skies !*

Charles *, to ſupport a baſtard and a wh—
Impos'd a tax on coals, that ſtarv'd the poor :
Thoſe *ſans-culottes*-men made the ſaddeſt din !
But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil!*

* *King of England, whoſe Miſtreſs was a French woman*, the great, great, *and* illuſtrious *Anceſtor of his preſent* Grace.

This deed of *Charles* is now a *white-waſh'd* Devil—
Lo, *Richmond* caſts a luſtre round the ſin !

By means of this *once ſhameful* tax on coal,
He ſniggles *modeſt Merit* from her hole !

Where is the Soldier that is not his friend ?
See *Admiration* to his virtues bend ;
And lo, the ſcar-clad *Veteran* adores !
While *Glory* humbly kneeling to the ſkies.
With ſupplicating hands and fervent eyes,
A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that His Grace, ambitious of a name,
Is ever angling to catch Martial Fame :
And ſay too, how moſt fortunate the Duke,
What noble fiſhes hang upon his hook;
Whilſt *humbler* mortals lab'ring day and night,
Poor patient creatures, ſeldom feel A *bite*.

Pow'r in the hands of *Virtue* is heav'n's *dew*,
That foſt'ring feeds the flow'r of happieſt hue—
In *Vice*'s graſp, it withers, wounds, and kills :
'Tis *then* the fang ſo fatal, form'd to make
A paſſage for the venom of the *ſnake*,
That *Nature's life* with *diſſolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your *God*,
That *Richmond* holds the military rod :
No *Janus he*, with *ſelfiſh view* to *fob*,
And touch the Nation's pocket with a job*.

Yes, let the Emp'ror all about him hear,
Talk of the bold tranſactions of the Peer ;
And ſay, what probably he can't believe,
That lo, the dauntleſs body of His Grace,
In duels bor'd, has ſcarcely one ſound place—
A honeycomb, a cullender, a ſieve !

Say *how* that nothing could his courage check ;
Proud of his poſt, and fearleſs of his neck,
Though only *one* upon his ſhoulders *dear*—
Thus *Valour* ſmiles at danger, death, and pain,

* *Witneſs the* convenient *houſe and gardens near Plymouth Dock, ſo* economically *built with the Public Money. The annals of honour furniſh us not with a ſublimer inſtance of* ſelf-denial.

And feels an eighteen pounder through his brain,
Cooly as *some* a pat upon the ear!

Say, how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale;
Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale;
Struck all the birds with terror save the crows,
Who, spying such commotion in the land,
Concluded some great matter was in hand,
Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw;
Say, that the Bagshot-bushes bow'd with awe;
And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire*.

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admiration—
So ardent ev'ry eye's devouring look,
To seize the galloping, the flying Duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ev'ry day!
Nothing to pay!
All the Duke's friends, great quality and small;
Our great King *George*, and lovely Queen,
Were entertain'd scot-free I ween—
Our generous nation doom'd to pay it all.

And yet when *Parliament* beholds the bill,
I think that Parliament, with much ill will,
May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,
This game of soldiers, such a *childish* play—
But let *me* answer *Parliament*, and say,
It was not *childish, for it pleas'd the King*—

It made *Tom Paine*, the bull-dog, hold his tongue;
Arm'd with such lion-paws, and teeth so long!

Say, that the sun-like Duke shone forth so bright,
That *Punch* ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight,
Say, how he fir'd the *Hounslow* mills of powder:
Say, how the sympathizing grain, with sound,
Frighten'd the tiles from all the roofs around,
Defying the *bold Thunder* to roar louder!

Say, that immortal *Cæsar* † trod the place
Now fiercely gallop'd over by His grace.

* *This is a literal fact.*

† Julius Cæsar *was most certainly at* Bagshot.

Say that the *Gods* beheld him from on high—
That, to the Lord of battles †, with a ſigh,
Thus ſpoke the *Monarch* of the clouds—" Son *Mars*,
" Had *Troy* poſſeſs'd a hero like the Duke,
" With *ſuch* a ſoul, and *ſuch* a fighting look,
" Our City had been ſafe amidſt her wars.
" Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the *Duke*,
" And beg a leſſon from the *Hero's* book."

Lord! as the Duke, where *powder* only flam'd,
Was ſo inſpir'd, ſo valorous, and ſo hot;
How had this Duke the ſons of battle ſham'd,
'Mid ſcenes of thunder, where they charg'd with *ſhot!*
Say too (and verily it was no joke)
Although ſo lofty on their *cloud-capp'd* tow'rs,
Such were the volumes of aſcending ſmoke,
Smutty as blackſmiths look'd the heav'nly *Pow'rs;*
And that the *Man* of *ſtraw* * (a thought how bright!)
Flew up, and put their *Godſhips* in a fright!

Tell him, which probably may cauſe a ſmile,
That at the diſtance of a mile,
His *Grace*, a ſkull that powder wants, can note;
(Which, when it happens, let that ſkull beware;)
See to a club with *one* diſorder'd hair,
And mark *one* ſpot of greaſe upon a *coat*,
Thus war was Gothic, ſlovenly, unchaſte,
Till *Richmond* uſher'd in the morn of taſte!

Say too, that, for the honour of the nation,
We hope to ſee a book on *reputation*,
Proving that *public* vice ſhould bring no ſhame ‡;
That *private* only d—ns a noble name.

† *Mars.*

* *It is* reported, *that a coloſſal figure ſtuffed with ſtraw, was blown out of the hill, to give* their Majeſties *an adequate idea of the aſcent of ten thouſand men or ſo, a frequent event at grand ſieges. It is moreover reported, that this ſtuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am ſtrongly inclined to believe the ſtory—It was quite a* new idea.

‡ *The reader is deſired to aſk Lord Lauderdale concerning this matter.*

Thus the poor *Nymph*, too eaſy to contend,
Who bluſhing ſins in ſecret with a friend,
Shall be a viler huſſey than the woman
Who hangs her lips like cherries out for ſale,
And ſhews her boſom's lilies, to regale
Each grazing beaſt that offers—quite a *Common*.

" Why ſhould I ſay all this unto the King ?"
Thou cryeſt, O *Macartney*,—Good may ſpring :
It may unto thine embaſſy give weight,
By putting great *Kien Long* into a fright.

" Who knows," *Kien Long* may whine with rueful face,
" But all the rank and file are like His *Grace*—
" Then ſhall I ſhake upon my ſapphire throne :
" For troops like *Richmond*, that on valour feaſt,
" May, like wild meteors, pour into mine Eaſt,
" And leave my palace neither ſtick nor ſtone ;

" Like roaring lions ruſh to eat me up—
" In Britain breakfaſt, and in China ſup."

TO THE SHIP.

O THOU, ſo nicely painted, and ſo trim,
Succeſs attend our *Court's* delightful whim ;
And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board ;
With coaches juſt like gingerbread, ſo fine,
Amid the Aſiatic world to ſhine,
And greet of China the Imperial Lord.

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at *Canton* :
I hear each wide-mouth'd ſalutation gun ;
I ſee thy ſtreamers wanton in the gale ;
I ſee the ſallow natives crowd the ſhore,
I ſee them tremble at thy royal roar ;
I ſee the very *Mandarines* turn pale.

Pagados of Nang-yang, and Chou-chin-chou,
So lofty, to our trav'ling Britons bow ;
Bow, mountains ſky-enwrapp'd of Chin-chung-chan ;
Floods of Ming-ho, your thund'ring voices raiſe ;
Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt your praiſe,
With geeſe of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
Hang by your tails, and all the branches load ;

Then grin applauſe upon the gaudy throng,
And drop them honours as they paſs along.

Frogs of Fou-ſi, O croak from pools of green ;
Winnow, ye butterflies, around the ſcene ;
Sing O be joyful, ev'ry village pig ;
Goats, ſheep, and oxen, through your paſtures prance ;
Ye Buffaloes and dromaderies, dance ;
And elephants, pray join the unwieldly jig.

I mark, I mark, along the duſty road,
The glitt'ring coaches with their happy load,
All proudly rolling to *Pe-kin's* fair town ;
And lo, arriv'd, I ſee the Emperor ſtare,
Deep marv'ling at a ſight ſo very rare ;
And now, ye Gods ! I ſee the Emp'ror *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty Emp'ror ſay,
" Good folks, what is it that you want, I pray ?"
And now I hear aloud *Macartney* cry,
" *Emp'ror*, my *Court*, inform'd that you were rich,
" Sublimely feeling a ſtrong money-itch,
" Acroſs the eaſtern ocean bade me fly ;

" With tin, and blankets, O great King, to barter,
" And gimcracks rare for China-Man and Tartar.

" But preſents, preſents are the things we mean :
" Some pretty diamonds to our gracious *Queen*,
" Big as one's fiſt or ſo, or ſomewhat bigger,
" Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—
" A petticoat of whom each poet ſings,
" That beams on birth-days for the beſt of Kings.

" Yes, preſents are the things we chiefly wiſh—
" Theſe give not half the toil we find in trade."—
On which th' aſtoniſh'd Emp'ror cries, " Odsfiſh !
" Preſents !—preſent the rogues the Baſtinade."

Stern *Reſolution's* eye, that flaſh'd with fate,
At danger cow'ring, wears a wither'd look ;
Palſy'd his ſinewy arm, where vengeance ſate,
Whoſe graſp the rugged oak of ages ſhook—
His blood, ſo hot, grown ſuddenly to chill ;
Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In ſhort, behold with dread *Macartney* ſtare ;
Behold him fiez'd, his feat of honour bare ;
The bamboo ſounds—alas ! no voice of Fame :
Stripp'd, ſchoolboy-like, and now I ſee his Train,

I ſee their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
And, like his *Lordſhip's*, bluſh with blood and ſhame.

Ah ! what avails the coat of ſcarlet, dye,
And collar blue around their pretty necks ?
Ah ! what the *epaulettes*, that roaſt the eye,
And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex* ?
Heav'ns ! if *Kien Long* reſolves upon their ſtripping,
Theſe are no taliſmans to ward a whipping.

Now with a mock ſolemnity of face,
I ſee the mighty Emp'ror gravely place
Fools-caps on all the poor degraded men—
And now I hear the ſolemn Emp'ror ſay,
" 'T is thus we Kings of China *jolly* pay ;
" Now, children, ye may all go home agen."

O beauteous veſſel, ſhould this prove the caſe,
How in old England wilt thou ſhow thy face ?
I fear thy viſage will be wondrous long.
Know it may happen—Miniſters and Kings,
Like common folk, are fallible—poor things !
Too often ſanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if ſucceſsful, thou wilt be ador'd—
Lo, like a Cheſhire cat our *Court* will grin !
How glad to find as many gems on board,
As will not leave thee room to ſtick a pin !

ODES TO KIEN LONG,

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA;

WITH

THE QUAKERS, A TALE, &c. &c.

Ana barbiton doneſo &c. ANACREON.

"Yes, let us ſtrike the Lyre, and ſing, and rhime;
"By far the wiſeſt way of ſpending time."
So ſays *Anacreon*, my dear *Kien Long*;
Let *Britain* then, and *China*, hear our Song.

TO THE
EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Dear KIEN LONG,

AT length an opportunity preſents itſelf for converſing with the ſecond *Potentate* upon earth, *George* the *Third* being moſt undoubtedly the *firſt*, although he never made verſes. The praiſes of *Moukden*, thy beautiful little Ode to *Tea*, &c. have afforded me infinite delight, and to gain *my plaudit*, who am rather difficult to pleaſe, will, I aſſure thee, be a feather in thy imperial cap.

Principibus *placuiſſe* viris, *non ultima laus eſt.*

Praiſe from a *Bard* of my poetic ſpirit,
Proclaims indeed no ſmall degree of merit.

Excuſe this piece of egotiſm—it is natural, and juſtified by the ſublimeſt authorities. What ſays VIRGIL?

"*Tentanda via eſt qua me quoque poſſim*
"*Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*"

What, likewiſe, LUCRETIUS?

"*Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam*
"*Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Muſæ.*"

What, alſo, OVID?

"*Jamque opus exegi,*" &c.

What, moreover, HORACE?

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" &c.

What, ENNIUS?

"*Nemo me lacrumeis decoret nec funera ſletu,*" &c.

What, again, the great Father of Poetry, HOMER, in his delightful Hymn, that ſome impudent Scholiaſts daclare he never wrote?

——*Tis d'ummin anerhediſtos AOIDON*
Enthade poleitai; kai teo terpeſthe maliſta;
Tuphlos aner oikei de ehis eni parpaloeſſe
Tou paſai meto piſthen ariſeuouſin Aordai.

which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphraſtically and beautifully tranſlate:

Should *Curioſity* at times inquire
Who ſtrikes with ſweeteſt art the *Muſe's* lyre;
This be thy anſwer—"A poor man, ſtark blind:
An aged minſtrel that at *Chios* dwells,
Who ſells and ſings his works, and ſings and ſells,
And leaves all other Poets far behind."

So much for my *profound* learning in defence of egotiſm; for where is the man that does not rank himſelf amongſt his own admirers!

Now to the point.—As *Lord Macartney*, with his moſt ſplendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. &c. in favour of the two Kingdoms; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the great *Kien Long*, and the no leſs celebrated *Peter Pindar*? Thou art a man of rhimes—and ſo am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon verſatility—ſo am I. Thou art an enthuſiaſt to the Muſes—ſo am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—ſo am I. Thou art an idolater of Royalty—ſo am I. With ſuch a congeniality of mind, in *my* God's name, and *thine*, let us ſurpriſe the world with an interchange of our lucrubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to ſhew thee that I am not a literary ſwindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from

thy Imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in Ode, Ballad, Elegy, Fable, and Epigram.

I am, dear KIEN LONG,

Thy humble Servant and brother Poet,

P. PINDAR.

ODES TO KIEN LONG.

ODE I.

Peter *complimenteth* Kien Long *on his poetical talent, and condemneth the want of Literary taste in western Kings.*

DEAR *Emp'ror, Prince of Poets*, noble *Bard*,
Thy brother Peter sendeth thee a card,
To say thou art an honour to the times—
Yes, Peter telleth thee, that for a King,
Indeed a most extraordinary thing,
Thou really makest very charming rhimes.

Witness thy *Moukden* *, which we all admire;
Witness thy pretty little Ode to *Tea*,
Compos'd when sipping by thy Tartar fire;
Witness thy many a madrigal and glee.

Believe me, venerable, good *Kien Long*,
Vast is my pleasure that the Muse's song
Divinely soundeth through thy Tartar groves;
Still greater, that the first of Eastern Kings
Should praise in rhime the Tartar vales and springs,
And pay a tuneful tribute to the *Loves*.

Yet how it hurts my classic soul to find
Some Western Kings to poetry unkind!
What though they want the skill to make a riddle,
Charade, or rebus, or conundrum;- still
Those Kings might shew towards them some good will,
And nobly patronise Apollo's fiddle.

* *A favourite city of the Emperor.*

But no— the note is, " How go sheep a score ?
" What, what's the price of bullocks ? how sells lamb ?
" I want a boar, a boar, I want a boar ;
" I want a bull, a bull, I want a ram."
Whereas it should be this—" I want a *Bard*,
" To cover him with honour and reward."

Kings deem, ah me ! a grunting herd of swine
Companions sweeter than the tuneful *Nine ;*
Preferring to *Fame's* dome, a hog-sty's mire ;
The roar of oxen to Apollo's lyre.

" Lord ! is it possible ?" I hear thee groan—
Kien Long, 'tis true as thou art on thy throne :
For souls like thine, 'tis natural to doubt it—
Macartney can inform thee all about it.

O D E II.

More compliments to the Emperor—A dissertation upon Thrones, and Kings and Queens—A very proper attack on the French Revolutionists—The fate of poor Religion, prophified—also, of his Holiness the Pope—More lamentations on degraded Royalty.

THOU art a second Atlas, great *Kien Long ;*
Supporting half the unwieldy globe, so strong ;
But, Lord ! what pigmy souls to empire rise !
Unconscious of its glorious frame, they sleep—
Now just like mice from pyramids that peep,
Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

Fortune has too much pow'r in this same world—
Things are too often topsy-turvy hurl'd !
A bug condemn'd to *fly* that scarce can *crawl ;*
A maggot taken from his little nut,
(There by the great *All-wise* most *wisely* put)
To grovel 'midst the grandeur of St. Paul !

Unluckily most thrones are plac'd so high,
That Kings can scarce their loving subjects spy,
Hopping beneath them, like so many crows ;
Which subjects have in France been taking
Great liberties in ladder-making,
To get up nearer to the royal nose.

Thus *wrens* ere long their pigmy pow'rs will try ;
And turning to the clouds their little eye,
Aim to arreſt, by frequent daring flights,
Their elder brothers of the ſkies, the *Kites* !

And yet I hate a *Fool* upon a throne—
We have been happy hitherto, thank God ;
How boys would burſt with laughter, ev'ry one,
Were *monkey*-ſchoolmaſters to hold the *rod* !

Yet much more miſchief follows *royal* fools,
As *Realms* are on a larger ſcale than *ſchools*—
The *Americans* provide againſt all this :
Which *certain Gentlefolk* take much amiſs !

And then again, the *wives* of glorious Kings,
In generoſity, and ſuch-like things,
And temper *mild*, who well themſelves demean,
Are for the *ſubject* a *rare* happy matter ;
And let me ſay indeed, who ſcorn to flatter,
We *Britons* are moſt lucky in a *Queen*.

Of humbling their ſuperiors, folks ſeem fond,
And treating Monarchs as ſo many logs ;
Whereas it is in Courts, as in a pond,
Some fiſh, ſome frogs.

Thus do the rebel foes of Sovereigns cry,
Rending with vile diſloyalty the ſky :

" When will the lucky day be born that brings
" A bridle for the inſolence of Kings ?
" Too ſlowly moves, alas ! the loitering hour !
" *When* will thoſe *Tyrants* ceaſe to fancy *Man*
" A fawning *dog* in Providence's plan,
" Ordain'd to lick the blood-ſtain'd rod of *Pow'r* ?"

Kings have their faults undoubtedly, and *many*—
The man who contradicts me, is a Zany.
Some rob, ſome kill, ſome cheat, ſome cringe and beg ;
Curſt with an avarice, ſome would ſhave an egg.
And yet, with all their ſins, I drop a tear
On what I'm daily forc'd to ſee and hear.

Great is the change of late ! ſuch horrid ſcenes,
Such little rev'rence both for Kings and Queens !
Thus cry the Frenchmen, ſeldom over-nice—
" We want no *ſceptre'd Plunderers* of States ;

" Out with them—folly to maintain more cats
" Than capable of catching mice.

" Death to their paraſites—we'll have no more
" Leeches that ſuck the heart's blood of the poor.
" Down with Dukes, Earls, and Lords, thoſe Pagan
Joſſes,
" Falſe gods!—away with ſtars, and ſtrings, and
croſſes!"

The French are very wicked, I declare;
They raiſe upon one's head, one's very hair;
So much thoſe fellows Majeſty abuſe—
Of Royalty the purple robe ſo grand,
Which ſeizes the deep rev'rence of a land,
They to a malkin turn, to wipe their ſhoes,
" Out with State pick-pockets!" they cry aloud:
" Death to the rav'nous eagles," cries the crowd,
" That happy hover o'er a *People's* groan;
" Thieves, in the plunder of an empire dreſt;
" *Flatt'ry's* vile carrion flies, on Kings that feaſt;
" Rank bugs that ſhelter in the wood of thrones!

" The *Duſtman* in his cart that hourly ſlaves,
" Drawn by an aſs, the partner of his toils,
" How far ſuperior to thoſe titled knaves,
" In coaches glitt'ring with a kingdom's ſpoils!"

The old *ſic volo*, that with thund'ring ſound,
Rous'd all the Provinces of France around,
(And, if great things we may compare to ſmall,
Juſt like the boatſwain's whiſtle, that makes ſkip
The jovial fellows of a ſhip)
This great *ſic volo* is not heard at all—
To *humbler* phraſes chang'd by ſome degrees;
" With your good leave, Meſſieurs"—" Sirs, if
you pleaſe."

Yes, ſavage are the *French* to Kings and Quality;
Void of good manners, common hoſpitality—
Barb'rous, they dog-like wiſh to pick their bones;
Make juſt as much of Dukes as of a duck,
(Nobility has therefore ſhocking luck)
And daſh an infant Prince againſt the ſtones.

Thus butchers calmly ſtick a ſucking pig,
And o'er a bleeding lambkin hum a jig.
Religion too is in a deep decline;

Her vot'ries treated like a herd of swine;
Rich reliques look'd upon as rotten lumber!
Who will be canoniz'd for fright'ning devils,
For bringing back lost limbs, and curing evils,
Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number,

Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill,
That of redoubted *Doctors* foil the skill?

Religion, who in France some years ago
Made in rich silks so wonderful a show,
So us'd with all the pride of curls to charm,
Is now, poor soul, oblig'd to beg her bread,
With scarce a cap or ribbon to her head,
Or woollen petticoat to keep her warm.

Yes, poor dear maid, I fear she'll soon expire;
Her whips demolish'd, and extinct her fire.
Her pincers broken, snapp'd in twain her cleaver,
That flogg'd, that burnt a sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the soul's adulteration,
And chopp'd and pinch'd him to a true Believer.

No longer are her priests to be maintain'd—
Thus is that horrid beast the Dev'l unchain'd,
That roaring Bull at once his triumph shows—
For, if not paid, what priest can prove their might,
Fight the good fight,
And, like staunch bull-dogs, nail him by the nose?

Death and the *Dev'l*, the smutty rogue, and *Sin*,
A pretty junto, are upon the grin;
Hoping to *fill* the dark infernal hole,
If all the priests refuse to help a soul—
That most important contest then is o'er;
Pull *Dev'l*, pull *Parson*, will be seen no more,

Yes, at her wounded pow'r *Religion* faints;
Alas! no more *old* bones shall make *new* Saints;
No more shall *Lent*, lean Lady, cry her fish;
No more shall slices of the cross be courted;
Despis'd the manger that our Lord supported,
His sacred pap-spoon, and the Virgin's dish.

No absolutions, like potatoes sold;
No purgatory-souls redeem'd by gold:
No more in cloth of gold, and red-heel'd shoes,

Bag-wig and ſword, a mob the Saviour * views—
Sold no certificates † of good behaviour,
To ſhow the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour.

No more ſmall *Miracle* obtain applauſe,
Laugh at old Time, and break Dame Nature's laws;
No more dead herrings, fill'd with life and motion,
Leap from the frying-pan, and ſwim the ocean.

Soon may this wicked Spirit ſteal to Rome,
And poiſon ev'ry ſacred dome;
Reliques be kick'd and mock'd by many a giber—
The Pontiff to the *very workhouſe* brought,
Or, what could never have been thought,
Plump'd with his tripple crown into the Tyber:

There may we view him ſtound'ring wild about,
With not a *Saint* he dubb'd to pull him out:

The fair chaſte quills, from angel wings procur'd
Be turn'd to uſes not to be endur'd;
To villain pens, inſtead of crow-quills cut,
To draw lewd figures, and deliver *ſmut*:

Melted the Church's ſacred plate to mugs,
To candleſticks, to punch-ladels, and jugs;
To porringers the pipes ‡ of ſacred tunes,
And ſilver Chriſts to caniſters and ſpoons.

Phials that held of ſaints the ſuffering ſighs,
Seen by the dimmeſt of believing eyes,
Lo, to the meaneſt offices ſhall ſink—
Hold *aquafortis*, or reviling ink!
The *Virgin's* gowns and garters, ſtockings, ſhoes,
Sold to her enemies perhaps, the Jews—
Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, muſlin, lace,
Sold to trick harlots for a rogue's embrace!

* *Once a year this* fine *mummery is exhibited in France, and in other Romiſh countries.*

† *In ſome part of Ruſſia, narrow ſlips of paper, in form of a ribbon, conſecrated by the Biſhop, are ſold for about three-pence a piece, and bound about the heads of dying people. They are certificates of their good behaviour. The inſcription on each is as follows:—"To old God Almighty, to young "God Almighty, and young God Almighty's Mama—this "is to certify that the bearer hereof died a good Chriſtian."*

‡ *Of the Organs,*

Now to disloyal mongrels we return,
That bark at Kings, and for confusion burn.

How have our mighty Monarchs been brought down!
Trod in the dust, like some old wig, the *Crown!*
The *Wearers*—some cousin'd in jails so dread;
Some shot—some poison'd with as much *sang-froid*,
As though the *Mob* had merely been employ'd
To knock a thieving polecat on the head,

In *birth* the *Public* sees no kind of *merit!*
Think of the present equalizing spirit!
Amidst the populace how rank it springs!
Nay, from the palaces the *Virtues* fly,
While boldly entering from their beastly sty,
The vulgar *Passions* rush to pig with *Kings!*

O D E III.

The Poet sweetly reproveth the Emperor for neglecting to turn a penny in an honest way, and demonstrateth the inconveniency of generosity—proving that a mind on a broad scale may be productive of narrow circumstances

GREAT KING, thou never educatest swine,
Nor takest goslins under thy tuition;
Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's kine,
Like *Pharoah's*—that is, in a lean condition.

Nor dost thou cut down palaces to pens,
Nor sendest unto market cocks and hens;
Nor to a butcher sellest pork and beef:
Nor wool nor egg merchant, O King, art thou;
Nor dost thou watch the girl who milks the cow,
For fear the girl might sip, and prove a thief;
Nor settest traps to save thy fowls and eggs,
And catch thy loyal subjects by the legs.—

Nor dost thou go a *shopping*, mighty King;
I know that thou *despisest* such a thing;
Yes, to expose such meanness thou art loath—
Thou scorn'st to pride thyself on *buying* cheap,
And for some trifle a huge pother keep,
An ounce of *blackguard**, or a yard of cloth.

* *A coarse snuff, so emphatically called.*

Nor doſt thou (which *ſome people* may deem ſtrange)
Send Pages with a halfpenny for change ;
Nor doſt thou (which would be a crying ſin)
Cheat of his dues the Parſon of *Pe-kin*.

Thy mind was form'd upon an ampler ſcale :
Each thought is generoſity—a whale :
Not a poor ſprat to dunghills to be hurl'd—
Thy ſoul a dome illum'd by *Grandeur's* rays,
That o'er thy mighty empire caſts a blaze ;
A beacon to inform a world.

But, ah ! *Kien Long*, thou never wilt be rich,
If generoſity thy heart betwitch :
What ſays *Economy* ? " Let ſubjects groan—
" Let *Miſery's* howl be muſic to thine ear—
" Yes, let the widow's and the orphan's tear
" Fall printleſs on thy heart as on a ſtone."

The ſouls of many Kings are vulgar entries,
With not a ruſhlight 'midſt the diſmal winding ;
A long, dark, dangerous, dreary way, paſt finding—
Hypocriſy and *Meanneſs* the two ſentries,

Ambition, that on riches caſts itseyes,
Mounts on the tempeſt of a *Peoples ſighs !*
O Emp'ror, *Generoſity's* a ſool—
She wants advice from *ſaving Wiſdom's* ſchool.

Look at a ſmiling field of graſs :
Nothing can eat it out, nor horſe nor aſs,
Provided that you put, to ſpare the feaſt,
A padlock on the mouth of ev'ry beaſt.
Thus, muzzle, but thy palace now and then,
Thou wilt be wealthy among ſcepter'd men.

Invite not a whole *Million* * to thine hunt :
Thy purſe with ſuch a heavy weight would grunt.
In England, when a King a deer unharbours,
The ſport a half a dozen butchers ſhare ;
Of ſmutty chimney-ſweeps *perchaunce* a pair ;
With probably a brace or two of barbers.

What though 't is not *quite royal*—ſtill we boaſt
Of gaining glorious fun with little coſt.

* *This is the number of the Emperor's attendants, in general, at a hunt,*

The pocket is a very ſerious matter—
Small beer allayeth thirſt—nay, *ſimple water.*

The ſplendour of a chaſe, or feaſt, or ball,
Though ſtrong, are paſſing, momentary rays—
The luſtre of a little hour; that's all—
While *guineas* with *eternal* ſplendour blaze.

O D E IV.

Peter *breaketh out into a ſtrange rhapſody, ſo unlike Peter, who chriſteneth himſelf the Poet of the People—He adviſeth the Emperor to actions never practiſed by Kings!—Is it, or is it not, one continued vein of happy irony?*

GIVE nothing from thy privy purſe away,
I ſay——
Nay, ſhould thy coffers and thy bags *run o'er,*
Neglect or *penſion Merit* on the *Poor.*

Give not to Hoſpitals—thy *Name's enough:*
To death-face *Famine*, not a pinch of ſnuff—
On *Wealth* thy quarry, keep a falcon view,
And from the very *children* ſteal their *due.*

Shouldſt thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thine horſe,
Unlucky, 'midſt ſome river's rapid courſe;
Though ſharp between *thyſelf* and *Death* the ſtrife,
Give not the Page a *ſous* that ſaves thy life.

Should Love allure thee to ſome *Fair-one's* arms,
Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,
And deluges thy panting heart with bliſſes;
Take not a ſixpence from thy groaning cheſt,
To buy a ribbon for the fragrant breaſt
That ſwell'd with all its ardour to thy kiſſes.

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair;
Buy not of mittins, or of gloves, a pair,
To ſhield her hands from froſt, or *Summer's* ray;
Buy not a bonnet to defend her face,
Nor 'kerchief to protect each ſnowy grace,
And deck her on ſome rural holiday.
But ſuffer her in homely geer to *pine*,
In ſimple elegance where *others ſhine.*

Thou probably mayeſt anſwer, with a groan,
" What ! give a vile contagion to the throne !
" Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
" Whilſt trodden *Merit* lifts her aſking eyes.

" That calf, ſhall gariſh *Oſtentation* grin,
" Deck'd by the ſweat of *Labour's* ſun-burnt ſkin,
" Poor cart-horſe, envied e'en his *very oats* ?
" Heav'ns ! ſhall this Mummer *Oſtentation* cry,
" Roaſt in the ſun thou *Mob*, in aſhes lie ;
" Mine be the *guineas*, *Slave*, and thine the *groats*.

" Mine be the luxury of wine and oil ;
" Thine, that I *condeſcend* to drink thy toil."

Ah ! ſay'ſt thou thus ?—dares honour this high pitch ?
Then, noble *Emp'ror*, thou wilt ne'er be *rich*.

Gold ſhould not gather in a ſubject's cheſt—
The crew grows mutinous—it cannot reſt ;
It talketh of *equality*, indeed ?
No, let the *Monarch's* bags and coffers hold
The flatt'ring, mighty, nay *all*-mighty gold ;
On this ſhall brawny *Pow'r* his ſinews feed ;

Jove's eagle near the throne, with eye of fire,
The vengeance-bearer of the royal ire !
Enrich the realm, *Subordination* dies—
Wealth gives a wing that *daſhes* at the *ſkies*.

Bluſh not, though up to neck, to noſe, in gold,
To let thy fav'rite Mandarine be told,
" The Emp'ror pants for money—hunt about :"
And ſhould thy Miniſter with impious breath,
Say, " *Sire*, we've ſqueez'd the people nigh to death"—
Off with the villain's head, or kick him out.

'Tis pleaſant to look down upon the *hovel*,
And count the royal treaſure with a *ſhovel!*
Pleaſant to mark the whites of wiſhing eyes,
And hear of *poverty* the fruitleſs ſighs !
Grand, on their knees to ſee the million cow'r !
Pale, ſtarv'd ſubmiſſion is the *feaſt* of *Pow'r*.

Pr'ythee, to Europe come, *Kien Long*, with ſpeed :
We'll give thee much inſtruction on this head ;
Nay, ſome examples alſo ſhall be brought,
Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.
Precept's a pigmy, hectic, weak, and ſlight ;
Example is a giant in his might.

Then, pr'ythee, to our *Europe* haſte to ſtare;
Lo, *Europe* ſhall produce thee *ſuch* a *Pair!*
A *Pair!* to whom lean *Avarice* is a fool,
And means to take a leſſon from *their ſchool.*

O D E V.

Peter giveth an account of the expedition of Lord Macartney, and, contrary to the tenor of the preceding Ode, abſolutely recommendeth generoſity to the Emperor.

KIEN LONG our *great great People*, and *'Squire Pitt*,
Fam'd through the univerſe for *ſaving wit*,
Have heard uncommon tales about thy wealth;
And now a veſſel have they fitted out,
Making for good *Kien Long* a monſtrous rout,
To trade, and beg, and aſk about his health.

This, to my ſimple and *unconnying* mind,
Seems economical and very kind!
And now, great Emperor of China, ſay,
What handſome things haſt thou to give away?

Accept a proverb out of Wiſdom's ſchools—
'Barbers firſt learn to ſhave, by ſhaving Fools.'
Pitt ſhav'd our faces firſt, and made us grin—
Next the *poor French*—and now the hopeful Lad,
Ambitious of the honour, ſeemeth mad
To try his razor's edge upon *thy* chin.

Thee as a *generous* Prince we all regard;
For ev'ry preſent, lo, returning *double*—
'Tis therefore thought, that thou wilt well reward
The *ſhip* and *Lord Macartney* for their trouble.

And now to *George* and *Charlotte* what the preſents?
No humming-birds, we beg—no owls, no pheaſants;
Such gifts will put the palace in a ſweat—
For God's ſake ſend us nothing that can *eat.*

" What gifts, I wonder, will thy *King* and *Queen*
" Send to *Kien Long*?" thou cryeſt.—Not much, I ween;
They can't afford it; they are very poor—
And though they ſhine in ſo ſublime a ſtation,

They are the *poorest* people in the nation,
So wide of *Charity* their neat trap-door * ! !

Our King may send a dozen cocks and hens ;
Perhaps a pig or two of his own breeding ;
Perhaps a pair of turkies from his pens ;
Perhaps a duck of his own feeding—

Or *possibly* a half a dozen geese,
Worth probably a half a crown a-piece ;
And that he *probably* may deem *enough*.—
Her gracious *Majesty* may condescend
Her precious compliments to send,
Tack'd to a pound or two of snuff :

The history of *Strelitz* too, perhaps ;
A place that *cuts a figure* in the Maps.

Most mighty Emp'ror, be not thou afraid
That *we* shall generosity upbraid :
Send heaps of things—poh ! never heed the measure—
If palaces won't hold the precious things,
Behold, the best of Queens and *eke* of Kings
Will build them barns to hold the treasure.

I know thy delicacy's such,
Thou fanciest thou canst send *too much*—
But as I know the Great Ones of our isle,
The very thought indeed would make them smile.

Lord ! couldst thou send the Chinese Empire o'er,
So hungry, we should gape for *more* :
Yes, couldst thou pack the Chinese Empire up,
We'd make no more on't than a China cup ;
Ev'n then My *Lady Schwellenberg* would bawl,
" *Gote dem de shabby fella—vet, dis all ?*"

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal—
Thus Princes an eternal hunger feel ;
Moreover, fond of good things *gratis* ;
Whose stomach's motto should be, *nunquam satis*.

Then load away with rarities the ship,
And let us cry, " She made a *handsome trip*"—

* *Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful.—The* most secret *charities are generally the largest, and most acceptable to* God.

But mind, no humming-birds, apes, owls, mackaws;
The dev'l take presents that can *wag their jaws*.

O D E.

SIMPLICITY, I doat upon thy tongue;
And *thee* O white-rob'd *Truth*, I've rev'renc'd long—
I'm fond too of that flashy varlet *Wit*,
Who skims earth, sea, heav'n, hell, existence o'er,
To put the merry table in a roar,
And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.

O yes! in sweet *Simplicity* I glory—
To *her* we owe a charming little story.

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF.

A TALE.

AS well as I can recollect,
It is a story of fam'd *William Penn*,
By bailiffs oft belet, without effect,
Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen—

William had got a private hole to spy
The folks who came with writs, or How d'ye do?
Poſſeſſing, too, a penetrating eye,
Friends from his foes, the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in diſguiſe one day,
Though not diſguis'd to our friend *Will*,
Came, to *Will's* ſhoulder compliments to pay,
Conceal'd, the catchpole thought, with wondrous ſkill.

Boldly he knock'd at *William's* door,
Dreſt like a gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance, to be ſure—
But no!

Will's ſervant *Nathan*, with a ſtrait-hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely ſtalk'd, not *run*—
"Maſter at home?" the Bailiff ſweetly ſaid—
"Thou canſt not ſpeak to him," replied the Man.

" What," quoth the Bailiff, " won't he ſee me then ?"
" Nay," inſuffled *Nathan*, " let it not thus ſtrike thee ;
" Know, verily, that *William Penn*
" *Hath ſeen* thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

TO A FLY,

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

AH ! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now ſenſeleſs, floating on the fragrant wave ;
Why not content the cakes alone to munch ?
Dearly thou pay'ſt for buzzing round the bowl ;
Loſt to the world, thou buſy ſweet-lipp'd ſoul—
Thus Death, as well as Pleaſure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after Pleaſure's cup :
Though *Fate*, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beaſts, the draught of *Circe* can't withſtand,
But in goes every noſe—they *muſt*-will ſup.

Mad are the paſſions, as a colt untam'd !
When *Prudence* mounts their backs, to ride them mild,
They fling, they ſnort, they foam, they riſe inflam'd,
Inſiſting on their own ſole will ſo wild,

Gadſbud ! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead ;
The Fates, ſo kind, have not yet ſnipp'd thy thread—
By heav'ns, thou mov'ſt a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again thou mov'ſt another !

And now thy little drunken eyes uncloſe ;
And now thou feeleſt for thy little noſe,
And finding it, thou rubbſt thy two hands ;
Much as to ſay, " I'm glad I'm here again"—
And well mayſt thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
That near wert thou to *Death's* unſocial lands.

And now thou rolleſt on thy back about,
Happy to find thyſelf alive, no doubt—
Now turneſt—on the table making rings ;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now ſhaking the rich liquor from thy back,
Now flutt'ring nectar from thy ſilken wings :

Now ſtanding on thy head, thy ſtrength to find,
And poking out thy ſmall, long legs behind
And now thy pinions doſt thou briſkly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—farewell Fly!
Go, join thy brothers on yon ſunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—
There wilt thou meet a miſtreſs, or a wife,
That ſaw thee drunk, drop ſenſeleſs in the ſtream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-reſounding ſcream,
And now ſits groaning for thy precious life

Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wiſely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and ſugar for the future charm;
Theſe will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
Whilſt *Punch*, the grinning merry imp of ſin,
Invites th' unwary wand'rer to kiſs,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliſs,
Then, like an Alligator, drags him in.

ELEGY
TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

Written in the year 1768, *at* Santa Cruz, *in company with a Son of the late* Admiral Boſcawen, *at the houſe of Mr.* Mackerrick, *a merchant of that place.*

YE hopping natives of a hard, hard bed,
Whoſe bones, *perchaunce*, may ache as well as ours,
O let us reſt in peace the weary head,
This night—the firſt we ventur'd to your bow'rs.

Thick as a flock of ſtarlings on our ſkins,
Ye turn at once to brown the lily's white;
Ye ſtab us alſo, like ſo many pins—
Sleep ſwears he can't come near us whilſt ye bite.

In vain we preach—in vain the candle's ray
Broad flaſhes on the imps, for blood that itch—
In vain we bruſh the buſy hoſts away;
Fearleſs, on *other parts* their thouſands pitch—

And now I hear a hungry varlet cry
"Eat hearty, Fleas—they're ſome Outlandiſh Men—

" Fat ſtuff—no Spaniards all ſo lean and dry—
" Such charming ven'ſon ne'er may come agen."

How ſhall we meet the morn ?—with ſhameful eyes !
With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
Juſt like two turkey-eggs, we ſpeckled riſe,
Scorn'd by the *Loves*, and mock'd by all the *Graces*.

What will the ſtately Nymph, *Joanna* *, ſay ?
How will the beauteous *Catherina* * ſtare !
" Away, ye naſty Britons—foh ! away,"
In ſounds of horror will exclaim the Fair.
What though we tell them 'twas *Mackerrick's* ‡ bed ?
What though we ſwear 'twere all *Mackerrick's* fleas ?
Diſguſted will the Virgins turn the head ;
No more we kiſs their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verſes greet their hand ;
No more they liſten to our panting proſe ;
No more beneath their window ſhall we ſtand,
And ſerenade their beauties to repoſe.

The *Converſationi* † meet their end ;
The love-inſpir'd *Fandango* warms no more ;
The laugh, the nod, the whiſper, will offend ;
The leer, the ſquint, the ſqueezes, all be o'er.

But, O ye ruthleſs hoſts, an Arab train,
Ye daring light-troops of that roving race,
Know ye the ſtrangers whom with blood ye ſtain ?
Know ye the voyagers ye thus diſgrace ?

One is a *Doctor*, of redoubted ſkill,
A Briton born, that, dauntleſs deals in death ;
Who to the Weſtern *Ind* proceeds to kill,
And probably, of *thouſands* ſtop the breath :

A *Bard*, whoſe wing of thought, and verſe of fire,
Shall bid with wonder all *Parnaſſes* ſtart ;
A *Bard*, whoſe converſe *Monarchs* ſhall admire,
And, happy, learn his lofty Odes by heart§.

* *Young Spaniſh Ladies of the firſt faſhion.*

‡ *He is a principal man in the Iſland, and much reſpected.*

† *At his Excellency's the Governor.*

§ *Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.*

The other, lo, a Pupil rare of *Mars*,
A youth who kindles with a *Father's* flame;
Boſcawen call'd, who fought a kingdom's wars,
And gave to *Immortality* a *name*.

Lo, ſuch are, *we*, freebooters, whom ye bite!
Such is our Britiſh Quality, O Fleas!—
Then ſpare our tender ſkins this one, one night—
To-morrow *eat Mackerrick*, if ye pleaſe.

The preſent unnatural and fatal enmity towards thoſe beſt creatures in the world, Kings *and* Queens, *putting our moſt auguſt couple more on their guard againſt evil machinations, by ſelecting Mr.* Townſend, *Mr.* Macmanus, *and Mr.* Jealous, *the moſt accompliſhed Thief-takers upon earth, to watch over them as a garde de corps; ſuch an important circumſtance, ſo illuminative of the hiſtorical page, could not eſcape the eagle eye of the Lyric Bard, who, in conſequence, has addreſſed an ode of praiſe and admonition to the three aforeſaid gentlemen*

ODE

TO

MESSRS. TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, AND JEALOUS,

The Thief-takers, and Attendants on MAJESTY.

YE friends to *Juſtice Gibbet*, *Juſtice Jail*,
And *Juſtice Cart's* ſlow-moving tail,
Accept the *Bard's* ſincere congratulation—
Ye glorious imps, of thief-ſuppreſſing ſpirit,
Elected, for your moſt heroic merit,
The Guardians of the Rulers of the Nation.

When *Blood*, that enterpriſing Chap,
Attempted *only* on the *crown* a rape,
Pale *Horror* rais'd her hands, and roll'd her eyes—
But ſhould *ſome knave*, with fingers moſt unclean,
Attempt to ſteal away our *King* and *Queen*,
How would the Empire in diſorder riſe!

Juſt like the nations of the honied hive,
Who, if they loſs their *Sov'reign*, never *thrive*.

At midnight, lo, ſome knave might ſteal ſo ſly,
In ſilence, on the royal ſleepy eye,
And, giving to his ſacrilege a looſe,
Bear off the mighty Monarch on his back,
Juſt as ſly *Reynard*, in his night attack,
Bears from the farmers yard a gentle gooſe.

Ye glorious thief-takers, O watch the Pair;
We cannot ſuch a precious couple ſpare—
O, cat-like, guard the door againſt *Tom Paine*,
Tom Paine's an artful and rebellious dog,
Swears that a ſacred throne is but a log,
And *Monarch's* too expenſive to maintain.

I know their Majeſties are in a fright;
I know they very badly ſleep at night—
Tom Pain's indeed a moſt terrific word;
A name of fear, that ſounds in ev'ry wind,
A goblin d—n'd, that haunts the royal mind;
Of *Damocles*, the hair-ſuſpended ſword.

Why ſhould our glorious Sov'reigns be unbleſt?
Why by a paltry ſubject be diſtreſt?
Is there no poiſon for *Tom Paine*?—alas!
Is there no halter for this knave of knaves?
Audacious fellow! lo the Crown he braves,
And calls the Kingdom a poor burden'd *aſs*.

For this poor burden'd *aſs*, he ſwears he feels,
And bids him lift, a regicide, his heels.

What a bright thought in *George* and *Charlotte*,
Who, to eſcape each wicked varlet,
And diſappoint *Tom Pain's* diſloyal crew,
Fix'd on the brave *Macmanus*, *Townſend*, *Jealous*,
Delightful company, delicious fellows,
To point out ev'ry minute, *who* is *who!*
To huſtle from before their noble Graces,
Raſcals with ill-looking deſigning faces,
Where treaſon, murder, and ſedition, dwell;
To give the life of ev'ry Newgate wretch!
To ſay who next the fatal cord ſhall ſtretch—
The ſweet hiſtorians of the penſive cell.

O with what joy felonious acts ye view!
How pleas'd, a thief or highwaymen to hunt!

Bleſt as *Cornwallis Tippoo* to purſue ;
Bleſt as old *Purs'ram Bhow*, and *Hury Punt!*

How itch your fingers to entrap a thief!
How nimbly you purſue him!—with what ſoul
Track him from haunt to haunt, to mercy deaf,
And drag at laſt the felon from his hole!

Thus when a *Chambermaid* a *Flea* eſpies,
How beats her heart! what lightnings fill her eyes!
To ſeize him, lo, her twinkling fingers ſpread,
And ſtop his travels through the realm of bed.

He hops—the eager damſel marks the jump;
Now ſudden falls in thunder on his rump—
She miſſes—off hops *Bloodſucker* again:
The nymph with wild alacrity purſues;
Now loſes ſight of him, and now gets views,
Whilſt all her trembling nerves with ardour ſtrain.

Now fairly tir'd, with melancholy face,
Poor ſighing *Suſan* quits th' important chaſe:
Once more reſolv'd, ſhe brightens up her wits,
And, furious, to her lovely fingers ſpits—
Thrice happy thought! yet, not to flatter,
'Tis not the cleanlieſt trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep ſhe ſees him hide,
Who, winking, fancieth *Suſan* cannot ſee:
Now *Suſan* drags him forth, with victor pride,
The culprit cruſheth; and thus falls the *Flea!*

What pity 'tis for this important nation,
The Princes all have had their education!
What pounds on Gottingen were thrown away!
How had ye moraliz'd their youngling hearts,
How had ye giv'n an inſight of the Arts,
So neceſſary, Sirs, for ſov'reign ſway!

Cunning's a pretty monitor for Kings;
She teacheth moſt extraordinary things;
She keepeth ſubjects in their proper ſphere;
She brings that fool, the Million, tame to hand,
To dance, to kneel, to proſtrate at command—
A Kingdom is a Monarch's dancing bear.

By means of this ſame humble capering beaſt,
What royal ſhowmen fill their fobs, and feaſt!

O tell the world's great Maſters, not to *ſpare*—
A ſubject's murmur is beneath their care:
When well accuſtom'd to the buſy thong,
Flogging's a matter of mere ſport—a ſong.

All know the tale of *Betty* and the Eel—
" You cruel b—h (a man was heard to ſay),
" To ſerve poor creatures in that horrid way?"
" Lord, Sir!" quoth *Betty*, turning on her heel,
" The ells are *us'd* to it!"—ſo ſaying,
And humming *ca ira*, continued *flaying*.

O how I envy you each happy name!
Time ſhall not eat the mountain of your fame;
For *thus* myſelf your Epitaph ſhall write,
And dare the vile old ſtone-eater to bite,

THE EPITAPH.

" Here lie three crimps of death, knock'd down by Fate;
" Of juſtice the ſtaunch blood-hounds too, ſo keen;
" Who choak'd the little plund'rers of the State,
" And, glorious, ſav'd a mighty King and Queen."

Behold, the Guards, ſo diſappointed, mourn!
With jealouſy their glorious boſoms burn,
To find by *you*, dread Sirs, uſurp'd their places!
" What! not the regiments of Death be truſted!
" By Thief-takers, O Jeſu? to be ouſted!
" Thief-catches *Gardes de corps* unto their Graces!"

Thus, thus exclaim the angry men in red,
Who, with their ſwords and guns, may go to bed.

Gods! how I envy our great folk their joys!
Your tales of houſe-breakers, thoſe nightly curſes;
Of Heroes of the Heath, Saint Giles's boys;
Hiſt'ries of pocket-handkerchiefs and purſes.

O for minds-royal, what delightful food!
Stories ſurpaſſing thoſe of *Robin Hood*.

Sweet are of ſlight-hand *Barrington* the tales;
Of *changeful Major Simple*, charming too!

Delicious ſtory through each *Hulk* prevails,
Full of inſtruction, pleaſant ſage, and new.

Hence the pure ſtreams of thieving ſcience flow,
Which through your mouths to gaping Monarchs go;
And frequently the royal gaze, ye greet
With curious inſtruments, for robbing meet,

Who would not wiſh to ſee the gliding crook,
With whom the purſes oft in ſilence ſtray?
Who would not on the tools with rapture look,
That from poſt-chaiſes ſnap the trunks away?

Who would not ope falſe dice, ingenious bones?
A curious ſpeculation, worthy thrones.

Laugh the loud world, and let it laugh again;
The *Great* of *Windſor* ſhall ſuch mirth diſdain—
In days of *yore*, dull days, inſipid things,
Kings truſted, *only* to a *People's love*—
But modern times in politics improve,
And *Bow-ſtreet Runners* are the ſhields of Kings.

ODE TO CÆLIA

ENVY muſt own that thou art paſſing fair;
Love in thy ſmiles, and Juno in thy air:
Yet *Cælia*, if with Gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a ſort of ſin,
By ſtripping all the Graces to the ſkin,
Merely to make *nonpareilla* of *thee*.

Cælia, thou knoweſt too that thou art pleaſing;
Moſt ſpider-like, the hearts of mortals ſeizing;
And what too maketh me confounded ſour,
Thou knoweſt what I wiſh to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride,
That I'm a ſimple fly, and in thy pow'r.

When Nature ſent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to ſupport the cauſe of *Love*;
To keep alive a beautiful creation—
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou muſt be told,
Are really like the ſordid *Miſer's* gold,
Worthleſs, for want of circulation.

Behold! a guinea, by a proper uſe,
Another pretty guinea will produce;
And thus, O peerleſs girl thy beauty
May bring thee *cent. per cent.* within the year;
That is, another beauty may appear,
If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo, thou putteſt on the ſtare—
It ſeems a dark and intricate affair;
Thou wanteſt a good, able, ſound adviſer—
Well, then, my dear, at once agree,
As *chamber*-council to take *me*;
I know none better qualified, nor wiſer.

O D E

TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

O NYMPH with bandbox tripping on ſo ſweet,
For Love's ſake, ſtay thoſe pretty tripping feet,
Join'd to an ancle, form'd all hearts to ſteal—
That ancle to the neateſt leg united,
Perhaps—with which I ſhould be much delighted,
For men by *little* matters gueſs a deal—

Love lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—
But, deareſt Damſel, what can make them mine?
Heav'n reſts upon thoſe heaving hills of ſnow;
The facinating dimple in thy chin;
In ſhort, thy charms without, and charms within,
Speak, are they purchaſable?—ay, or no?

Thou ſeeſt my ſoul wild ſtaring from my eyes;
Let me not burſt in ignorance, fair Maid—
Why ſheweſt thou, O peerleſs Nymph, ſurpriſe?
I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid?

O could I gain by gold thoſe heav'nly charms!
Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,
Lo, into guineas would I coin my heart;
Thoſe would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,
With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
Then wake again—again to ſleep depart.

All happy circled in thy arms of bliſs;
To ſnatch, with riot wild, *thy* burning kiſs;

A *kiſs!* a *thouſand* kiſſes let me add—
Ten thouſand from thy unexhauſted mint,
And then ten thouſand of my own imprint—
Speak, tempting Syren, to a ſwain ſtark mad.

Heav'ns! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimſon glows,
And ſpreads upon thy breaſt of pureſt ſnows!
Why mute, my *Angel?* thou diſdain'ſt reply!
'Sdeath! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I:

O Nymph, ſo ſweet, forgive my wild deſires;
That knave, thy bandbox, wak'd my lawleſs fires,
Bade me ſuſpect what *Chaſtity* reveres:—
What will wipe out th' affront, O Virgin, ſpeak,
That fluſh'd the roſe of virtue on thy cheek,
Chill'd thy young heart, and daſh'd thine eye with tears?

Go guard that honour which I deem'd departed—
O yield thy beauties to ſome ſwain kind-hearted,
Whoſe ſoul congenial ſhall with thine unite,
And Love allow no reſpit from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

DEAR *Innocence*, where'er thou deign'ſt to dwell,
The Pleaſures ſport around thy ſimple cell;
The ſong of nature melts from grove to grove;
Perpetual ſunſhine ſits upon thy vale;
Content and ruddy *Health* thy hamlet hail,
And *Echo* waits upon the voice of *Love*.

But where—but where is ſcowling Guilt's abode?
The ſpectred heath, and *Danger's* cavern'd road;
The ſhuffling monſter treads with panting breath—
The cloud-wrapp'd ſtorm inſulting roars around,
Fear pales him at the thunder's awful ſound,
He ſtares with horror on the flaſh of death.

He calls on darkneſs with affright,
And bids her pour her deepeſt night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him With her raven wing!

Are theſe the pictures? Then I need not muſe,
Nor gape, nor ponder which to chooſe—

O *Innocence*, this inſtant I'm thy ſlave—
What but the greateſt *fool* would be a *knave* ?

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

SIR WILLIAM ! what, a new eſtate !
I give thee joy of *Gabia's* * fate—
More broken pans, more gods, more mugs,
More ſnivel bottles, jordans, and old jugs,
More ſaucepans, lamps, candleſticks and kettles,
In ſhort, all ſorts of culinary metals !
Leave not a duſt-hole unexplor'd ;
Something ſhall riſe to be ador'd—
Search the old beadſteads and the rugs ;
Such things are ſacred—if by chance,
Amidſt the wood, thine eye ſhould glance
On a nice pair of antique bugs ;

Oh, in ſome box the curious vermine place,
And let us Britons breed the Roman race !

Old naiſs, old knockers, and old ſhoes,
Would much *Daines Barrington* amuſe ;
Old mats, old diſh-clouts, dripping-pans, and ſpits,
Would prove delectable to other wits ;
Gods' legs, and legs of old joint ſtools,
Would raviſh all our antiquarian ſchools.

Some rev'rend moth, with ne'er a wing,
Would charm the Knight † of Soho-Square :
A headleſs flea would be a pretty thing,
To make the Knight of Wonders ſtare.

A curle of ſome old Emp'ror's wig,
Or Nero's fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
That gave ſo exquiſite a jig,
Believe me, would be well worth ſending home.

* *A newly diſcovered town, ſiſter in misfortune to Herculaneum, pompeia, and Pæſtum.*

† *Sir Joſeph Banks.*

Oh, if ſome *lumping* rarity of gold,
Thy lucky lucky eyes by chance behold,
Send it to our K*** and gracious Q****:
No matter what th' inſcription—if there's none,
'Tis all one!
Plain gold will pleaſe, as well as work'd, I ween—
Much will the preſent their great eyes regale,
Let it but cut a figure in the ſcale.

Oh! could an earthquake ſhake down *Wapping*,
And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
And then a thouſand years the ruin ſhade,
What fortunes would be quickly made!
What rare Muſæums from the rubbiſh riſe,
Wapping antiquities to glad the eyes!

How portraits of *Moll Flanders*, *Hannah Snell*,
And miſs *D'Eon*, thoſe heroines, would ſell!
Canning and *Squire!*
How would the *dilettanti* of the nation
Devour the prints with eyes of admiration!
And to their merits, Poets ſtrike their lyres!

Sign-poſts, with Old Blue Boars, and Heads of Nags,
Would from the proud poſſeſſor draw ſuch brags!
Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the Third—
The Cat and Gridiron, our moſt gracious Queen,
With rapt'rous adoration would be ſeen;
They would, upon my word.
Such would tranſport the people of hereafter,
Though ſubjects now of merriment and laughter.

POSTSCRIPT (*ſub Roſa*).

HIST! what freſh ovens of Etrurian ware!
What pretty jordans has my friend to ſpare?
What gods are ripe for digging up, O Knight?
What Britons, *knowing* in the *Virtu* trade,
Soon as a grand diſcov'ry ſhall be made,
Are near thee, gudgeon-like, prepar'd to bite?

What brazen god, baptiz'd with chamber lye*,
For which the future *connoiſſeurs* may ſigh,
Is going into ground, with front ſublime?
Hereafter to be worſhipp'd ſoon as ſeen;
A reſurection rare, array'd in green,
A downright ſatire upon *Time*;
Who ſeems, a poor old fumbling fool, to dote;
Taking two thouſand years to make a coat.

A whiſper—lock'd is the Muſæum door †,
From whence antiques were wont to ſtray;
Whoſe parents ne'er ſat eyes upon them more,
So much the little creatures loſt their way!
Pity thou could'ſt not news of them obtain,
And ſend the gods and godlings back again!

Sir *William*, what's become of that ſame Monk ‡,
From whoſe old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,
Thine hiſt'ry iſſued about burning mountains;
For who would toil, and ſweat and hoe the hill,
To find, perhaps, of knowledge a poor rill,
Who eaſily can buy the fountains?

O Knight of Naples, is it come to paſs,
That thou haſt left the gods of ſtone and braſs,
To wed a deity of *fleſh* and *blood* §?
O lock the temple with thy ſtrongeſt key,
For fear thy deity, a *comely* She,
Should one day ramble in a frolic mood.

* *Sir* William *keeps an old antiquarian to hunt for him, who, when he ſtumbles on a tolerable ſtatue, bathes him in urine, buries him, and when ripe for digging up, they proclaim a great diſcovery to be made, and out comes an* antique *for univerſal admiration.*

† *Some valuable* antiques, *not long ſince, made their eſcape from the Royal Muſæum, and travelled* the Lord knows where.

‡ *He lived in the neighbourhood of Veſuvius, and furniſhed the Knight with all his volcanic obſervations, which paſs on the world as* his own.—Nam quod emis poſſis dicere jure tuum.

§ *It is really true—the Knight* is married *to a beautiful* virgin, *whom he ſtyles his* Grecian. *Her attitudes are the moſt* deſirable *models for* young *artiſts.*

For ſince the idols of a *youthful* King,
So very volatile indeed, take wing ;
If *his*, to wicked wand'rings can incline,
Lord ! who would anſwer, poor old Knight, for *thine* ?
Yet *ſhould* thy Grecian Goddeſs fly the fane,
I think that we may catch her in Hedge-Lane *.

EPIGRAM.

On a Stone thrown at a very Great Man, but which miſſed him.

TALK no more of the lucky eſcape of the *head*,
From a flint ſo unluckily thrown—
I think very diff'rent, with thouſands indeed,
'Twas a lucky eſcape for the *Stone*.

TO CHLOE.

DEAR CHLOE, well I know the ſwain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain ;
And who, alas ! can blame him ?
Affect not, CHLOE, a ſurpriſe ;
Look but a moment on *theſe* eyes,
Thou'lt aſk me not to *name* him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a ſtubborn piece,
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd !
No loſers were the men of chipping trade,
Becauſe of this ſame ſtubborn ſtuff they made
A d—n'd good God !

Thus, of the Lower Houſe, a ſtupid wretch,
Whoſe mind to A, B, C, can ſcarcely ſtretch,

* *The reſort of the Cyprian corps, an avenue that opens into Cockſpur-ſtreet.*

Shall, by a *Monarch's* all-creative word,
Become a very decent Lord.

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the ſpectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To ſteal a precious hour from lifeleſs ſleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And ſwells the thund'ring horrors of the *Deep*.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flaſhing through her ſkies.

But all is ſilence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praiſe—
For who would ſink in dull Oblivion's ſtream?
Who would not live in ſongs of diſtant days?

Thus while I wond'ring pauſe o'er *Shakſpeare's* page,
I mark, in viſions of delight, the *Sage*,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who ſtands ſublime;
A *Column* in the melancholy waſte,
(Its cities humbled and its glories paſt,)
Majeſtic, 'mid the ſolitude of *Time*.
Yet now to ſadneſs let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of pureſt friendſhip ſhow'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er ſhould die—
A Form, that wakes my deepeſt ſigh;
A Form, that feels of Death the leaden ſleep—
Deſcending to the realms of ſhade,
I view a pale-ey'd panting Maid;
I ſee the *Virtues* o'er their fav'rite weep.

Ah! could the *Muſe's* ſimple pray'r
Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion ſhould *Eliza* ſpare:
A world ſhould echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little luſtre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame, Fate too ſhall fix her ſeal—
O let me, penſive watch thy pale decay;
How faſt that frame, ſo tender, wears away!
How faſt thy life the reſtleſs minutes ſteal?

How ſlender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy ſtruggles—all will ſoon be o'er—
At life thou ſnatcheſt with an eager leap:
Now round I ſee thy flame ſo feeble creep,
  Faint, leſs'ning, quiv'ring, glimm'ring—now no more?

Thus ſhall the ſuns of ſcience ſink away,
  And thus of Beauty fade the faireſt flow'r—
For were's the *Giant* who to *Time* ſhall ſay,
  "Deſtructive Tyrant, I arreſt thy pow'r?"

ADDRESS TO THE REVIEWERS,

In behalf of a Poetical Friend, written in 1778: *the gentleman having conſiderably ſuffered by their ſeverity.*

'TIS hard, Meſſieurs Reviewers, 'pon my ſoul,
  You thus ſhould *lord* it o'er the world of wit;
No higher court your ſentence to controul,
You hang, or you reprieve, as you think fit!

Whether in calf, your labours of the year
  Rank with immortal bards or boxes line,
Or torn for ſecret ſervices, Oh dear!
  Are offer'd up at Cloacina's ſhrine:

Whether you look all roſy round the gills,
  Or, hatchet-fac'd, like ſtarving cats ſo lean;
Whether your criticiſm each pocket fills
  With half-pence, keeping you cloſe ſhav'd and clean:

Whether in gorgeous raiment you appear,
  Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether in pompous wigs to guard each ear,
  Or whether you've no wig or ears at all:

Whether you look like gentlemen or thieves,
  I hate uſurpers of the critic throne:
Therefore his compliments the poet gives,
  And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone:

Stay till he aſks your thoughts, ye forward ſages;
  Officiouſneſs the modeſt bard abjures:
'Tis ſurely pert to meddle with his pages,
  Who never deign'd to look in one of yours.

THE

LOUSIAD.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO I.

Prima Syracoſio, dignata eſt ludere verſu
Noſtra, nec erubuit ſilvas habitare Thalia,
Cum canerem regis et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit—— VIRGIL.

I who ſo *lately*, in my Lyric lays,
Sung to the praiſe and glory of R. A.'s;
And ſweetly tun'd, to love, the melting line,
With *Ovid*'s art, and Sappho's warmth, divine;
Said, (nobly daring!) "Muſe, *exalt* thy wings,
"*Love*, and the *Sons of Canvaſs*, quit, for *k—gs*,"
Apollo, laughing at my pow'rs of ſong,
Cry'd, "*Peter Pindar*, prithee, hold thy tongue."
But I, like *poets ſelf-ſufficient grown*,
Reply'd, "APOLLO, prithee, hold thy *own*."

TO THE READER,

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, that his m——y actually diſcovered, ſome time ago, as he ſat at table, a *louſe* on his plate. The emotion, occaſioned by the unexpected appearance of *ſuch* a *gueſt*, can be better *imagined*, than *deſcribed*.

An edict was, in conſequence, paſſed, for ſhaving the cooks and ſcullions, and the unfortunate *louſe* condemned to *die*.

Such is the foundation of the *Louſiad*.—With what degree of merit the Poem is executed, the *uncritical*, as well as the *critical*, reader, will decide.

The *ingenious Author*, who ought to be allowed to know *ſomewhat* of the matter, hath been heard *privately* to declare, that in *his* opinion, the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Taſſoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Diſpenſary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be *compared* to it—and to exclaim, at the ſame time, with all the *modeſt aſſurance* of an *Author*—

> Cedite, Romani ſcriptores; cedite, Graii—
> Nil ortum in terris, *Louſiada* melius.

Which, for the ſake of the *mere* Engliſh reader, is thus beautifully tranſlated :—

> Roman and Grecian authors, great and ſmall,
> The author of the *Louſiad* beats you *all*.

THE LOUSE I ſing, that from ſome head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne
Dropp'd down—(ſo will'd the dread decrees of fate)
With legs wide ſprawling on the m——ch's plate :
Far from the raptures of a *Wife's* embrace—
Far from the gambols of a tender *race*,
Whoſe little feet he taught, with care, to tread,
Amidſt the wide dominions of the head ;
Led them to daily food, with fond delight,
And taught the tiny trav'lers, *where* to *bite*.—
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,
When hoſtile combs attack'd, or vengeful nails :
Far from thoſe pleaſing ſcenes, ordain'd to roam,
Like wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native home;
Yet like that *ſage*, tho' forc'd to roam and mourn—
Like *him*, alas ! not fated to *return :*
Who, full of rags and glory, ſaw his *boy*,*
And *Wife*,† again, and *dog*,‡ that dy'd for joy.
Down dropp'd the luckleſs *Louſe*, with fear appall'd.
And wept his wife and children as he ſprawl'd.

* *Telemachus* † *Penelope.*
‡ *Argus, for whoſe hiſtory, ſee the Odyſſey,*

Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,
The *Poet's* eye, with sorrow, saw a cow,
Take leave, abrupt, of bullocks, goats, and sheep,
By tumbling, headlong down the dizzy steep;
No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,
And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle—
She fell—rememb'ring ev'ry roaring lover,*
With all her wild *courants*, in fields of clover.
Now, on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
The *Louse*, with judge like gravity, arose:
He wanted not a *motive* to *intreat* him,
Beside the *horror*, that the k—g might *eat* him—
The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork;
Or drowning 'midst the sauce, in dismal dumps,
Was full enough to make him stir his stumps,
Vain hope! of stealing unperceiv'd away!
He might as well have tarried, where he lay.
Seen was this *Louse*, as with the royal brood;
Our hungry k—g amus'd himself with food;
Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)
That kings have appetites, like common men;
And that, like London aldermen and mayor,
They fed on more substantial stuff, than *air*.
Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,
That of the s——n's face, possession took,
When first he saw the *Louse*, in solemn state,
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
Yet, could a *Louse* a British king surprise,
And, like a pair of saucers, stretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal head*,
Shake the great *Ruler* of three realms with *dread*?
Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings)
What great effects arise from *little things!*
As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,
Who, following nature's law *have lov'd too well!*

Not with more *horror*, did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear *prerogative* was just in chains:
Not with more *horror*, did his eye balls work,
Convulsive, on the patriotic Burke,

*——*dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,* VIRG

When guilty of economy, the *crime !*
Edmund wide wander'd from the *true ſublime*,
And, cat-like, watchful of the fleſh and fiſh,
Cribb'd, from the r-y-l table, many a diſh—
Saw ev'ry ſlice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and number'd every nut ;
And gaug'd (compos'd upon no ſneaking ſcale)
The monarch's belly, like a caſk of ale ;
Convinc'd that, in his ſcheme of ſtate-ſalvation,
To * ſtarve the palace, was to ſave the nation :
Not more aghaſt he look'd, when, 'midſt the courſe,
He tumbled, in a ſtag-chaſe, from his horſe,
Where all his nobles deem'd their m——ch dead,
But, *luckily*, he pitch'd upon his *head !*
Not ven'ſon eaters, at the vaniſh'd fat,
With ſtomachs wider than a Quaker's hat :
Not with more horror, Mr, ſerjeant Pliant
Looks down upon an empty-handed client :
Not with more horror, ſtares the rural maid,
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betray'd,
Who ſees her ticket a dire blank ariſe,
Too fondly thought the twenty thouſand prize,
With which the ſimple damſel meant, no doubt,
To bleſs her faithful fav'rite, Colin Clout.
Not with more horror, ſtares each lengthen'd feature,
Of ſome fine flutt'ring, mincing *petit-maitre*,
When of a wanton chimney ſweeping wag,
The beau's white veſtment feels the ſooty bag :
Not with more horror, did the devil look,
When Dunſtan, by the noſe, the demon took,
(As gravely, ſay our legendary ſongs)
And led him by a pair of red-hot tongs :
Not lady Worſley, chaſte as many a nun,
Look'd with more horror, at ſir Richard's ſun,
When rais'd on high, to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping captain in his arms ;

* *His m——y was really reduced, ſome time ſince, to a moſt mortifying dilemma ; the apples, at dinner time, having been, by too great a liberality to the royal children,* expended, *the k—g ordered a ſupply ; but was informed, that the* Board of Green-Cloth *would,* poſitively, allow no more. *Enraged at the unexpected and* unroyal *diſappointment, he furiouſly, put his hand into his pocket, took out ſixpence, ſent a page for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the* change.

Like David, that moſt am'rous little dragon,
Ogling ſweet Bathſheba, without a rag on.

Not more the great * Sam Houſe, with horror ſtar'd,
By mob affronted to the very beard;
Whoſe impudence, (enough to damn a jail)
Snatch'd from his waving hand, his fox's tail,
And ſtuff'd it, 'midſt his thunders of applauſe,
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
That, forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of "Fox and freedom," ſtopp'd the glorious note.

Not with more horror, Billy Ramas † ſtar'd,
When Puff,‡ the p—ce's hair dreſſer, appear'd,
Amidſt their eating-room, with dread deſign,
To ſit with pages and with pages dine!
Not with more horror, Glo'ſter's dutcheſs ſtar'd,
When, (bleſt in metaphor) the k—g declar'd,
That, not of *all* her *mongrel breed*, *one whelp*,
Should, in the royal kennel, ever *yelp*.

Not more, that man, ſo ſweet, ſo unprepar'd,
The gentle ſquire of § Leatherhead, was ſcar'd,
When, after pray'rs, ſo good, and rare a ſermon,
He found his front attack'd by fierce Miſs Vernon:

* *In Weſtminſter-hall, where* the ſenſe (*the author was juſt about to ſay* nonſenſe) *of the people was to be taken on an election.*

† *Billy Ramas—emphatically and conſtantly called, by his m——y* Billy Ramas—*one of the pages, who ſhaves the ſ——n, airs his ſhirt, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.*

‡ *Puff, his r-y-l highneſs's hair-dreſſer, who attending him at Windſor, the p—ce, with his uſual good nature, ordered him to dine with the* Pages. *The pride of the pages immediately took fire, and a petition was diſpatched to the k—g and p—ce, to be relieved from the diſtreſsful circumſtance of dining with a hair-dreſſer. The petition was treated with the* proper *contempt, and the pages commanded to receive Mr. Puff into their meſs, or quit the table. With unſpeakable mortification, Mr. Ramas and his brethern,* ſubmitted; *but, like the poor Gentoos, who have loſt their* caſt, *have not held up their heads* ſince.

§ *Kynaſton is the name of the gentleman aſſailed by this furious maid of honour, for his diſapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.*

Who meant, (Thaleſtris like, diſdaining fear!)
To pour her foot, in thunder, on his rear;
Who, in * God's houſe, without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a vixen, in his worſhip's face,
Then ſhook her nails, as ſharp as taylor's ſhears,
That itch'd to ſcrape acquaintance with his ears:
Not Atkinſon,† with ſtronger terror, ſtarted,
(Somewhat afraid, perchance of being carted)
When Juſtice, a ſly dame, one day thought fit,
To pay her ſerious compliments to Kit;
Aſk'd him a few plain queſtions about corn,
And whiſper'd, ſhe believ'd he was forſworn,
Then hinted, that he, probably, would find,
That, tho' ſhe ſometimes *wink'd* ſhe was not *blind*.

Not more Aſturias' § princeſs look'd affright,
At breakfaſt, when her ſpouſe, the unpolite,
Hurl'd, madly heedleſs both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face—
Becauſe the fair-one ate a *butter'd roll*,
On which the *ſelfiſh prince* had fix'd his ſoul.
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd that prince, to find
His royal father to his face unkind;
Who to the cauſe of injur'd beauty won,
Seiz'd on the proud proboſcis of his ſon;
(Juſt like a tiger, of the Lybian ſhade,
Whoſe furious claws the helpleſs deer invade)
And led him—(till *that ſon* its durance freed,
By aſking pardon for the brutal deed)—
Led him thrice round the room—(the ſtory goes)—
Who *follow'd*, with great gravity, *his noſe*;
Reſolv'd at firſt (for Spaniard's are ſtiff ſtuff)
To aſk *no pardon*, tho' the ſnout came off:

* *Verily, in the houſe of the Lord, on the Lord's day, in the year of our Lord*, 1785, *in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surry, did this profane* ſalival *aſſault take place on the phiz of ſquire Kynaſton, to the diſgrace of his family, the wonder of the parſon, the horror of the clerk, and the ſtupefaction of the congregation.*

† *Mr. Chriſtopher Atkinſon's* airing *on the pillory, is ſufficiently known to the public.*

§ *This quarrel, between the prince of Aſturias and his princeſs, with the interference of the Spaniſh monarch, as deſcribed here, is not a poetic fiction, but an abſolute fact, that happened not many months ago.*

Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd *that* Spaniſh king,
Whene'er he miſs'd a ſnipe upon the wing :*
Not more aſtoniſh'd look'd *that* king of Spain,
To ſee his gun-boats blazing on the main ;
Nor doctor Johnſon more, to hear the tale,
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Mrs. Thrale :
Nor doctor Wilſon, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyſter bore off Kit M'Auly.†
What dire emotions ſhook the m——ch's foul !
Juſt like two billiard-balls his eyes 'gan roll,
Whilſt anger all his royal heart poſſeſt,
That ſwelling wildly, bump'd againſt his breaſt—
Bounc'd at his ribs, with all its might, ſo ſtout,
As reſolutely bent on jumping out,
T'avenge, with all its pow'rs, the dire diſgrace,
And, nobly, ſpit in the offender's face.
Thus, a large dumpling, to its cell confin'd,
(A very apt alluſion—to *my* mind)
Lies ſnug, until the water waxeth hot—
Then, buſtles 'midſt the tempeſt of the pot
In vain !—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That, bouncing, tumbling, ſweating, rolls below.

' O deareſt partner of my throne, (he cries,
Lifting to pitying heav'n, his piteous eyes)
' Thou brighteſt gem of G—ge's royal houſe,
' Look there, and tell me, if that's not a *Louſe ?*'
The q—n look'd down, and then exclaim'd, ' *Good la !*'
And, with a ſmile, the dappled ſtranger ſaw.
Each p—ceſs ſtrain'd her lovely neck, to ſee,
And, with another ſmile, exclaim'd, ' Good me !'
" O la ! good me ! is that all you can ſay ?
(Our gracious m——ch cry'd, with huge diſmay)
' What ! what can a ſilly, vacant ſmile take place,
' Upon your m——y's and children's face ?

**His moſt Catholic majeſty's ſhooting-merits are univerſally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is ſtill the admiration of his ſubjects, and the envy of his brother kings, as a* ſhot; *and it is well known, that, even on thoſe days, when the royal robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are ſtuffed with gun flints, ſcrews, hammers, and other implements neceſſary for the deſtruction of ſnipes, partridges, and wild pigs.*

† *The fair hiſtorian.*

' Whilſt that vile louſe, (ah ! ſoon to be unjointed !)
' Affronts the preſence of the Lord's anointed !'

Daſh'd, as if tax'd with hell's moſt deadly ſins,
The q—n and p—ſſes drew it their chins ;
Look'd prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, very prudent, ' words ſpake never more.'
Sweet maids ! the beauteous boaſt of Britain's iſle—
Speak—were thoſe peerleſs lips forbid to ſmile ?
Lips ! that the ſoul of ſimple nature moves—
Form'd by the bounteous hand of all the loves !
Lips of delight ! unſtain'd by ſatire's gall !
Lips ! that I never kiſs'd ; and never ſhall.

Now, to each trembling page, as mute's a mouſe,
The pious m——ch cry'd, ' Is this *your* louſe ?'
' Ah, ſire ! (reply'd each page, with pig-like whine)
' An't pleaſe your m——y, it is not *mine*.'
' *Not thine ?* (the haſty m——ch cry'd agen)
' What ? what ? what ? what ? what ? who the devil's
' then ?'

Now at this ſad event, the ſ——n, ſore
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more :
His *wiſer* q—n, her gracious ſtomach ſtudying,
Stuck, moſt devoutly, to the beef and pudding—
For Germans are a very *hearty* ſort,
Whether begot in hog-ſties, or a court,
Who bear (which ſhows, their hearts are not of ſtone)
The ills of others, better than *their own*.

Grim terror ſeiz'd the ſouls of all the pages,
Of diff'rent ſizes, and of diff'rent ages ;
Frighten'd about their penſions, or their bones,
They on each other gap'd, like Jacob's ſons !

Now, to a page—but *which*, we can't determine—
The growling m——ch gave the plate and vermin.—
' Watch well that blackguard animal, (he cries)
' That ſoon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies !
' Watch, like a cat, that vile, marauding louſe,
' Or G—ge ſhall play the devil in the houſe.
' Some ſpirit whiſpers, that, to cooks, I owe,
' Yes, yes ! the whiſp'ring ſpirit tells me true ;
' And ſoon dire vengeance ſhall their locks purſue.
' Cooks ſcourers, ſcullions, too, with tails of pig,
' Shall loſe their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig.'

Thus roar'd the k—g,—not Hercules ſo big—
And all the palace echo'd—'*wear a wig*.'

Fear, like an ague, ſtruck the pale-nos'd cooks,
And daſh'd the beef and ven'ſon from their looks;
Whilſt, from each cheek, old port withdrew his red,
And *pity* blubber'd o'er each menac'd head.

But lo! the great *cook major* comes! his eyes,
Fierce as the redd'ning flame, that roaſts and fries—
His cheeks like bladders, with high paſſion glowing,
Or, like a fat Dutch trumpeter's, when blowing.
A neat white apron, his huge corps embrac'd,
Tied, by two comely ſtrings, about his waiſt—
An apron! that he purchas'd with his riches,
To guard from hoſtile greaſe, his velvet breeches—
An apron! that in Monmouth-ſtreet high hung,
Oft to the winds, with ſweet deportment, ſwung.
'Ye ſons of dripping, on your major look!
(In ſounds of deep-ton'd thunder, cry'd the cook)
' By this white apron, that no more can hope,
' To join the piece, in Mr. Inkle's ſhop;
' That oft hath held the beſt of palace-meat,
' And from this forehead wip'd the briny ſweat;
' I ſwear, this head diſdains to loſe its locks,
' And thoſe that do not—tell them, they are *blocks*.
' *Whoſe* head, my cooks, ſuch vile diſgrace endures?
' Will it be *yours*—or *yours*—or *yours*—or *yours*?
' Ten thouſand crawlers in the head be hatch'd,
' For ever itching, but be never ſcratch'd.
' Oh! may the charming perquiſite of greaſe.
' The mammon of your pockets, ne'er increaſe—
' Greaſe! that, ſo frequently, hath brought you coin,
' From veal, pork, mutton, and the great ſir-loin.
' O, brothers of the ſpit, be firm as rocks—
' Lo! to no King on earth, I yield theſe locks,
' Few are my hairs, behind, by age endear'd!
' But, few or many, they ſhall not be ſhear'd.

' Sooner ſhall madam Swellenberg,*—the jade—
' Yield up her fav'rite perquiſites of trade;
' Give up her ſacred majeſty's old gowns,
' Caps, petticoats, and aprons—without frowns:
' She! who for ever ſtudies miſchief—She,
' Who ſoon will be as buſy as a bee,

* *Miſtreſs of the robes to her Majeſty.*

' To get the liberty of locks enſlav'd,
' And ev'ry harmleſs cook and ſcullion ſhav'd :
' *She*—if, by chance, a *Britiſh* ſervant-maid,
' By ſome inſinuating tongue betray'd,
' Induc'd, the fair forbidden fruit to taſte,
' Grows (luckleſs) ſomewhat *bigger in the waiſt*—
' Rants, ſtorms, ſwears, turns the penitent to door,
' Grac'd with the pretty names of, b—h and w—e ;
' To range, a proſtitute, upon the town,
' Or, if the weeping wretch thinks better drown :
' But, if a *German* ſpider-bruſher fails,
' Whoſe noſe grows ſharper, and whoſe ſhape tells tales ;
' Huſh'd is th' affair !---the q—n, and *ſhe*, good dame,
' Both club their wits, to hide the growing ſhame :
' To wed her, get ſome fool—I mean ſome wiſe man ;
' Then dub the prudent cuckold, an exciſe man.---
' *She !* who hath got more inſolence and pride---
' God mend her heart---than half the world beſide :
' *She !* who, of guttling fond, ſtuffs down more meat---
' Heav'n help her ſtomach---than ten men can eat !
' Ten men ! aye, more than ten, the hungry hag !
' Why, zounds ! the woman's ſtomach's like a bag !
' *She !* who will ſwell the uproar of the houſe,
' And tell the k—g damn'd lies about the *louſe ;*
' When, probably, that louſe (a vile old trull !)
' Was born, and noriſh'd, in her own grey ſcull.

' Sooner, the room, ſhall buxum Nanny * quit,
' Where, oft, ſhe charms her maſter with her wit—
' Tells tales of ev'ry *body*---ev'ry *thing*,
' From honeſt courtiers, to the thieves who ſwing---
' Waits on her ſ——n, while he reads diſpatches,
' And wiſely *winds* up *ſtate affairs*, or *watches*.
' Sooner the Prince, (may heav'n his income mend !)
' Shall quit his bottle, miſtreſs, and his friend—
' Laugh at the drop, on mis'ry's languid eye,
' And hear her ſinking voice without a ſigh :
' Break, for the wealth of realms, his ſacred word,
' And let the world write, '*coward*,' on his ſword.
' Sooner ſhall ham from fowl and turkey part,
' And ſtuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart :

* *Buxum Nanny— a female ſervant of the palace, who conſtantly attends the K—g, when he reads the diſpatches.*

' Sooner ſhall toaſted cheeſe take leave of muſtard,
' And from the codlin tart, be torn the cuſtard :
' Sooner *theſe* hands the glorious haunch ſhall ſpoil,
' And all our melted butter turn to oil :
' Sooner our pious k—g, with pious face,
' Sit down to dinner, without ſaying grace ;
' And ev'ry night, ſalvation pray'rs put forth,
' For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan and North :
' Sooner ſhall faſhion order frogs and ſnails,
' And diſh-clouts ſtick eternal to our tails.
' Let G—ge view *miniſters* with ſurly looks,
' Abuſe 'em, kick 'em—but *revere his cooks* !"
' What ! loſe our locks ! (reply'd the roaſting crew)
' To barber's yield 'em !—Damme, if we *do* !
' Be ſhav'd, like foreign dogs, one daily meets,
' Naked and blue, and ſhiv'ring in the ſtreets ?
' And from the palace be aſham'd to range,
' For fear the world ſhould think, we had the mange ;
' By taunting boys, made weary of our lives,
' Broad grinning w—es, and ridiculing wives !"

' Rouſe *oppoſition* ! (roar'd a tipſy cook,
' With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look)
' 'Tis *ſhe*, alone, our noble curls can keep—
' Without her, miniſters would fall aſleep.
' 'Tis *ſhe* who makes great men—our Foxes, Pitts—
' And ſharpens, whetſtone-like, the nation's wits ;
' Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,
' And broom like, ſweeps the cobwebs off the ſtate :
' Like ſulphur, in a caſk, expels bad air,
' And makes, like thunder-claps, *foul* weather *fair* :
' Acts, like a gun, that, fir'd at gather'd ſoot,
' Preſerves the chimney, and the houſe, to boot :
' Or, like a ſchool boy's whip, that keeps up tops,
' The ſinking realm, by *flagellation*, props.
' Our m——ch muſt not be indulg'd *too far* ;
' Beſides, I love a little bit of war.
' Whether to crop our curls he boaſts a right,
' Or not—I do not care the louſe's bite—
' But, then *no force work* ! no ! *no force*, by heav'n !
' Cooks ! yeomen ! ſcourers ! we will not be driv'n !
' Try but to force a *pig*, againſt his will,
' Behold ! the ſturdy gentleman ſtands ſtill !
' Or, p'rhaps (his pow'r to let the driver know)
Gallops the very road he ſhould not go.—

' *No force* For *me !*—the French, the fawning dogs,
' E'en let *them* loſe their freedom, and eat frogs—
' Damme, I hate each pale, ſoup-meagre thief—
' Give me my darling– *liberty* and beef."
He ſpoke—and from his jaws a lump he ſlid,
And ſwearing, manful, flung to earth, the *quid.*
Yet, ſwelling pride forbade his tongue to reſt,
Whilſt wild emotions labour'd in his breaſt—
Now ſounds confus'd, his anger made him utter,
And, when he thought on *ſhaving,* curſes ſputter.
Such is the ſound, (the ſimile's not weak)
Form'd by what mortals * *bubble* call and *ſqueak,*
When, 'midſt the frying-pan, in accents ſavage,
The beef, ſo, ſurly, quarrels with the cabbage,
" Be ſhav'd !" a ſcullion, loud, began to bellow—
Loud as a pariſh-bull, or poor Othello,
Plac'd, by that rogue, Iago, upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of horns :
Loud as th' exciſeman,† ſtruggling for his life,
And, panting in a moſt inglorious ſtrife ;
When, on his face, the *ſmuggling princeſs ſprung,*
And, cat-like clawing, to his viſage clung.
' Be ſhav'd, like *pigs* !' rejoin'd the ſcullion's mate,
His diſh-clout ſhaking, and his pot-crown'd *pate*——
' What barber dares it, let him watch, his noſe,
' And, (curſe me !) dread the rage of theſe ten toes.'
So ſaying, with an oath, to raiſe ones hair,
He kick'd, with threat'ning foot, the yielding air.
Thus have I ſeen an aſs, (baptiz'd a Jack)
Grac'd by a chimney ſweeper on his back—

* *The modeſt author of the* Louſiad *muſt do himſelf the juſtice to declare here, that his ſimile of the Bubble and Squeak, is vaſtly more* natural, *and more* ſublime *than Homer's black-pudding on a gridiron, illuſtrating the* motions *and* emotions *of his hero Ulyſſes. Vid* Odyſſey.

† *This affair happened a few years ſince.—An exciſeman ſeizing ſome ſmuggled goods belonging to a princeſs, a relation of the great Frederic, her* Highneſs *fell upon the poor* rat de cave *and almoſt ſcratched his eyes out. The exciſeman made a* formal *complaint to the king, begging to be relieved from the* diſgrace. *The gallant monarch returned for anſwer, that he gave up the duties to his couſin, the princeſs, but could not conceive how the hand of a fair lady could* diſhonour the face of an exciſeman.

Prance, snort, and fling his heels, with liberality,
In imitation of a horse of quality.
' Be shav'd ! (an understrapper tournebroche † cry'd,
In all the foming energy of pride)
' Zounds let *us* take his m——y in hand !
' The k—g shall find, he lives at *our* command !
' Yes—let him know with all his wond'rous state,
' His teeth and stomach on *our wills* shall wait :
' *We rule* the platters, *we command* the spit,
' And G—ge shall have his mess, when *we*, think fit ;
' Stay, till *ourselves* shall condescend to *eat*,
' And then—*if we think proper*—have his *meat*.'
Thus, having fed on ven'son, rather coarse,
A colt, a crocodile, or dish of horse,
The Tarter quits his smoky hut with scorn,
Sounds, to the kingdoms of the world, his slaves or swine,
Informs, they have *liberty* to *dine*.
' Heav'ns ! (cry'd a *yeomen*, with much learning grac'd)
In *books*, as well as *meat*, a *man* of *taste*—
Who read, with vast applause, the daily news,
And kept a close acquaintance with the muse ;
Conundrum, rebus, made—acrostic, riddle,
And sung his dying sonnets to his fiddle,
When *Love*, with cruel dart, (the murd'ring thief !)
His heart had spitted, like a piece of beef.

' Are these, (he said) of *kings*, the whims and jokes ?
' Then kings can be as *mad*, *as common folks*.
' Damme nature, when a prince's head she makes,
' No more concern, about the inside, takes,
' Than of the inside of a bug's, or bat's,
' A flea's, a grashopper's, a cur's, a cat's !
' As careless as the artist, trunks designing,
' About the trifling circumstance of lining ;
' Whether, of Cumberland he use the plays,
' Miss Burney's novels, or Miss Seward's lays—
' Or sacred dramas, of Miss Hannah More,
' When all the *Nine*, with little Moses' snore ;
' Or good squire Pindar's odes, or Wharton's stick,
' Or Horace Walpole's doubts upon king Dick—
' Who, furious, drives, at times, his old goose-quill,
' On *Strawb'ry*, (reader) not the Aonian *hill* ;
' Whether he doom the royal speech to cling,
' Or those of lords and commons to the king ;

† *A French name for turnspit or scullion.*

' Where one begs money, and the others grant—
' So eaſy, freely, friendly, complaiſant,
' As if the *caſh* were really all *their own*—
' To purchaſe * *knick-knacks*, that diſgrace a throne.
' Ah, me! did people know, what triſling things,
' Compoſe thoſe idols of the earth, call'd *k—gs*;
' Thoſe counterparts of that important fellow,
' The children's wonder—ſignor Punchenello;
' Who ſtruts upon the ſtage, his hour away;
' His outſide, gold—his inſide rags and hay—
' No more, as God's vicegrants, would they ſhine,
' Nor make the world cut throats, for *right divine*.

' Thoſe *Lords* of earth, at dinner, we have ſeen,
' Sunk, by the meereſt trifles, with the ſpleen—
' Oft, for an ill dreſt egg, have heard them groan,
' And ſeen them quarrel for a mutton-bone:
' At ſalt, or vinegar, with paſſion, fume,†
' And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room.

' Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
' Whene'er the ruſhing rain hath ſpoil'd a hunt!
' Their ſanguine wiſhes croſs'd, their ſpirits clogg'd,
' Mere *riding diſhclouts*, homeward they have jogg'd:
' Poor imps! the ſport (with all their pride and pow'r)
' Of nature's diuretic ſtream—a *ſhow'r!*
' This we, the actors in the farce perceive;
' But this, the diſtant world will ne'er believe—
' Who fancy, kings to all the virtues born;
' Ne'er by the vulgar ſtorms of paſſion torn—

* *The civil liſt, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from* toys. *For an inſtance, we will appeal to Mr. Cumming's non-deſcript of a time-piece at the queen's-houſe, which coſt nearly* 2000l. *The ſame artiſt is, allowed* 2col. *per annum to keep the* bauble *in repair.*

† *This is partly a picture of the laſt reign, as well as the* preſent. *The paſſions of George the Second were of the moſt impetuous kind—his hat, and his favourite miniſter, ſir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill-humors; nay, poor queen Caroline came in for a ſhare of his foot-benevolence—but he was a prince of many virtues; and,*

. . . . . "*Ubi plura nitent, ... non ego* paucis
Offendar maculis." HOR.

' But bleſt with ſouls, ſo calm! like ſummer ſeas,
' That ſmile to heav'n, unruffled by a breeze:
' Who think that k—gs, on wiſdom always fed,
' Speak ſentences, like Bacon's *brazen head*;
' Hear from their lips the vileſt nonſenſe fall,
' Yet think, ſome heav'nly ſpirit dictates all;
' Conceive their bodies of celeſtial clay,
' And, though all ailment ſacred from decay;
' To nods and ſmiles, their gapping homage bring.
' And thank their God, their eyes have ſeen a *King*!
' Lord! in the circle, when our royal maſter,
' Pours out his words, as faſt as hail, or faſter,
' To country ſquires, and wives of country ſquires—
' Like ſtuck pigs, ſtaring, how each oaf admirers!
' Lo! ev'ry ſyllable becomes a gem!
' And if by chance, the m——ch cough, or hem,
' Seiz'd with the ſymptoms of a deep ſurpriſe,
' Their joints, with rev'rence, tremble, and their eyes
' Roll wonder firſt; then, ſhrinking back with fear,
' Would hide behind the brains, were any there.
' How taken is this idle world by ſhow!
' Birth, riches, are the Baals, to whom we bow;
' Preferring, (ev'n with ſoul as black as ſoot)
' A *rogue* on *horſeback*, to a *ſaint* on *foot*.
' See France, ſee Portugal, Sicilia, Spain,
' And mark the deſart of each deſpot's brain—
' Whoſe tongues ſhould never treat, with taunts, a *fool*;
' Who prove, that *nothing is too mean to rule*.
' What could the prince, high tow'ring like a ſteeple,
' Without the majeſty of US, the people?
' Go, like the * king of Babylon, to graſs,
' Or wander, like a beggar, with a paſs?
' However *modern* kings may cooks deſpiſe,
' Warriors and kings were cooks, or hiſt'ry lies—
' Patroclus broil'd beef ſteaks, to quell his hunger:
' The mighty Agamemnon potted conger!
' And Charles of Sweden, midſt his guns and drums,
' Spread his own bread and butter, with his thumbs.
' Be *ſhav'd*! No! ſooner, pill'ries, jails, the ſtocks,
' Shall pinch this corps, than barbers ſnatch my locks.'

' Well haſt thou ſaid, (a *ſcourer* bold rejoin'd)—
' Damme! I love the man, who ſpeaks his mind.'

* *Nebuchadnezzar.*

Then, in his arms, the orator he took,
And ſwore, he was an angel of a cook.
A while he held him, with a Corniſh hug—
Then ſeiz'd, with glorious graſp, a pewter mug,
Whoſe ample womb nor cyder held, nor ale,
But nectar, fit for Jove, and brew'd by Thrale.
'A health to cooks! (he cry'd, and wav'd the pot)
'And he, who ſighs for titles, is a ſot.
'Let dukes and lords the world, in *wealth*; ſurpaſs—
'Yet many a lion's ſkin conceals an aſs.
'Lo! this is one, amongſt my golden rules,
'To think, the *greateſt men*, the *greateſt fools*.
'The great, are judges of an op'ra ſong—
'And ily a Briton's, for an eunuch's tongue;
'Can ſtarve their families, to hear Babinis,
'Gaunt Paccharottis, fat-rump'd, ſquab Rauzzinis:
'Thus idly ſquand'ring for a *ſquall*, their riches—
'To faint, with rapture, at thoſe *cats in breeches*.
'Accept this truth from *me*, my lads—the man,
'Who firſt a ſpit found out, or frying-pan,
'Did ten times more, towards the public good,
'Than all the tawdry titles, ſince the flood:
'Titles! that kings may grant to aſſes, mules—
'The ſcorn of ſages, and the boaſt of fools.'
He ended—All the *cooks* exclaim'd, '*divine!*'
Then whiſper'd one another, 'twas '*damn'd fine!*'
Thus ſpoke the *ſcourer*, like a man inſpir'd,
Whoſe ſpeech, the *heroes* of the kitchen, fir'd.
Grooms, maſter-ſcourers, ſcullions, ſcullions' mates,
With all the overſeers of knives and plates
Felt their brave ſouls, like friſky cyder, work,
Whizzing, in oppoſition to the cork:
Earth's potentates appear'd, ignoble things,
And *cooks*, *of greater conſequence than kings*—
Such is the pow'er of words, where truth unites,
And ſuch the rage, that injur'd worth excites!
The ſcourer's ſpeech, indeed, with reaſon bleſt,
Inflam'd, with god-like ardour, all the reſt.
Thus, if a *bard* heav'n's vengeful lightning draw;
The flame, etherial, ſtrikes the kindling ſtraw:
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazels, mice, and rats,
And—(if, unfortunately, mouſing)—cats;
All feel the wide-devouring fire in turn,
And, mingling in one conflagration, burn.

' Sons of the *ſpit*, (the major cry'd again)
' Your noble ſpeeches prove you bleſt with brain :
' Brain ! that dame Nature gives not ev'ry head,
' But fills the vaſt vacuity with lead !—
' Yet, ere for oppoſition we prepare,
' And fight the *glorious cauſe* of *heads* of *hair*—
' Methinks, 'twould be but decent to petition,
' And tell the k—g, with firmneſs our condition.
' Soon as our ſad complaint he hears us utter,
' His gracious *heart* may *melt* away, like—*butter :*
' Fair mercy ſhine amidſt our gloomy houſe,
' And anger'd m——y forget the—*louſe.*'

AS many people may perſiſt in their incredulity, with reſpect to the attack made, by the barbers, on the heads of the harmleſs cooks, I ſhall exhibit a liſt of the unhappy ſufferers.—It is the palace-liſt, and, therefore, as authentic as the Gazette.

A true liſt of the ſhaved, at Buckingham-houſe.

Two maſter-cooks	Two ſoil-carriers
Three yeoman ditto	Two door-keepers
Four grooms	Eight boys
Three children	Five paſtry people
Two maſter-ſcourers	Eight ſilver-ſcullery,
Six under-ſcourers	for *laughing* at the cooks.
Six tournebroches	

In all, fifty-one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not ſubmit, and loſt his place.

THE

LOUSIAD.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO II.

"—— *Qualis ab Incepto.*" HORACE.

"As it was *in the beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall be*,
"World without end."

ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION to the muses—Degeneracy of modern Poets—The ragged state of the ladies of Parnassus—Sad condition of bards—Praise of Mr. West's great picture of king Alexander and the stag—More invocation to the muses—The tricks of those ladies—Their impositions on poets and poetesses—A compliment to king George, and doctor Herschell, on their intimacy with the moon, and important discoveries in that planet—Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Conscience—Truth and falsehood, their situations—More invocation to Conscience—The praise of royal economy, and a Hanoverian college—Address to Gottingen—More invocation to Conscience—Mr. Hastings's hulse, Mrs. Hastings's bed and cradle—More words to Conscience—Her power, over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive—Address to Fame—A request to the aforesaid gentlewoman, instructing her, how to dispose of some of her trumpets—Description of her *pseudo*-votaries—The bard blushing for the quantity of invocation—Procession of his epic poem—Madam Swellenberg described, with a plate of ham—Account of her birth, parentage, and educati-

on—Account of pride—Madam Swellenberg's visit to the king—His majesty's most gracious speech—Madam Swellenberg's answer—Address to readers on ladies' swearing—Sir Francis Drake, the steward of the household, described—Not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near 200 years ago—The perquisits of the present Sir Francis—Description of the dining room, belonging to the cooks, at Buckingham-house—The entertainment and utensils of this room—Dixon, the cook-major's speech—Story of a nabob and a beggar—Cook-major Dixon's speech, in continuation—Speech of another cook—The cooks in the dumps—The cook major's rejoinder to the cook's speech—A very sensible speech—Conclusion, with a beautiful simile—The petition of the cooks.

OTWAY

NYMPHS of the sacred fount—around whose brink,
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And whilst they gulph it, wish it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brew-house, for their Hippocrene;
And, blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chop-house their Aonian hill:
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the nine—
Assist me—ye, who themes sublime, pursue,
With scarce a shift, or stocking, or a shoe—
Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods,
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful madrigals—in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapless cuckows in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
Deck the damp wall with verse, of various quality,
And, from the prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me, where is now thy blush, O *Shame!*
Shall bards, thro' jails, explore the road to fame?
Like souls of Papists, in their way to glory,
Doom'd, at the half way house, call'd Purgatory,
To burn (before they reach the realms of light)
Like old tobacco-pipes, from black to white?
Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme,
Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;

To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears,
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops.
Blest state! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print each monthly magazine,
And deck the shops, with sweet engravings dress,
'Midst angels, sinners, saints, of Mr. West;
Where brave king Alexander and the deer,
A noble, bustling hodge-podge shall appear,
From that fam'd * picture, which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view;
Bright as the pictures, that, with glorious glare,
On penthouse high, in Piccadilly stare,
Where lions seem to roar, and tigers growl,
Hyenas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And by their goggling eyes, and furious grin,
Inform, what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye nymphs, who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount, on a jack-ass, many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, astride his braying back,
He moves, sublime, on Pegasus's back.---
Ye muses, oft by brainless poets sought,
To bid the stanza chime, and swell with thought;
Who, whelping for oblivion, fain would save,
Their whining puppies from the sullen wave;
Assist me!---ye, who visit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls, in bibs, to eke out novels,
And treat with scorn (far *nobler* knowledge studying)
The humble art of making pie or pudding;
Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;
And 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madness for your inspirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taste a rapture equal, George, to thine:
When, blest at Datchet, thro' thy Herschell's glass,
That brings, from distant worlds, a horse, an ass,
A tree, a wind-mill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry:

* *A whole acre of canvass, so daub'd with colour, as to give it the appearance of a brass-foundery.*

Thine eyes, at ev'nings late, and mornings soon,
Unfated, feast on wonders in the moon ;
Where Herschell, on volcanoes, mountains, pores,
And happy nature's true sublime explores ;
Whilst thou, so modest, (wonderfull to tell !)
On Lunar trifles art content to dwell,
Flies, grashoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckoo-spittle,
In short, delighted with the world of little,
Which West shall paint, and grave sir Joseph Banks
Receive, from thy historic mouth, with thanks ;
Then bid the vermine on their journals * crawl,
Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great patron † of the double quill,
That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
A pretty kind of double-barrell'd gun,
More giv'n to tragedy, than comic fun :
Auspicious patron of the paunch, and backs
Of those all-daring rascals, christen'd quacks,
To whom, our purse and lives are legal plunder,
Who, hawk like, keep the human species under—
GOD of those gentlemen, of gingling brains,
Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains,
Strains that ne'er soar'd beyond the beetle's flight,
Save on the pinions of a school-boy's kite ;
Strains arrant strangers to a depth profound,
Save when deep pilgrimaging under ground,
In humble rags, like tinners in a mine,
They pay their court at *Cloacina's* shrine ;
Strains that no ray of light nor warmth proclaim,
Save when committed to the fire, they flame :
Strains that a *circulation* never found,
Save when they turn'd on beef or ven'son round :
O aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nous*,‡
To sing, sublime, the monarch and the *louse* !

Nymphs, Phœbus, in my *first* heroic chapter,
I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture :
Thus, to forget my friends was not so clever—
But, says the proverb, ' better *late* than *never*.'

Well, since I'm in the invocation trade,
To *conscience* let my compliments be paid.—

* *Of the royal society.* † *Apollo.*
‡ *Mind, Fancy, Imagination.*

Conſcience, a terrifying little ſprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Hunts' thro' the heart's dark holes, each lurking vice,
As ſharp as weaſels, hunting eggs or mice;
Who, when the lightnings flaſh, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair briſtle, like a hedge-hog's back;
Shakes, ague-like our hearts, with wild commotion;
Uplifts our ſaint like eyes, with dread devotion:
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with heav'n,
And promiſe miracles to be forgiv'n:
Bids ſpectres riſe, not very like the graces,
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
With ſcenes of fires, of glowing brimſtone, ſcares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares,
For roaſting, broiling, frying, fricaſſeeing,
The *ſoul*---that ſad, offending, little *being*—
That ſtubborn ſtuff, of ſalamander-make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O Conſcience! thou ſtrait jacket of the ſoul,
The madding ſallies of the bard control;
Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring *truth*'s neglected form before his eye—
Fair maid! to towns and courts a ſtranger grown,
And now to rural ſwains, almoſt unknown,
Whoſe company was once their prudent choice;
Who once, delighted, liſten'd to her voice;
When, in their hearts, the gentler paſſion ſtrove,
And conſtancy went hand in hand with love.
Sweet truth! who ſteals thro' lonely ſhades, along,
And mingles, with the turtle's note, her ſong;
Whilſt falſehood, rais'd by ſycophantic tricks,
Unbluſhing, ſtaunts it, in a coach and ſix.
Conſcience, who bidſt our monarch, from the nation,
Send ſons to Gottingen, for education.
Since hapleſs *Cam* and *Iſis*, loſt to knowledge,
Are idiots to this Hanoverian college,
Where ſimple ſcience beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious Athens of the day!
So ſays the *ruler* of US, Engliſh fools:
We cannot judge, *like him*, of wiſdom's ſchools.

Dear, Attic Gottingen! to thee I bow,
Of knowledge, O moſt wonderful milch-cow!

From whom, huge pails the royal boys ſhall bring,
And give we hope, a little to the k—g.
Thro' *thee*, beſides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads ſhall get their board and lodging cheap;
And learn, like their good parents, to ſubſiſt
Within the limits of the—civil-liſt;
Who ſeldom bid a miniſter implore
A little farther pittance, for the poor.

Conſcience! who, to the wonder of his ſire,
Bad'ſt from his wonted ſtate a prince * retire,
And, like a ſubject, humbly ſeek a ſhade,
That not a tradeſman might remain unpaid:
An action, that the ſoul of envy ſtings—
A deed, unmention'd in the *book of kings!*

Conſcience! who mad'ſt a monarch, by thy pow'r,
Send, priſ'ner, the fam'd di'mond * to the tow'r;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And, impudently, ſought to bribe his *grace;*
Where, too, the cradle,† and the bed,‡ ſhall reſt,
That on the ſame damn'd errand, left the eaſt—
Thus, fall of gems and pearls, the treas'nous tribe,
And beds, and cradles, that would monarchs bribe!
Conſcience! who mak'ſt our king (how very ſtrange!)
Keep a fair drawer of half pence, to give change:
Reſolv'd, (ſo ſtrictly in his dealings true)
That none ſhall keep from *Cæſar, Cæſar's* due.

Conſcience! who now can'ſt like a cart-horſe, draw,
Now, lifeleſs, ſinking, ſcarcely lift a ſtraw:
So diff'rent are thy pow'rs, at diff'rent times!
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
Thou! who at times can'ſt, like a lion, roar,
For one poor ſix-pence; yet, like North, can'ſt ſnore,
Tho' rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging hell with all his horrors riſe:
Whoſe eye, on petty frauds, can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full blown crimes, that blaſt a name.

* *The prince of Wales, who ſold, at public auction, his horſes, plate, &c. &c. &c. to pay his debts.*

*†‡ *Preſents, of immenſe value, made to the king and queen, by Warren Haſtings.——N. B. It is in the tower of London that the royal jewels are preſerved.*

O Conſcience ! who didſt bid to madneſs work,
(So great thy pow'r) the brain of hapleſs Yorke,
And mad'ſt him cut, from ear to ear, his throat.
That, luckleſs, ſpoil'd his patriotic note ;
Yet wanted'ſt ſtrength to force from *his* hard eye,
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon ſpangled ſky ;
Whoſe damned pray'rs, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
Won on the weakneſs of his honeſt heart !
Poor Yorke ! without a ſtone, whoſe reliques lie,
Tho' virtue mark'd the murder with a ſigh !

O Conſcience ! who to *Clive* didſt give the knife,
That, deſp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life ;
Who, lawleſs plund'rer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd *Aſia's* eye with woe, and heart with fear ;
Whoſe wheels on carnage roll'd, and, drench'd with blood,
From gaſping nature forc'd the bluſhing flood ;
Whilſt havock, panting, with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And, now, to thee, O lovely Fame, I bend—
Let all thy trumpets, this great work commend :
Give one a-piece to all the learn'd reviews,
And bid them ſound the labours of the muſe :
Give to the magazines, a trumpet each,
And let the ſwelling note to doomſday reach :
To daily newſpapers, a trumpet give—
Thus ſhall my epic ſtrain for ever live :
Thus ſhall my book deſcend to diſtant times,
And rapt poſterity reſound my rhymes—
By future beauties ſhall each pome be preſt,
And, like their lap dogs, live a parlour gueſt.

Thee, deareſt Fame, ſome mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good ſale ;
Or riſe to fair preferment, by thy tongue,
Tho' deaf as adders to thy charms of ſong :
Juſt as the hypocrites ſay pray'rs, ſing pſalms,
Beſtow, upon the blind and cripple, alms ;
Yield glory to the Pow'r, who rules above,
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
But (ſneaking raſcals !) to obtain—when dead—
A comfortable lodging over head :
When forc'd *by age*, or *doctors*, or their ſpouſes,
The vagrants quit their ſublunary houſes,

With tirefome invocation having done,
At length our glorious epic may go on—
Lo! madam Swellenberg, inclin'd to cram,
Was wond'rous bufy, o'er a plate of ham;
A ham, that once adorn'd a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and, as a jack-afs, big;
In woods of *Weſtphaly*, by hunters fmitten,
And fent, a preſent, to the queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye muſes, fay,
Somewhat of madam Swellenberg, I pray!
If ancient poets mention but a horſe,
We read his genealogy, of courſe:
O, fay, fhall horſes boaſt the deathleſs line,
And o'er a lady's lineage, fleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman faw the light, without much pother;
That is—no grand commotion fhook our earth—
Apollo danc'd no horn-pipe at her birth,
To fay to what perfection fhe was born,
What wit what wifdom, fhould the nymph adorn:
No bees around her lips, in clufters, hung,
To tell the future fweetneſs of her tongue:
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the foul of innocence and love:
No fmiling cupids round her cradle play'd,
To fhow the future conqueſts of the maid;
Whofe charms would make the jealous ſex her foes,
And, with their lightnings, blaſt a thouſand beaus.
Indeed, the muſe muſt own, a trifling pother,
Sprung up between the father and the mother!
For after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not, how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what? no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greateſt palace upon earth?
Yes!—a black cat around the bantling ſquawl'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the houſe appall'd,
Now here, now there, he ſprung, with viſage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiſs the child.—
Bats pour'd, in hideous hoſts, into the room,
And, imp like, flitting, form'd a ſudden gloom;
Then, to the cradle, ruſh'd the dark'ning throng,
And, raptur'd, fhriek'd congratulating ſong—
Which ſong, in concert with the ſquawls of puſs,
Seem'd, in plain German, '*Thou art one of us*,'

In Strelitz, firſt, this dame the light eſpy'd,
Born to a good inheritance—*of pride;*
For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
Pride pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as, with your folks of fortune, ſtruts—
Like rats, that live in palaces, or huts;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of ſtraw, or beds of ſtate;
Or monkies, vile, whoſe tooth, inglorious, grapples,
Now with *ananas*—now with rotten apples.
Hail Proteus pride! whoſe various pow'rs of throat,
Can ſwell the trumpet's loud and ſaucy note;
And, if a meaner air can ſerve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring ſounds, of Jews' harps' mourn!
Hail, pride! companion of the great and little!
So abject, who can'ſt lick a patron's ſpittle;
Whine, like a ſneaking puppy, at his door,
And turn the hind-part of thy wig before;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inſide out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a ſingle ruſh,
But bear its pointed ſcorn, without a bluſh.
Yet fain wouldſt thou the crouching world beſtride,
Juſt like the *Rhodian Bully*, o'er the tide—
The brazen wonder of the world, of yore,
That proudly ſtretch'd his legs from ſhore to ſhore;
And ſaw, of Greece, the loftieſt navy travel,
In dread ſubmiſſion underneath his navel.
So much for pride—great, little, humble vain—
And now for madam Swellenberg again.—

Whether the nymph could ever boaſt a grace,
That deign'd to pay a viſit to her face,
The muſe is ignorant, ſhe muſt allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one ſparkles *now:*
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
This nymph, a mantuamaker was, I ween,
And priz'd, for cheapneſs, by our ſaving queen;
Who—(where's the mighty harm of loving money?)—
Brought her, to this fair land of milk and honey,
And plac'd her in a moſt important ſphere—
Inſpectres-gen'ral of the royal geer.
Soon as this woman heard the louſe's tale,
At once ſhe turn'd, like walls of plaſter, pale.

But firſt, the ham of *Weſtphaly* ſhe gobbled,
And then, to ſeek the *Lord's annointed*, hobbled.
Him, full of wrath, like Peleus' ſon, of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh—e,
In all the bitterneſs of wrath, ſhe found—
The queen, and royal children, ſtaring round.

'O *Swelly!*' thus the madden'd monarch roar'd,
Whilſt wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;—
For, lo the *ſolemn* monarch of graceful ſpeech,
The *king*, long ſince, had bid to kiſs his br—h.
The broken language, that his mouth affords,
Are heads, and tails, and legs, and wings, of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye,
A lively picture of a giblet-pie.

'O *Swelly*, *Swelly!*' cry'd the furious king,
'What, what a dirty, filthy, naſty thing!
'That thus you come to eaſe my angry mind,
'Indeed is very, very, very kind.
'What's your opinion, hæ?'—the monarch rav'd—
'Yes, yes, the cooks ſhall every one be ſhav'd.
'What, what! hæ, hæ! now, tell me, *Swelly*, pray,
'Shan't I be right in't? what, what! *Swelly*, hæ?
'Yes, yes, I'm ſure on't, by the louſe's looks,
'That he belong'd to ſome one of the cooks.
'Speak, *Swelly*—ſhan't we ſhave each filthy jowl?—
'Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my ſoul.'

To whom the dame, with elevated chin,
Wide-ſtaring eyes, and broad, contemptuous grin:
'Yes, ſure as dat my ſoul is to be ſav'd,
'So ſure de dirty raſcals ſal be ſhav'd—
'Shav'd to de quick, be ev'ry moder's ſon—
'And curſe me if *I* do no ſee it done.
'De barbers, ſoon, der naſty locks ſal fall on,
'Nor leave one ſtanding, for a louſe to crawl on.
'If on der ſkulls de razor do not ſhine,
'May gowns and petticoats, no more be mine—
'Curls, clubs, and pig-tails, all, ſal go to pot,
'For ruſh curs'd naſtineſs, or I'll be rot;
'Or, elſe, to Strelitz, let me quickly fly,
'Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouſe, to de eye;
'Where, from his own mock trone, de prince, ſo great,
'Can jomp into anoder prince eſtate—
'Yes, by de Got, dat made dis eart, and me,
'No ſingle louſy raſcal ſal go free.'

Reader, thou raiſeſt both thy marv'lling eyes,
In all the ſtaring wildneſs of ſurprife ;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fancieth, *gentlewoman* could not ſwear—
Go, fool, and ſeek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damſels of the flood ;
Nymphs, nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend, at Billingſgate, their ſprats and crabs ;
Tell them, their fiſh all ſtink, and thou wilt hear,
Whether, that, *gentlewoman* ever ſwear.
Nay, viſit many of our courtly dames,
When *wrath* their *dove-like gentleneſs* inflames ;
Lo ! thou ſhalt find, by many a naughty word,
They uſe ſmall ceremony with the Lord,
In ſpite of all that godly books contain.
That teach them not to take his name in vain,
' Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks,' the king reply'd,
' Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.
' Yes, yes, if I am maſter of this houſe ;
' Yes, yes, the locks ſhall fall, and then the louſe.'

He ſpoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
'His head he ſhook that ſhook the dining room,
Thus Jove, of old, the dread, the thund'ring god,
Shook, when he ſwore, Olympus with his nod.
' Yes," cry'd the *king*, 'yes, yes, their curls ſhall quake ;
' But tell me, where, where, where's ſir Francis Drake ?'

O reader, think not 'twas *that* Drake—ſir Francis—
Whoſe wond'rous actions ſeem almoſt romances ;
Who ſhone in ſenſe profound, and bloodieſt wars,
And rais'd the nation's glory to the ſtars :
Who firſt, in triumph, ſail'd around the world,
And vengeance, on the foes of Britain, hurl'd :
But *he*, who ſculks around the royal kitchen,
Which if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to ſtrike the four legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.—
Not *that* ſir *Francis Drake*, who, god-like, bore
Fair freedom, ſcience, to the Atlantic ſhore ;
To Pagans gave the goſpel's ſaving grace,
And planted virtue 'midſt a barb'rous race ;
Spread, on the darken'd realms, the blaze of light—
But *he*, who ſees the ſpoons and plates are bright ;
Sees that the knives, before the king and queen,
Are, like the pair of royal ſtomachs, *keen* :—

Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook;
But *he*, whose low'ring visage shakes a cook :—
Not *he*, who pour'd on Mexico, his tars;
But *he*, at *London*, who with *linen* wars;
Napkins, and damask table-cloths, assails,
With scissors, razors, knives, and teeth, and nails;
Who dares with Doilies, desp'rate war to wage :—
Such is his province, and domestic rage,
If like, his predecessors, he hath grace,
And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place* :—
'Twas not *that* Drake, who bid his daring crew
Run, with their bayonets, the Spaniards through;
But *that* important Drake, in office big,
Instructing cooks, to spit a goose, or pig :—
Not *he*, who took the Spaniards by the nose,
And prisons fill'd, with Britain's graceless foes;
But *he*, who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,
And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie :
He, who, three times a-week, a green cloth lord,
Sits wisdom-fraught, at that important board,
With wise compeers, in judge-like order studying,
Whether the king shall have a tart or pudding.
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endear'd,
By foes respected, and by friends rever'd;
Prompt to relieve the supplicating sigh,
Who never dash'd with tears the asking eye;
But wak'd of joy the long-departed beam,
Deep sunk in sorrow's unremitting stream :
But *he*, with greatness at eternal strife,
Who never gave a six-pence in his life;
Who, if he ever ask'd a friend to dine,
Requested favours that out-weigh'd his wine;
From lane to lane, who steers with wary feet,
Just like the cautious hare that seeks his seat;
Who, though a city*, near him rears her head,
And wealthy villages around him spread,
No friend, no neighbour near his mansion found,
Like *Cain* he walks in solitude around.
'Twas *this* sir Francis, quite a diff'rent man
From him, who, round the world, with glory, ran.—
Forbid it, heav'n! that e'er the *muse*, untrue,
Should give, to any man, another's due.

* *Exeter.*

Muſe, leave we now the monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that ſnug room,* the ſcene of ſhrewd remark,
Whoſe window ſtares upon the ſaunt'ring park ;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling ſinner,
In chop fall'n gadneſs, counts the trees for dinner :
In that ſnug room, where any man of ſpunk,
Would find it a hard matter, to get † drunk ;
Where coy tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor port, nor claret, ſhow their roſy faces ;
But where old Adam's bev'rage flows, with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide ;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl, and fiſh,
All club their joints, to make one handſome diſh :
Where ſtew-pan covers ſerve for plates, I ween,
And knives, and forks, and ſpoons, are never ſeen :
Where pepper iſſues from a paper bag,
And, for a crewet, ſtands a brandy-keg :
Where madam *Swellenberg*, too, often ſits,
Like ſome old tabby, in her mouſing fits,
Demurely ſquinting, with majeſtic mien,
To catch ſome fault, to carry to the *queen* :—
In that ſnug room, like thoſe immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, *Ovid* ſpeaks—
Around the table, all with ſulky looks,
Like culprits, doom'd to Tyburn, ſat the cooks.
At length, with phiz, that ſhow'd the man of woes,
The ſorrowing king of ſpits, and ſtew-pans, roſe ;—
Like *Paul*, at Athens, very juſtly ſainted,
And, by the charming bruſh of Rapael, painted—
With out-ſtretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He, fearleſs, thus harangues the *roaſting race* ;
Whilſt gaping round, in mute attention, ſit,
The poor, forlorn diſciples of the ſpit.
' Cooks ! ſcullions ! hear me, ev'ry mother's ſon—
' Know, that I reliſh not this royal fun.
' *George* thinks us ſcarcely fit ('tis very clear)
' To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear.'
' Guts to a bear !' the cook upſpringing, cry'd—
' Guts to a bear !' the major loud reply'd.

* *The larder.*

† *This will be deemed ſtrange by my country readers—but it is nevertheleſs true.*

' Guts to the devil !' roar'd the cooks again,
And tos'd their noses high, in proud disdain :
The plain translation of whose pointed noses,
The reader needeth not, the bard supposes :
But if the reason some dull reader looks,
'Tis this—whatever kings may think of cooks,
Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born things ;
Cooks are possess'd of souls, as well as *kings*.
Yet are there some, who think (but what a shame !)
Poor people's souls, like pence of Birmingham,
Adulterated brass—base stuff—abhor'd—
That never can pass current with the *Lord* ;
And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor* ;
Witness the story that my muse, with tears,
Relates, O reader, to thy shrinking ears.—
With feeble voice, and deep, desponding sighs,
With fallow cheeks, and pity-asking eyes,
A wretch, by age and poverty, decay'd,
For farthings, lately, to a *nabob* pray'd :
The *nabob*, turkey-like began to swell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.
' O, sir !' the supplicant was heard to cry,
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)
' Tho' I'm in rags, and wond'rous, wond'rous poor,
' And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,
' There won't, in heav'n, such difference take place,
' When we, before the *Lord*, come face to face.'
' *You* face to face with *me* ! the nabob cry'd,
In all the insolence of upstart pride—
' *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear ?
' Damme ! I'll kick you, if I catch you there.'
O, shocking blasphemy ! O, horrid speech !
Where was the fellow born ? the wicked wretch ?
So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
A bulse of di'monds from a *begum's* nose ;
Or make, like *Doulah*, careless of his soul,
A new edition of the old black hole.
' What's life,' the major said, ' my brethren, pray,
' If force must snatch our first delights away ?
' Relentless, shall the royal mandate drag,
' The hairs, that long have grac'd this silken bag ?
' Hairs, to a barber, scarcely worth a fig :
' Too few, to make a fore-top for a wig !—

' Muſt razors, vile, theſe locks, ſo ſcanty, ſhave,
' Locks that I wiſh to carry to my grave ?
' Hairs—look, my lads !—ſo wonderfully thin—
' Old *Swellenberg* hath more upon her chin !'
' Yes, that ſhe hath,' exclaim'd a cook, ' by G-d !
' A damn'd old, German, good-for-nothing toad ?
' Yes, yes, her mouth, with beard, divinely briſtles—
' Curſe me ! I'd rather kiſs a bunch of thiſtles.
' Oh were it but his majeſty's commands,
' To give her gentle jaw-bones to theſe hands ;
' I'd *ſhave* her, like a puniſh'd ſoldier, *dry*—
' No killing ſow ſhould make a ſweeter cry :
' I'd pay my compliments to madam's chin—
' I'd anſwer for't, I'd make the devil grin.
' The razor, moſt deliciouſly, ſhould work—
' I'd trim her muzzle—yes, I'd ſcrape her pork—
' I'd teach her, to ſome purpoſe, to behave,
' And ſhow the witch the *nature* of a *ſhave*.—
' O ! woman, woman ! whether lean or fat,
' In face, an *angel*—but, in ſoul, a *cat* !'

He ended—when each mouth, upon the ſtretch,
Crown'd, with a loud horſe-laugh, the claſſic ſpeech.

Too ſoon, alas ! reſentment ſeiz'd the hour,
And *Joke* reſign'd his grin provoking pow'r ;
Rage dimm'd of Mirth the ſudden ſunny ſky,
And fill'd, with gloomy clouds, each ſcowling eye :
Whilſt *Grief*, returning, took her turn to reign—
Sunk ev'ry heart, and ſadden'd ev'ry mien ;
Drew, from their giddy heights, the laughing graces—
For much is grief diſpos'd to bring down faces.

' Son of the ſpit,' the major, ſtrutting cry'd,
' I like thy ſpirit, and revere thy pride :
' I'd rather hear thee, than a biſhop, preach ;
' For, thou haſt made a very pretty ſpeech.
' Such is the language that the gods ſhould hear ;
' And ſuch ſhall thunder on the royal ear.
' Yet, ſon of dripping ! tho' thou ſpeak'ſt my notions,
' We muſt not be too nimble in our motions—
' Awhile, heroic brothers ! let us halt ;
' Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.
' And yet, again, I bid you ſtand like rocks,
' And battle, for the honour of your locks.
' Lo ! in theſe aged hairs, is all my joy—
' To ſhave them, is, my *being* to deſtroy.

' What's life, if life has not a bliſs to give ?
' And, if unhappy, who would wiſh to live ?
' Content can viſit the poor ſpider'd room,
' Pleas'd with the courſe ruſh mat, and birchin broom ;
' Where parents, children, feaſt on oaten bread,
' With cheeks as round as apples, and as red ;
' Where health, with vigor, nerves their backs and hams,
' Sweet ſouls ! tho' ragged as young colts, or rams ;
' Where, calmly, ſleep the parents, with their darlings,
' Tho' nibbled by the fleas, as thick as ſtarlings ;—
' Lull'd to their reſt, beneath the coarſeſt rugs,
' Dead to the bites of a thouſand bugs.

' Content, mild maid ! delights in *ſimple* things,
' And envies not the ſtate of queens or kings :
' Can dine on ſheeps-head, or a diſh of broth,
' Without a table, or a table-cloth :
' Nor wiſhes with the faſhionable group,
' To viſit *Horton's* ſhop for turtle-ſoup :
' Can uſe a bit of pack thread, for a jack,
' And ſit upon a chair without a back ;
' Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
' And uſe a wooden ſkewer, for a fork.
' Sweet maid ! who thinks not ſhoes of leather ſhocking,
' Nor feels the horror of a worſted ſtocking :
' Her temper mild, no huckaback can ſhock,
' Tho', for her lovely limbs, it forms a ſmock :
' Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls, her face that ſhade,
' No graves are robb'd, for hair, to make a braid :
' Her breaſt, of native plumpneſs, ne'er aſpires
' To ſwelling *merry-thoughts* of gauze and wires,
' To look like crops of ducks, (with labour borne)
' Stretch'd by a ſuperfluity of corn.
' With *nature's* hips, ſhe ſighs not for *cork rumps*,
' And ſcorns the pride of pinching ſtays, or jumps ;
' But pleas'd from whalebone priſons to eſcape,
' She truſts to ſimple nature for a ſhape :
' Without a warming pan, can go to bed,
' And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
' Nor ſigh for cobweb caps of Mechlin lace,
' That ſhade of quality the varniſh'd face.
' Sweet nymph ! like doves, ſhe ſeeks her ſtraw-built neſt,
' And, in a pair of minutes, is undreſt ;
' Whilſt all the faſhionable female clans,
' Undreſſing, ſeem unloading caravans.

' No matter, from what ſcource contentment ſprings—
' 'Tis juſt the ſame in cooks, as 'tis in Kings ;
' And, if our ſouls are ſet upon our hair,
' Let ſnip-ſnap barbers—nay, let *kings* beware,
' Nor tempt the dang'rous rage of true John Bulls,
' And clap, like fools, the edge-tool to our ſculls.
' Tread on a worm, he ſhows his rage and pain,
' By turning on the wounding toe again ;
' Nay e'en *inanimates* appear to feel—
' On the looſe *ſtone*, if chance direct your heel,
' Lo ! from its womb the ſudden ſtream aſcends,
' To prove, the foot was not among its friends ;
' And, calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
' O'er the fair ſtocking ſpouts the ſable flood.

So ſpoke the major, with reſentment fir'd—
Spoke like a man—indeed like man *inſpir'd* !
Some critic cries, with ſharp, faſtidious look,
Bard, bard ! this is not language for a cook.'—
O, ſnarler !—but I'll lay thee any wager,
It is not too ſublime for a—*cook-major*.—
' Behold : to remedy our ſad condition,'
The major cry'd, ' I've cook'd up a petition :
' This carries weight with it, or I'm miſtaken—
' Shall ſhake the monarch's ſoul, and ſave our bacon.'
Then, jumping on a barrel, thus, aloud,
He read, ſonorous, to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a pariſh-clerk, in church, a brief,
That begs, for burnt-out wretches, kind relief—
Relief, alas ! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners—the ruin'd wretches :
But (loſt its way) unfortunately ſteers,
To fat church wardens, and, fat overſeers ;
Improves each diſh, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new ſpirit to the ſmutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

YOUR majeſty's firm friends, and faithful cooks,
Who, in your palace, merry live as grigs,

Have heard, with heavy hearts, and down-caſt looks,
That we muſt all be ſhav'd, and put on wigs—
You, ſire, who, with ſuch honour, wear *your* crown,
Should never bring, on *ours*, diſgraces down.

Dread ſir! we really deem our heads our own,
With ev'ry ſprig of hair that on them ſprings.
In France, where men, like ſpaniels, lick the throne,
And count it glory, to be *cuff'd* by kings,
Their locks belong unto the *grand monarque*,
Who ſwallows privileges, like a ſhark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance—
We dare your ſacred majeſty aſſure,
That there's a diff'rence 'twixt *us* and *France*;
And long, we hope, *that diff'rence* will endure.
We know, king Louis would, with pow'r ſo dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh! tell us, ſir, in loyalty ſo true,
What dire, deſigning raggamuffins ſaid,
That *we*, your cooks, are ſuch a naſty crew,
Great ſir! as to have crawlers in our head?
My liege! you can't find one through all our houſe—
Not if you'd give a guinea for a louſe.

What creature 'twas, you found upon your plate,
We know not:—if a louſe, it was not *ours*.—
To ſhave each cook's poor, unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary powers.
The act, humanity and juſtice ſhocks—
Let *him*, *who owns* the crawler, loſe his locks.

But grant, upon your plate, this louſe, ſo dread—
How can you ſay, ſir, it belongs to *us*?
Maggots are found in many a princely head;
And, if a maggot, why, then, not a louſe?
Nay, grant the fact—with horror, ſhould you ſhrink?
It could not *eat* your majeſty, we think.

Hunger, my liege, hath oft been felt by kings,
As well as people of inferior ſtate—
Quarrels, with cooks, are, therefore, dangerous things—
We cannot anſwer for your ſtomach's fate:
For, by your ſize, we frankly muſt declare,
You feed on more ſubſtantial ſtuff, than air.

My liege! an univerſe hath been your foes;
The times have look'd moſt miſerably black—

America hath try'd to pull your nose---
French, Dutch, and Spaniards, try'd to bang your back:
'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,
Were *we* to buccannier it on your belly.

You see the spirit of your cooks, then, fire---
Determin'd, nobly, to support their looks:
And, should your guards be order'd out, to fire,
Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks:
Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates—a store;
And all the thunder of the kitchen, roar.

Nat. Gardener, yeoman of the mouth declares,
He'll join the standard of your injur'd cooks—
Each scullion, tournebroche for redress, prepares,
And puts on very formidable looks.
Young women, too—*imprimis*, Mrs. Dyer,
Whose eggs are good, as ever felt a fire.

Next, sweeper-gen'ral Bickley, Mrs. Mary,
With that fam'd bell-ringer, call'd Mrs. Loman—
And Spencer, guardian of the *necessary*—
That is to say, the necessary-woman—
All these, *an't please you*, sir, so fierce, determine,
To join us in the cause of hair, and vermin.

There's Mrs. Stuart—Mr. Richard Day,
Who find your sacred majesty in linnen,
Are ready to support us, in our fray:
You can't conceive the passion they have been in.
They swear—so much your scheme of shaving, hurts—
You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs, or shirts.

The grocers, Clarke, and Taylor, curse the scheme,
And say, whate'er we do, the world won't blame us:
So Comber says, who gives you milk and cream—
And thus your old friend, Mr. Lewis Ramas.
We think your sacred majesty would mutter,
At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose, *an't please you*, sir, that Mrs. Knutton,
And mistress Marshfield, fierce as tiger-cats—
One, overseer of all the beef and mutton;
The other, lady-president of sprats—
Suppose, in opposition to your wish,
This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish!—

Suppose, John Clarke refuse supplies of mustard,
So necessary to your beef and bacon;

Will. Roberts, all the apple pie and cuſtard—
Your majeſty would growl, or we're miſtaken.
Suppoſe, that Wells—a ſtubborn temper ſtudying—
Should take the plumbs off from the Sunday pudding!

Suppoſe, that Rainsforth, with our corps unites—
We mean, the man, who all the tallow handles—
Suppoſe he, daring, locks up all the lights;
How could your majeſty contrive, for candles?
You'd be—(excuſe the freedom of remark)—
Like *ſome* adminiſtrations—*in the dark.*

We dare aſſure you, that our grief is great;
And oft, indeed, our feelings it enrages,
To ſee your ſacred majeſty beſet,
By ſuch a graceleſs gang of idle pages:
And, with ſubmiſſion to your judgment ſire,
We think, old madam Swellenberg—a liar.

Suppoſe, great ſir! that, by your cruel *fiat*,
The barbers ſhould attack our humble head;
And, that we ſhould not chooſe to breed a riot,
Becauſe we might not wiſh to loſe our bread—
Say, would the triumph, o'er each harmleſs cook,
Make George, the Third, like Alexander, look?

Dread ſir! reflect on Johnny Wilkes's fate.—
Supported, chiefly, by a paltry rabble,
Wilkes bade defiance to your frowns, and ſtate,
And got the better, in that famous ſquabble.
Poor was the victory, you wiſh'd to win,
That ſet the mouth of Europe on the grin.

O king! our wives are in the kitchen, roaring;
All, in rebellion, ready, now, to riſe—
They mock our humble methods, of imploring,
And bid us guard againſt a wig-ſurpriſe:—
'Yours is the hair (they cry) th' Almighty gave you,
'And not a king, in Chriſtendom, ſhould ſhave you.

Lo! on th' event, the world, impatient, looks,
And thinks, the joke is carried much too far:
Then, pray, ſir, liſten to your faithful cooks,
Nor in the palace breed a civil war.
Loud roars our band, and, obſtinate as pigs,
Cry, '*Locks and Liberty!*' and, '*Damn the wigs!*'

END OF VOLUME I.